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# TALY

## IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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BY THE RIGHT HON.

JAMES WHITESIDE, M.P. LL.D.

A NEW EDITION

ABRIDGED AND REVISED

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS
1860

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TO

R. W.

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

# PREFACE,

AND

# EVENTS OF ITALY SINCE 1848.

THE idea of this book was in some degree suggested by a perusal of the "Études Statistiques sur Rome, par le Comte de Tournon Préfet de Rome, de 1810 à 1814," under the first Napoleon. My object was, to endeavour to supply the want which I had experienced in Italy, of a book that within moderate compass would contain useful information, with a description of the great cities, of their inhabitants, and of the scenery and productions of the country. Statistics, agriculture, law, history, justice, benevolent institutions and Italian politics, have therefore been touched on, but it is hoped these grave subjects have been relieved by lighter topics.

In the present edition, I have by a careful revision, compressed the substantial contents of three volumes into one, not omitting anything of permanent interest.

Italy has arrested for many years past the public attention; political convulsions, war, and revolution, have not ceased to disturb the Peninsula. The consequences have been fatal to the repose of Europe. Two years were spent by me in Italy; the last year of the reign of Pope Gregory, and the first of Pope Pius—they seemed to announce the expiration of ancient political systems, and the inauguration of new and different principles of government.

The novelty and importance of the events which then occurred, the state of the Italian kingdoms, the revolutions they have undergone, and their operation on other countries, invest the modern history of Italy with extraordinary interest. Of all the kingdoms into which the Peninsula was divided, none possessed a higher or more ancient civilisation than Tuscany. I have therefore endeavoured to draw a picture of that beautiful duchy. Unable to subscribe to Mr. Roscoe's panegyric on the character of Lorenzo de Medici; and having been much entertained with the Florentine Chronicles, I have been tempted to sketch lightly the history of the Medici and of Florence.

The present, or rather the late reigning family of Tuscany could not be introduced without a notice of the life and legislation of Leopold the First, the wise and benevolent Sovereign from whom the deposed Grand Duke is directly descended. Those who prefer the benefactor to the destroyer of his fellow-men, will read the compendious narrative of the life and labours of Leopold the Reformer with satisfaction. Perhaps the reader may indulge in the reflection that the ruler who would govern in the spirit of the Leopoldine laws might defy the schemes of revolutionists.

I thought it expedient to state the grievances (as I found them) under which the Tuscans laboured before 1848 to enable the reader to judge for himself whether those grievances might not have been redressed by temperate reform; or whether they justified the extremity of revolution.

At the period to which I refer, the Grand Duke was personally popular. He walked amongst his subjects unarmed and unattended. The Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio contrasts him favourably with other Italian princes, and describes him as an amiable man although of Austrian descent, and governing Tuscany in a merciful spirit. M. D'Azeglio found a refuge in Florence in periods of political

disturbance, and published books there, which he dared not have printed elsewhere. If amiable, the Grand Duke was weak; and however capable of governing in quiet times, was deficient in that discernment, capacity, and courage required in the stormy days of revolution. In such periods a weak or inconstant ruler has less chance of maintaining himself than a firm tyrant, however unscrupulous or wicked. The people lose respect for an irresolute Sovereign; they cannot confide in his promises, or depend upon his word.

The popularity of the Grand Duke for the first twenty years of his reign, has been ascribed to the patriotism and energy of two successive ministers, Fossombroni and Corsini. The charge made against him since 1847, but not sufficiently proved is, that he showed a disposition to annul or to infringe some of the wise laws of his great ancestor; but the real accusation against him was his Austrian descent and that his disposition favoured the policy of the family from which he sprung.

The loss of his able ministers was to him incalculable. The people perceived that their happiness and prosperity depended on the personal character of their prince or of his ministers, and they naturally desired to have permanent safeguards against the caprice of the sovereign, and against the incapacity of bad ministers or the dismissal of the good. To have conceded wisely, and in time, and to have adhered to such concession, would have been the profoundest political wisdom. The extent of the concession then required cannot now be specified.

All Englishmen wish that their fellow-men should enjoy temperate freedom, but they do not insist that the English constitution should be forced upon other kingdoms. It requires long experience, forbearance, moderation, industry, and patriotism, to carry on the fatiguing though noble work of a Parliamentary Government. Tuscany obtained suddenly in 1847 a Parliament, and we may derive a les-

son from the historical account given of its working in a book written in the interest of the Liberal party by Mr. Gretton, entitled the "Vicissitudes of Italy since the Congress of Vienna," which thus narrates the history of that Parliament:

"The Tuscan Parliament, affecting the most unbounded zeal for the Italian cause, exhaled its patriotism in professions, and rapidly degenerated into a stage for the exhibition of the encroachments of the Democrats, and the moral weakness of the Constitutional party. The exaggeration and timidity, the presumption and incapacity, revealed in its discussions were nowhere equalled, and had a large share in alienating public sympathy from the political vicissitudes of this state."

I believe the above criticism to be strictly true, and yet it affords no sufficient argument against the existence in a civilized community of a council of wise and prudent men, or of an assembly wherein opinions may be freely expressed. It may be, the want of such an organ for the expression of opinion has caused the incapacity of public men; and it may be that the possession of such an organ safely constructed would by degrees qualify the people for political business, and the possession of more ample freedom.

If we desire to trace the subsequent behaviour of the Tuscan politicians in 1848, we find a graphic description given of it by the same author:

"Florence has become a very hot-bed of sedition and extravagance. A democratic ministry had been forced, by the usual expedients of tumultuous gatherings and manifestations upon the reluctant Grand Duke.

"The popular outcry was now for the Italian Constituent Assembly, and the Ministers stood pledged to secure its establishment. The plan of this national convention originated with the ardent Montanelli; fostered by the still more fiery Guerrazzi, his colleague in popularity and power.

"According to its programme, representatives from every province of the Peninsula, elected by universal suffrage, were to be the interpreters of the will of 23,000,000 of their countrymen; and assembling in Rome, as the common centre of Italy, would

there deliberate on the requirements of their fatherland, *and decree the form of government most adapted to each State in the Confederacy.*"

To this preposterous project of a Confederation to make and unmake governments and constitutions by universal suffrage, the amiable Grand Duke yielded. Thus he yielded when he should have resisted, as he resisted when he should have yielded. Shortly afterwards, when the Pope anathematized all parties who had engaged in the "Constituente Italiana," the Grand Duke retired from Florence, assigning religious scruples for his conduct; he then wavered as to his course; next took refuge on board an English man-of-war in the harbour of Santo Stefano, and left Florence to the machinations of Mazzini.

When the Grand Duke was afterwards recalled, without bloodshed and by popular consent, he was unfortunately advised to declare that the state of Italy prevented him from restoring representative Government. Untaught by experience, he failed to perceive that the very evils against which he naturally desired to guard, would have been best obviated by moderate concessions.

Disgusted by the absurdity, extravagance, and ingratitude of the democratic faction, he forgot that he ought to conciliate the loyal and reasonable portion of his people. Had he done so, and surrounded himself with men of character, property, and ability, and had he walked in the steps of the great Austrian prince from whom he is descended, he might have established his throne in the hearts of his subjects.

When war broke out between Austria on the one side, and Sardinia and France on the other, the Grand Duke, being placed in a painful dilemma, professed neutrality. Discontent was artfully fomented against his Government, and plots were formed to effect his ruin by the very persons whom he trusted; when difficulties thickened around him and he sought advice and assistance at the hands of

those from whom he had a right to expect both, he was baffled, disappointed, and deserted.

Finally, he repeated his former error and quitted Florence; and now, without having committed any positive crime, or sacrificed life, or subverted fundamental laws, his dominions will probably be transferred either to the sovereign whose agents by their machinations mainly contributed to his destruction, or to some other aspirant of imperial favour. While however it is impossible to approve of the means whereby the Grand Duke of Tuscany was reduced to the necessity of abdicating his sovereignty, it is but just to the Tuscan people to observe that their conduct has been very different from their absurd and extravagant behaviour in 1848. Taught by experience, they have been more discreet, forbearing, and temperate in their proceedings. Order has been well kept; the forms of a free constitution have been suddenly introduced, and have apparently worked favourably; and it is not to be denied, that apart from the principle of their revolution they have shown themselves (what their laws, customs and ancient history would testify) not unworthy of freedom.

It is asserted confidently, that the rural population throughout Tuscany would not have voted the expulsion of their sovereign. They felt no grievance; and it is difficult to rouse to revolutionary excesses a people not practically oppressed. The leading agitators of the towns, availing themselves of the dislike of the inhabitants for Austrian intervention and supremacy, seized the opportunity of the arrival of the French at Genoa to dethrone the Grand Duke as had been long designed.

Neither England nor her ministers in any wise excited or approved of French intervention, nor of the treachery by which the Grand Duke of Tuscany was circumvented and ruined. But as between this weak though amiable prince and his subjects, his authority is gone, his crown lost, it would be impossible, consistently with the established

maxims of international law, for England either herself to interfere or to instigate the interference of any other power to restore by force of arms the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his dominions.

No foreign power would have any right whatever to interfere in this domestic quarrel. We can only hope that the Tuscan people may be left to adjust their differences with their late Government in the way most satisfactory to themselves, and most for their true interests and happiness, of which they are exclusively the judges.

Having traced the scenery between Florence and the Papal States, and finding myself in the Eternal City, I have, in a series of morning walks, brought under the reader's eye the gems of Ancient Rome, and the various objects worthy of note in the modern city. I have pursued a similar method as to the routes from Rome to Naples, and given a description of the Bay and City of Naples, of Pompeii and Herculaneum, of the amazing phenomena of Vesuvius and the surrounding country. Genoa and a sketch of the literary men of Modern Italy with a notice of their writings and political opinions, ensue.

Returning to Rome, the stately observances of the Church demand attention. We accordingly follow the Pope from one religious ceremony to another during an entire winter. In spring we visit the environs of classic interest; and finally an account of the Necropolis of Tarquinii concludes the descriptive portion of the book.

In reference to the political condition of Italy. The public justice and the criminal codes of the several States are reviewed. The criminal procedure as practised at Rome has been described exactly as I witnessed its effects.

From a consideration of the legal we turn to the political condition of the States of the Church; and in order to enable the reader to judge for himself on that subject, I have given a compressed, but faithful translation of a pub-

lication of the Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio on the state of the Papal dominions in the last year of the reign of Pope Gregory XVI. This tract contains, in fact, the case of Italy stated against Austria and the Papacy.

But when the reader has studied the gloomy picture drawn by a skilful artist, he must remember that it portrayed Rome before the election of Pius IX. It is not improbable such a sketch of papal misrule made a deep impression on the mind of the newly-elected Pope. He reversed the maxims of government practised by Gregory XVI., and with a perilous rapidity amidst the acclamations of his subjects, (as I witnessed) granted reforms, which for the moment they prized, but instantly demanded more. Mr. Maguire in his work on "Rome and its Rulers" has exhausted panegyric in describing the character and conduct of the present Pope, and recapitulates at length the concessions he granted and the reforms he effected.

In the "Vicissitudes of Italy," I find the following apposite passage:

"It is impossible not to feel interest and pity for Pius IX. as we trace those strivings after good, that paternal tenderness towards his people, which, supported by equivalent penetration and firmness, might have enabled him to triumph over the baneful influences surrounding him. We say *might* advisedly, however. Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, and Napoleon had his eighteenth Brumaire, but there is no record of a conquest over the whole college of cardinals!! As we recall him in his brief, but splendid era, when, to the uttermost parts of the earth was borne his name in accents of thankfulness and joy, we would fain give testimony to the earnestness with which he set himself to the hopeless task of pruning the withered branches, and engrafting new shoots upon the tree, whose trunk was utterly sapless and decayed.

"We follow him step by step during the first two years of his pontificate, freely granting audiences with liberty alike of speech and of complaint; repairing to public hospitals and convents, desirous of inspecting their internal order and discipline, on foot and un-

announced, removing the most irksome restraints from the Jewish population; lending a favourable ear to projects of railroads and scientific meetings; dismissing unworthy placemen; contemplating the diffusion of education among the lower classes; sanctioning the establishment at Rome of a political journal, the first known in Italy; forming a Council of State, composed of deputies from the provinces, to assist him in deliberating on the requirements of the country; secularizing many of the official appointments; conceding the formation of a national guard; and lastly subscribing to the constitution,—the crowning act of sacrifice and abnegation.

"We see him as the concessions demanded became more momentous, hesitate, protest, weep, then yield to each in turn; till finally, unable to stem the impetuous torrent which he has all along been warned against letting loose, he flings himself terrified and desponding into the arms of the retrogrades, whose arts have brought about this desired consummation, and the cause of Italy is lost."

I doubt the accuracy of the last sentence I have quoted.

I myself never believed the Pope meant to grant to his subjects what we understand by a Parliamentary Constitution, nor do I believe such an institution to be compatible with the Papal form of Government as it has long existed. But unquestionably Pius IX. made large concessions to the demands of the liberal party—they, however, pressed too hardly upon him. He grew alarmed, finally the assassination of his minister Count Rossi terrified him, the extreme violence of the revolutionists disgusted him, and he fled.

Thus the moderate men, as not unfrequently happens in times of civil commotion, lost their opportunity of effecting permanent, good and the Mazzini politicians drenched Italy with blood. The design of the movement party at first was to make use of the Pope in conjunction with Charles Albert to gain Italy for the Italians. They aimed at the expulsion of the Austrians, and thought it could be effected if the Pope would consecrate the national cause, and if Charles Albert would lead the national forces.

That the Pope for a time favoured the idea of Italian independence is certain; unquestionably, had he possessed the determination of Pope Sixtus, or the genius of Leo X., he might have placed the Papacy in a new and splendid, but dangerous position. The Pope then would have headed the party of progress, but whither he would have advanced cannot be determined. It was the dream of Gioberti, and of others of his school, that a Pope such as Pius IX. might lead the civilization of Europe, and direct the world through a species of theocracy of which he would be the chief. This writer insisted on the moral and social pre-eminence of the Italians over all the nations of the universe, and reposed his principle and idea of Italian unity and grandeur n the Pope. His Holiness however recoiled from declaring war against a great Catholic power such as Austria; and so the revolutionary scheme to a certain extent failed.

It is deserving of attention that the form of government for Italy, aimed at by a large party of the revolutionists was that of a Confederation of States, with a Diet meeting in Modena constituted a free city, having for President the Pope. The political paper on the subject printed in the following pages, was obtained by me in Rome in 1847; and with the exception of the proposed expulsion of the Austrians from Venice, it is the same as the Villafranca treaty. All Italian powers were to have been represented in the projected Diet, and the general interests guarded by a federal army and fleet. Gioberti contended that the provinces of Italy ought to be united to the Great Metropolis by a bond of federative union; the Pontiff to be the President of the Diet. He argued that a confederate government was the most natural to Italy, as it was the most efficient and durable for every government in the world. Of such an union the King of Sardinia was to be the right arm.

That a federal union of several small kingdoms may be beneficial and work well, cannot be disputed. The Swiss confederacy affords an example. The confederate union of the various states which formed the Germanic empire was productive of much good while it lasted, both in preserving the peace of Europe, and in improving the several states which formed the union. It involved necessarily, the principles of protecting the weak against the strong, of respecting law and of submitting disputes to the decision of impartial authority, if not of reason, instead of to the bloody arbitrament of the sword.

Nor does it seem incompatible with such a federal union, that the states composing it, should have different forms of constitution or of religion. There would not therefore appear to be any thing in the abstract to render a confederacy of Italian states impossible. The practical question would be how it would work; and in considering that question it must be observed, that when proposed for Italy in 1847, it was on the assumption that Austria would have no voice in the Diet; that the Pope with increased power would willingly become its President; and that the several states would be governed by rulers in harmony with each other; conditions which can now scarcely be fulfilled.

With respect to the present condition of the Papal power, it appears that the people of the Romagna have thrown off their allegiance to the Pope. This province was reconquered by military force, by Julius II., in 1506. There was the form of a constitution left to it; that is, the Pope named a Senate, which appointed to inferior offices, and managed the revenue; the members being nominated for life. It was seized by the first Napoleon, and held by him till 1815, when, after Waterloo, it was restored to the Papacy.

The dispute being one of a purely domestic character between the Pope and the Romagnese, it is obviously im-

possible, consistent with the laws of nations, for any third power, to intrude in the quarrel. As to the Government of the Pope generally, it is no business of ours to intrigue against its existence, or to attack it by force. To intermeddle with other States, because we may disapprove their internal polity, would keep Great Britain in perpetual agitation, if not war; and Europe in perpetual confusion. But it is not unbecoming to observe the evils of any existing government, were it only to derive instruction from the inquiry.

Now the Government of the Pope is not a foreign government; nor is it aggressive; or addicted to the practice of war. It is sensibly remarked by D'Azeglio, that a people cannot suddenly be made monarchical, constitutional, or republican, if not so disposed by custom or opinion; and, therefore, as politics are a practical science, the question would be whether this Government worked well. The first Napoleon did not grant a representative constitution to the Roman States; nor a free press either; yet his assertion was, that he governed Rome well. The third Napoleon has not thought it expedient to bestow a free constitution, or a free press, upon the French people; yet he asserts they are well governed.

We see that for ten years past a French army has occupied Rome (upon what principle it is impossible to discover) in order, as the French Emperor says, to maintain that Pope on his throne. Now, if the history of the first French Government in Rome be studied in the pages of the Count de Tournon, we find the chief evils of the Pontifical system of government fairly stated, with an account given of the remedies by which they were sought to be obviated or removed.

The first relates to the administration of justice. Under the Papal system of procedure described in the following pages, there was discontent, distrust, and crime. De Tournon relates that murders and assassinations in his time

were frequent; and in the 6th chapter of his 4th Book he shows how publicity, impartiality, and equality in the administration of justice throughout the Roman States produced the very opposite results. He asserts that the certainty of punishment stayed the arm of the assassin. "Often this feeling, presenting itself like lightning to the man about to strike, would paralyse his arm, and he would be heard to murmur while threatening, "*O! se non fosse la seduta!*" In discussing the effects of his administration of justice, De Tournon writes graciously of the character of the people. May his kind anticipations be realized! The advisers of the Pope have only honestly to pursue the same course, and may expect the same happy results.

The second matter of importance relates to the municipal system. Here again we are not without a guide. The same, excellent author explains what many were ignorant of, that there was the foundation of a sound municipal system throughout the Papal States, derived from remote antiquity. The valuable privilege it afforded had been frittered away or denied. A single example given by De Tournon in reference to the city of Rome, establishes alike the evil and the remedy.

"Before the French rule, the city of Rome had neither revenue nor municipal administration; and the city expenses were levied without the intervention of any representative body upon the treasury of the State, and controlled directly by the ministers of the sovereign.

"The French administration lost no time in summoning the principal inhabitants of Rome to form a municipal council; at its head was seen, in his quality of mayor, the Duke Braschi, nephew of Pius VI., a man of worth, animated by an ardent love of country. He was seconded by the Princes Piombino and Gabrielli; the Duke Sforza Cesarini, D. Filippo Albani, D. Nicolas Falconieri; the Marquises Origo, and Curti Lepri, and M. Portonero. In the municipal council there sat the Princes Barberini, Chigi, Sciavia Colonna; the Dukes Rospigliosi Zagarolo, Bracciano;

the Counts Bonnacorsi, Cenci Bolognetti, Savaggi; the Marquises Ceva, Massimi; MM. Celestini, Cleter, Marconi, Lamberti, &c. &c. And thanks to the zeal and devotion of these worthy men, the city of Rome saw her finances flourish, and was enabled to bear a large and useful expenditure."

To follow the precedent set by De Tournon would also be attended with another signal advantage in giving to the gentry and nobles (who, according to Rayneval, "are tormented with the desire of taking part in public affairs,") something to do.

The third great subject is that of general finance; and if the Papal government had the courage to place that important subject under the management of a council chosen fairly by the municipal bodies, not merely consultative or for the auditing past accounts, but with power to supervise taxation and the whole expenditure of the country, and to enforce their recommendations; there can be little doubt that the government would be relieved from a load of odium, and the contentment of the people might possibly be secured.

The fourth topic of national interest is the land question, in every country one of the highest importance. Measures might without injury to property be taken, whereby persons willing to purchase or improve, might be enabled to buy or accept on lease lands now in vast masses locked up, in the hands of indolent proprietors or religious corporations. The quantity of land so fettered is enormous; De Tournon makes this observation on the fact:—

"It is thus that during fifteen centuries, these gigantic fields for investment have escaped the influence which, in other countries, has so actively divided properties. It is thus that the *Agro Romano*, that Rome took several centuries to conquer, is in our days the property of 113 families who possess a space of 126,000 hectares, and of sixty-four corporations, who possess 75,500."

Moreover the proprietors avoid the expense of erecting suitable farm buildings, and the want of such accommoda-

tion throughout the Campagna is injurious to human life in the malaria season; the reapers of the harvest are in consequence often doomed to disease or to destruction.

In making these suggestions, I by no means assert that, if acted upon, they would satisfy a people, if that people be opposed to the very principle of the Government under which they live.

Two books have been recently written on the Papal States; the one by Mr. Maguire, the other by Monsieur About. It is difficult to believe that each author wrote upon the same subject, so different is the tone, the temper, and the matter of each. The French Catholic vents his sarcasms on the Papacy, and on the entire system of the administration of its affairs from the first line of his book to the last. The Irish Catholic praises the Pope, and every part of his administration, from the first line of his book to the last.

But the same Government cannot deserve at the same moment, the highest praise and the broadest censure. The object of M. About is to subvert the fabric of the Pope's temporal power, the object of Mr. Maguire is to preserve it. The truth in all probability lies between their opposite accounts, and the ascertainment of that truth may be aided by the examination of a remarkable document given in the appendix to Mr. Maguire's book, drawn up by the Count de Rayneval, the French Envoy at Rome. This State Paper deserves attention. The position of the writer, his opportunity of getting at the truth, his abilities and apparent impartiality, give considerable value to his statements.

One thing is clear; that if we believe Count de Rayneval we cannot believe M. About; and if we believe in La Guerronnière, we ought not to believe in Count de Rayneval. He enters into a close and critical investigation of the causes of the existing discontents of the Roman people, exposes their character, their weakness, and na-

tional fickleness. The party of order and progress, he says, are destitute of the spirit of enterprise and of the energy necessary for resistance.

"Here is the grand difficulty: no government can dispense with material assistance, and this condition cannot be fulfilled in the Roman States. Whichever of the whole number of parties has the luck to triumph, it is an indubitable fact that it will see forming around it, as has already been proved, the same assemblage of complaints which are directed against the present government. The same difficulty which the actual government experiences in finding *points d'appui* in a land which is not able to furnish them, will be experienced by every party which gains power."

This criticism would hardly apply to any other country in Europe.

The Count next shows the extensive reforms in the Administration which have been effected. He maintains that if agitation is still kept up, the cause of it will be found in the character of the nation itself and its ambitious views directed to unattainable objects. He says, and with truth, that M. Rossi, who wanted neither the necessary talent nor the good will, devoted himself to the task of introducing into the Pontifical States a Parliamentary *régime*, and that it might have been believed that he would have received a vigorous support; and adds:—

"The event teaches us that he completely failed in obtaining this support. Nobody was found in the moment of danger to aid or defend him. No voice was raised to deplore his violent death, still less to invoke vengeance for the deed."

The Frenchman's opinion is, that in the event of a radical change, the one party as well as the other would rapidly allow public business to fall into the hands of the most violent section of politicians. His conclusion is, that the presence of French troops is essential *to delay a catastrophe*. He manifestly does not believe in the fidelity or energy of the twelve thousand Roman soldiers, who have been well armed, clothed, and drilled: if they were faithful,

foreign aid would not be required. He is profoundly anxious as to the future destiny of the Papacy; and asserts:—

"If care is not taken, Europe will see the most terrible of problems present itself—terrible, in fact, because it is connected with the deepest and the most ardent passions of the human heart."*

The Romagna has thrown off its allegiance, since Count de Rayneval drew up his elaborate report; and even if we adopt the views of this eminent person, it is obvious according to his argument, that no efforts in the way of reform, although they might delay, can avert the dispute on the principle of the Papal Government; and it seems equally to follow, that the fate of the temporal power of the Papacy depends on the protection of France—if withdrawn her envoy trembles for the result.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Papal Government seems to have had no party whatever in the Romagna. So far as we can ascertain, the universal feeling was against the Papal rule. Making every allowance for the character of the people as described by Count de Rayneval, it is yet impossible to believe the Government of the Romagna to have been beneficial, when in the hour of trial it had not a friend. It does not follow that the other provinces of the Church are equally disaffected. Indeed, About exults in the prevalence of the revolutionary spirit in the Romagna, and distinguishes its brave inhabitants from the people of the rest of the Papal dominions. We may observe and regret the progress of revolution; but to interfere against the people of the Romagna would be impossible.

* The report of Count de Rayneval (originally published in the columns of the *Daily News*), on the condition of the Roman states, attracted considerable attention. Much stress is laid upon it by Mr. Maguire in his book, and not unfairly; I am obliged however to declare that I do not subscribe to several of the statements in that report. One question may well be put upon its perusal. If the character of the Roman people be such as it describes, had the Government no share in the formation of that character?

The States forming the Sardinian monarchy next claim our notice, as they have attracted the notice of Europe for the last ten or twelve years. According to De Rayneval, the Piedmontese are not Italians; he says:—

"It is the fashion to take them to be such, and to quote them as an example of what may be expected from the Italian populations. This is a great error, the Piedmontese are an intermediary population containing much more of the Swiss and French element than the Italian. One fact is sufficient to convince me of this. It is that they possess that truly military and monarchical spirit which is unknown to the rest of Italy."

It is unquestionably true that in physical courage, activity, intelligence, and in the possession of a free spirit, the Piedmontese are infinitely superior to any pure Italian State.

The presence in Italy of a Constitutional State like that of Piedmont was highly interesting to all the lovers of rational freedom. It was expected that the noble example of a Constitutional Monarchy flourishing in the midst of States despotically governed, might have produced the happiest effects by the tranquillity of its people and moderation of its rulers. But there cannot be a doubt that Charles Albert formed the deliberate design to attack and expel the Austrians on the first opportunity, and to extend his small kingdom into an Italian empire. To gratify an ambition so large, Sardinia was as ready to intrigue as to fight, and her political men spared neither intrigue nor war to effect their objects.

Austria saw clearly enough her position, and felt the force of the national dislike fomented against her, as the intruder and the stranger. The political writers of Italy turned their eyes and their pens upon Sardinia, and proclaimed Charles Albert as the future deliverer of Italy.

In return, these literary men were harboured and caressed in Turin, and when Pius IX. began his career, they united in appealing to the Italian people to confide their future

destinies to such a Pope and such a Prince. The character of that Prince was doubtful; his early career had been ill calculated to inspire confidence or respect. Hated by the Republican party for his perfidy towards them, distrusted for his duplicity, he nurtured schemes of ambition and aggrandizement long concealed within his breast. Possessed of a true military spirit, he strengthened his army and gained the confidence of his soldiers. Although he secretly approved of the writings of Cæsare Balbo and Gioberti which announced the speedy emancipation of Italy, he never acted till Pius IX. appeared in the van of Italian Reformers; then he bestowed constitutional freedom on his subjects, and assumed the character of liberator of Italy.

A French revolution invariably disturbs half the kingdoms of Europe; and accordingly, immediately consequent on the proclamation of the French republic, we witnessed the uprising of the people in Vienna, in Venice, and in Milan. The invasion of Lombardy by Charles Albert quickly followed, the Austrians expelled from Milan, were defeated by the Sardinian King in a series of brilliant victories.

He naturally expected the offer of the Crown of Lombardy, but was disappointed alike of his reward, and of the hearty co-operation of an ungrateful people.

Meanwhile the Austrians, after the battle of Goito, encompassed with difficulties in every part of their dominions, came to the resolution of proposing through the British Government, the cession of Lombardy, and the acknowledgment of its independence, as the means of checking at once the victorious career of Charles Albert and the progress of revolution.

The Austrian proposals made in perfect good faith to the English Government through the Ambassador at Vienna Lord Ponsonby, and by that ambassador earnestly pressed upon the British Ministry for their acceptance, were large

and comprehensive; they involved the absolute independence of Lombardy, the line of the Adige for a boundary, a free constitution for Venice, with an arrangement whereby Parma and Modena might be obtained from their respective Princes, and be incorporated with the Sardinian territory. A special envoy authorised by the Court of Vienna to make the proposition above stated was despatched to London, in exact accordance with the previous announcement by Lord Ponsonby.

A similar proposal was in the most formal manner made at the same time by Austria in the hour of her severest trial, to the Provisional Government in Milan.

The meaning of the proposal to the British Cabinet was, that England—in consideration of the absolute surrender of Lombardy by Austria with the line of the Adige as a boundary, and of the arrangements specified as to the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and of an arbitration to fix the share to be imposed on Lombardy of the debt—should use her influence to replace Venice under the suzerainty of Austria, but with an Italian administration, an Italian army, and a free constitution. Lord Ponsonby had apprised the English minister previously, that he was induced to think "there would not be any strong feeling in the Venetian kingdom against the proposed arrangements." The Austrian proposals were rejected both in London and Milan, because the independence of Venice was not included therein.

This momentous transaction has been thus narrated and criticised in the cleverly written pamphlet, entitled "L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie," from the pen of Monsieur de la Guerronnière, and supposed to have been inspired by the Emperor of the French.

"There was, perhaps, an hour of fortune for the Italian Nationality. It was that too fleeting hour, when the Piedmontese, victorious on the Adige, had made themselves masters of nearly the whole of Lombardy; when Austria, dismayed at the general

uprising, which forced her to retreat, alarmed at her reverses, not wishing to play out to the end the terrible game, with the despair and heroism of a people; fearing, on the other hand, the revolution in Germany, offered the sacrifice of the final act of the Congress of Vienna as the price of victory, and as a concession for the re-establishment of peace. Austria proposed the independence of Lombardy, and a separate government for Venice, with the sole condition of Suzerainty.

"These propositions were carried straight to London; THEY WERE ONLY KNOWN IN FRANCE. In London it was then believed that Italy could obtain better conditions, and the English cabinet did not use its great and legitimate authority to prevent the refusal made at Milan to these overtures."

It is clear from the above passage, that the French writer conceived the terms proposed by Austria in 1848, should have been accepted by the English Ministry. The same acute, perhaps Imperial critic, is careful in showing how England was on the point of becoming in 1848 the influential power in Italy—and how French influence in Italy, lost during the time of the republic, was restored under the Empire.

In a book entitled "Continental Europe from 1792," by Mr. King, I find a faithful summary of the events which occurred at that critical moment, and a quotation from the London "Quarterly Review," which I extract:—

"Subsequently the proposition assumed the form of two plans, which were laid before Lord Palmerston (then Foreign Secretary) for the mediation of England, by M. Hummelaûr, Austrian envoy at London. The *first* proposal was the complete independence of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, though still attached to the Empire, with a distinct administration under a Viceroy, an Archduke of the House of Hapsburg, and with its own army. The *second* proposal was the absolute independence and cession of Lombardy, with full power to choose her own government, and to govern herself, or to unite herself with Sardinia—Austria retaining the line of the Adige and the Venetian territory under a liberal government, with her forces concentrated *at Verona.*

These proposals, writes Mr. King, 'were both rejected by Lord Palmerston as not being liberal enough to satisfy one of the parties.' From the above it would seem that it was in the power of England, through her foreign minister, to settle this matter effectually, and perhaps permanently, whereas the refusal to do so has led directly to the present war of 1859."

A charge has been made against Charles Albert, that so grasping was his ambition, that he would not have been satisfied to accept the proposals of Austria, but this accusation is untrue. In reference to it—there is a passage in the "Vicissitudes of Italy since 1815," which may be quoted—

"The revelations of succeeding years have furnished a positive contradiction to the accusation of grasping and insatiable ambition in not closing with Austria's proposals, commonly brought against Charles Albert. It is almost placed beyond a doubt * that the offers communicated at the latter end of May to the Provisional Government of Milan by an Austrian agent, and through the British Foreign Office to the Cabinet of Turin, *were in both instances concealed from the King until after they had been rejected.* The cession of Lombardy to Piedmont as far as the line of the Adige, for a pecuniary indemnity; Parma and Modena to be similarly redeemed from their respective Princes, and incorporated with his dominions; and the erection of the Venetian provinces into a constitutional monarchy under an Austrian Archduke, were the terms which Charles Albert was not even allowed the option of refusing."

The facts in relation to this important transaction, so far as the English minister was concerned, were these: the Austrian offer was refused by the British Cabinet, on the 3rd of June, 1848. It would not be true to assert of the

* "A French writer, M. La Varenne, in his recent work, 'Victor Emmanuel II. et le Piémont en 1858,' asserts that Charles Albert was acquainted with these proposals, but that out of regard for the fate of Venice he declined them. Still having the authority of the venerable Cesare Balbo's words to a personal friend for our previous statement, we are not disposed to retract it."

British minister, the present Premier, that he withheld from the King of Sardinia the fact of a proposition that concerned him so deeply, and which he of all men had a right to know; but it does seem to be true that it was not communicated to Turin until after it had been rejected in London. In the latter end of June, Mr. Abercromby, the British minister in Turin, had received from the British Foreign Secretary, a copy of that important State paper, the Austrian proposal, and of the reply of the British Cabinet thereto. The duty imposed upon Mr. Abercromby, by his Government, was to ascertain whether such an offer as that made by Austria, would be favourably received by Charles Albert.

Mr. Abercromby performed his duty faithfully. And through an individual high in the confidence of his Majesty, communicated to Charles Albert the wishes of the British minister. This occurred in the first week in July. On the 10th of July, Mr. Abercromby wrote a despatch to Lord Palmerston, in which he stated—

"This morning was communicated to me (Mr. Abercromby) a letter written entirely by his Sardinian Majesty. In that letter, dated Roverbella, 7th instant, his Sardinian Majesty declares that he would accept propositions which gave the Adige for the eastern frontier of this country, and which recognised the annexation to it of Lombardy and the Duchies of Parma and Modena. His Sardinian Majesty then proceeds to observe, that should the Austrian government be disposed to make direct to him any propositions for peace, based upon such territorial arrangements as above, or should they be proposed through me, at the recommendation of Her Majesty's government, he would not hesitate to accept of them. And his Sardinian Majesty desires that those opinions should be confidentially communicated to me. His Sardinian Majesty terminated this letter, which I have read, by observing that sufficient reasons might be given to prove to the Chambers and to the country, the wisdom of accepting a peace, which, considering the relative powers of Sardinia and of Austria, ought justly to be considered as being both honourable and glorious for Sardinia."

It therefore is clear that Charles Albert would have accepted the Austrian proposal; it is equally so that M. Varenne was wholly mistaken in asserting that Charles Albert declined the offer, through regard for the fate of Venice, and it is also evident the Austrian propositions were not submitted to the King until after they had been rejected in London. But it is not true that these proposals were concealed from Charles Albert by his Cabinet, or by the false friends of Italy, as imputed, till after they were rejected, for they were not communicated either to Mr. Abercromby, or to the Court of Turin, until this had happened. Indeed there was hardly time to do so. Moreover, the communication was made to Charles Albert then, with a view of ascertaining whether, if such a proposal was made to him directly, he would accept it.

The memory of that brave but unfortunate monarch is therefore, completely vindicated from the charge of inordinate ambition—such as would have been shown by the refusal of the offer made on the part of Austria.

The remainder of an eventful story may be briefly told. Austria recovered courage, collected her troops, regained her lost provinces, and, after various successes, in the bloody battle of Novara, Charles Albert, who, with his sons, displayed intrepid courage, was utterly defeated. He abdicated his Crown, abandoned his country, and died in Portugal broken-hearted.

It is said, that it is easy to be wise after the event; still, making every allowance for the motives of the British Minister in regard to Venice, it is impossible not to regret, with La Guerronnière, that such an offer as that made by Austria was not accepted.

The criticism of the writer of "Italy since 1815," upon the situation of Austria at that time, and upon the conduct of the English Minister, is

"Lord Palmerston appeared to view the circumstances in the

most unfavourable light. Instead of using his influence to obtain the acceptance of her proposals, he stipulated for a further renunciation of part of the Venetian territory, thus fostering the presumption of the Italians, and giving their adversaries opportunity to reap the full benefit of their follies and internal divisions. To gain time was all Austria sought. The haughty rejection of her offers found her already rallied from her first panic; and soon, by a combination of energy and political address rarely surpassed—straining every nerve to despatch reinforcements to Radetzky on one hand, while affecting to negotiate on the other—she retrieved all that had been lost, and once more was able to impose conditions, in lieu of supplicating for them."

The result is, that, after ten years of Austrian rule—that is, of suppressed rebellion in Lombardy; after a prodigal waste of treasure and of life; after the ascendency of French influence has been established in Italy—the peace of Villafranca secured to Austria better terms, and to Sardinia worse terms, than were offered to the English Cabinet in 1848, and rejected.

Had the settlement then proposed been accepted, we might have had a great Constitutional Monarchy peacefully established in Italy, Austria friendly, Lombardy contented, ten years of tranquillity in Europe—no doubt attended with that consequence so much dreaded by the French Emperor—the comparative exclusion of the influence of France over the affairs of the Peninsula.

We have spoken freely of the intrigues of the emissaries of Sardinia; we must not omit to do justice to the heroic courage, which distinguishes alike the soldier and the King, on every battle-field where they could be displayed.

We are told the Austrian power is no longer to rule in Italy. It is well known she accepted the additional Italian territory, offered to her in 1815, with reluctance. The object of the allied powers then was to exclude the French from Italy: that policy has failed; the opportunity by which it might have been secured was lost.

In separating Lombardy from Austria, we might inquire what has been the character of her government of that rich province? Lord Brougham, in his masterly work, entitled "Political Philosophy," has described the effects of the Austrian Administration in favourable terms; he thinks that, under a Government nearly absolute, as much prosperity was enjoyed by the people, as in such circumstances could be well expected. Massimo D'Azeglio admits, with grief and shame, that the Austrian administration of justice, save in political cases, was excellent, because impartial; that her general government was superior to that of some native princes. But hers was the government of the stranger—the language, the manners, and the race of the foreigner, were hateful to the Italians; while agreement in religion seems to have produced no effect on their dislike. The opposite races never could amalgamate, and therefore, the best thing they can do is to separate.

We may lastly turn our eyes to France, now a predominant power in the affairs of Europe. And in so doing it is difficult to avoid reverting to the splendid career of a young General Bonaparte in Italy, to the conquest and subsequent possession of that country by France under the Empire.

If we meekly enquire why the present Emperor went to war with Austria? He answers—*For an idea!* We may be thankful for the explanation, although not quite so satisfactory as might be desired. What the Imperial "idea" exactly is, or was, it may be presumptuous to investigate.

Monsieur About has touched on this subject in his sarcastic book. Disclaiming on the part of France all geographical ambition, which is comforting, he writes:—

"France has never had, what could be called a geographical ambition. She does not disdain to conquer the world by her IDEAS, but she wishes nothing more. What forms the beauty of our history, for whoever examines it from a high point of view,

is the twofold labour pursued simultaneously by the Sovereign and the Nation; to concentrate France, and to disseminate French IDEAS."

Italy therefore (according to this popular writer), is to be universally brought under the influence of French ideas; if so, the Emperor of France as representing the National idea, would rule over the mind of that country; what the effect of this intellectual government might be, or what it might end in, cannot at present be anticipated.

M. De la Guerronnière occasionally exerts his masterly pen in elucidating the Imperial "idea." On the eve of a Congress concerning the affairs of Italy it is suddenly announced, by what is described as an Imperial pamphlet, that the temporal power of the Pope is to be practically abolished. One French writer has proposed to deposit His Holiness in Jerusalem; another, to give him a house and garden at home—M. De la Guerronnière, more liberal, will grant the Pope a pension, a palace, the museums of Rome, the pictures, with a Lord Mayor to defend them; and some pleasure-ground for exercise and recreation.

The inhabitants of the Eternal City will have, amongst other resources, "LA CULTURE DES RUINES." His Holiness is to be relieved of the trouble of governing the rest of his dominions, in order to concentrate his temporal power on the most limited basis, and to enable him the better to devote himself exclusively to his spiritual duties.

It is edifying to contrast this proposition with the manifesto read by the Emperor Napoleon to the *Corps Législatif*, explanatory of his intentions in undertaking the war against Austria. "We do not, says his Majesty enter Italy to foment disorder, *or to disturb the power of the Holy Father* whom we replaced upon the throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure which burdens the

whole of the Peninsula, and to help to establish there, order based upon lawful satisfied interests."

An Emperor at the head of half-a-million bayonets can afford to be occasionally inconsistent.

The Pamphleteer, having disposed of the Pope, maps out his territories according to the fancy of his Imperial master, and then settles beforehand what the Congress when allowed to assemble in Paris is to do, by announcing that "it is the task of the Congress to effect this transformation:" thus the whole affair is concluded amidst general applause. No danger or difficulty was anticipated when this brochure appeared, in effecting so equitable an adjustment, nor does it seem to have been contemplated that such a publication proclaiming such projects, and prescribing to the Congress that it was summoned to execute the Imperial programme, might embarrass still further the affairs of Italy, already sufficiently complicated, and retard the Congress, or perhaps prevent it from ever assembling.

There is however one slight omission in the Imperial announcement—it is not stated to whom the territories wrested from the Pope and the Dukes, are to be transferred. We have yet to learn whether a new kingdom, composed of the Duchies and the Papal territory, is to be constituted, *and for whom.* The arrangements, supposed to have been made at Plombières, between the Emperor and Count Cavour, must not be overlooked. The love match between Prince Napoleon, nigh forty years of age, and the Princess Clotilde, almost a child, cannot be forgotten; nor are the difficulties of penetrating the designs of France in regard to Italy cleared away by what D'Azeglio termed "the mystery of the treaty of Villa Franca." Moreover, since a discussion so grave has been raised in Paris, before the representatives of the Great Powers have been permitted to commence their deliberations, may it not be

reasonably asked whether the Emperor can believe that the Pope, when he reads the late manifesto, will consent to be the mock president of a confederation of Italian States, some of them perhaps constituted out of his own territories. The Imperial scheme, therefore, of a confederation of Italian States presided over by the Pope, would under such circumstances appear to be visionary.

As to the province of the Romagna, a few lines from Vattel proves conclusively, that no foreign power has a right to interfere in the dispute between a sovereign and his subjects. Suppose, however, the Pope were to refuse to join the Congress, or to resign his dominions in consideration of a revocable pension, what is to be done with the refractory potentate, whose "power" (according to M. De la Guerronnière) "is divine," whose august hand sways the souls of two hundred millions of Catholics —"whose authority reigns in the name of God?"

Is the Pope, if obstinate, to be formally stripped of his dominions; and if so, is it through the medium of a Congress that the thing is to be practically done? And is England to co-operate with France in carrying the design into execution? It has been said that the present Emperor never deviates from the policy of his famous ancestor. Mr. Maguire, the author of "Rome and its Rulers" has not inopportunely, republished the facts relating to the deposition and arrest of Pius VII. by the first Napoleon; and we read for our instruction of the delicate politeness with which the Great Emperor relieved Pius VII. of his dominions and his liberty at once, exhibiting the dutiful behaviour becoming the eldest son of the Church towards the father of the faithful.

The treatment of Clement VII. by Charles V., touched on in the following pages in the sketch of the Medici, was more severe, and yet Charles was as devout a catholic as Napoleon I. or Napoleon III., and died in principle

a persecuting bigot. The political question now raised is — are the intentions proclaimed in the pamphlet of M. De la Guerronnière in respect of the Papal territory, to be carried into execution by the approaching Congress; and if so, upon what principles of international law—in what manner—by whom—and for whom?

In reference to the religious question, Protestants must remark, that never was the spiritual authority of the Pope more extravagantly asserted, than by those very persons or powers who covet his temporal possessions. Many thoughtful men, including some who study prophecy in a reverential manner, maintain that the spiritual authority of the Pope will be greater when he is divested of his temporal power. This view of the subject may well occupy the Protestant mind of the country — it is however the undoubted fact, that all the Divine power blindly ascribed to the Pope in the dark ages, is ascribed to him now, by the enlightened advocates of progress and of revolution.

The Pope say they, is to rule the spiritual with absolute sway, but assuredly through the spiritual he may rule the temporal. It is further to be observed, that in Florence, and I believe throughout the Duchies and the Romagna, liberty of conscience is not secured by law, and liberty of worship in Florence has been practically denied.

It seems to me to be a great mistake to suppose that the present Italian rulers wish to sanction Protestantism or to allow dissent — they have not abrogated the laws which repressed religious freedom, nor do they yet appear to comprehend that without *that* freedom, civil liberty cannot be safe.

The scenes of the political drama change too rapidly in Italy for a mere spectator to divine the real motives, or to ascertain with precision the real objects, of the different

actors now playing their parts before the world. But through the complications and difficulties which surround the Italian question, the British statesman can seldom fail in policy or in duty, who takes his stand on the unchanging principles of international law.

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## ERRATA.

Page 20 *et seq.*, *for* "Cascina" *read* "Cascine."

# ITALY

## IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER I.

Travel and its Uses.—Suggestions to the Tourist for Health.—Journey to Italy.—A Word on the Spas of Germany and the Rhine.—The Vale of Schlangenbad.—The Alpine Passes contrasted.—The St. Gothard described.—Lago Maggiore.—Pietra Mala, and Tale of the Apennines.—Pass of the Brenner.—German and Italian Vetturini.—Modena.—Mantua.—Virgil and Hofer.—Verona and its Associations.—Trent and its Council.—Stertzing.—Religious Procession.—Innspruck.—The Tyrol and the Tyrolese.—Innspruck to Munich.—The Po and the Arno.—Inundations and Earthquakes of Italy.

Some profess to travel for instruction, some for pleasure, others in pursuit of health. The scholar prosecutes his inquiries with energy, and drinks "of the excellent liquor of knowledge," the profligate runs his career of vice unchecked, the valetudinarian vents his querulous complaints, while the health he seeks, like a phantom, eludes his grasp.

Family travelling is something peculiar. The urgent entreaties of an impatient mother to commence a continental tour for the benefit of her fair daughters, are reluctantly assented to by the good-natured father. Germany affords great advantages in unlearning their antiquated prejudices. In Frankfort the delighted family may be roasted in the month of August, in Homburg or Wiesbaden they will be taught by example the innocence of gambling, whilst at Baden Baden they can be enlightened on the nature of the fourth commandment, perceiving what an ex-

ploded folly reverence for the Sabbath is. The healthy youths from our universities should travel to store their minds with new ideas, and to visit the scenes of their classic studies; and, above all, the obstinate dyspeptic, who will not otherwise take exercise, but will eat and grow apathetic. The charm of novelty will stimulate his torpid dispositions — he will gain in health by being forced to rise early, and exercise constantly — the keen air of the Alps will sharpen his wits and his appetite — therefore let the dyspeptic by all means travel.

Very different, however, and more painful, are the considerations which arise when frequent visits of the doctor establish the certainty of ill-health in the head of a family; when advice is given to the patient whom physic cannot cure, recommending rest and change of climate to renovate the mind and repair the waste of the body. No doubt the doctor is induced sometimes to order a change of climate as a last resource; if, however, there be on earth a spectacle of human misery utterly deplorable, it is that of consumptive patients, in an advanced stage of their fatal disease, wandering through Italy in search of health. There can scarcely be a question that a residence at home, in a favourable situation, with the consolations of home, would be preferable to a cheerless abode in many parts of Florence, Rome, or Naples, unvisited by the rays of the sun, and unprovided with conveniences essential to the confirmed invalid. While, therefore, change of climate may prove salutary to many, I cannot comprehend the utility of dispatching to distant countries, patients for whom death and the doctor have long contended. The churchyards in the continental towns might teach, on this subject, a melancholy lesson. However, suppose the patient has wisely determined to travel, the next consideration will be where he ought to go; and, to solve that question, he had better read CLARKE'S book "*On Climate.*" Italy, most probably, having been chosen, what has the traveller to expect in his journey at the period of the year in which it is safe to enter that lovely land?

Let me exhort him, as he passes through Germany, if health be his object, to shun the notorious watering-places, and to nestle in some such place as the happy valley of

Schlangenbad, a few miles from Bieberick, on the Rhine. Here he will miss the luxury of the gaming-table, but instead, he can enjoy bracing air, shady walks, mountain rides, wholesome diet, and live amongst a people not yet corrupted; of primitive habits and simple manners.

The Rhine is one of the noblest of European rivers; majestically it rolls in its lengthened course, fertilising as it flows, stimulating commerce, urging industry, speeding the traveller on his way, and lavishing blessings on the human race; the great pathway of nations, along whose glad waters may the blessings of peace, civilisation, knowledge, and divine truth, for ever flow. But summer and its bright things fade away; and, before chilling winds set in, the invalid must escape to a sunny soil. By which of the Swiss passes shall he enter the land of hope? The magnificent scenery of the mountain passes of Switzerland, attracts the tourist from every country in the civilised world. The Alpine roads, as examples of scientific engineering, are worthy the highest praise, and at a suitable season of the year there is little difficulty in crossing any of them. But in the month of October, the period at which naturally those who intend to winter in Italy wish to cross the Alps, there are contingencies to be guarded against. The passes most frequented are the Simplon, Splugen, Mont Cenis, and St. Gothard; and that, in all likelihood, will be chosen, nearest which the traveller finds himself at the close of the summer. If he finishes his tour through Switzerland at Geneva, entering Italy by the Simplon, much fatigue can now be saved in the first day's journey by taking the steamer which leaves Geneva at a convenient hour in the morning, and arrives at Villeneuve in ample time to enable the traveller to reach Martigny by railway the same evening. The second day will conduct him through the valley of the Rhone, a desolate unwholesome marsh, to Brieg. This is a disagreeable journey. The third day the invalid well muffled, will cross the Simplon, through clouds and probably snow, descending to Domo d'Ossola, where warmth and filth await him. He may there rest some hours extra, making a short stage the fourth day to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, whence a delightful drive along the shores of that lovely lake will bring him to Milan. This pass of

the Simplon will be less wearisome to the invalid since the railways have been opened in Switzerland. The fatigue, however, is not the only risk; the road is for a considerable distance narrow, running between the banks of a turbid stream (the Doveria) and sharp precipitous rocks,—when the torrent swells, the road is flooded, and frequently in parts swept away.

Should the tourist for health ramble to Schaffhausen to see the far famed falls of the Rhine, he will enter Italy by Zurich, traverse its lake, that of Wallenstadt, and by Coire, and Splugen, reach Chiavenna, beautifully situated at the foot of the Alps. The traveller will then, for his last day's journey, drive through a flat unhealthy marsh to Colico, in two hours; and there, at the head of the unrivalled Lake of Como, catch the steamer, which will carry him down the entire lake (much too rapidly) to Como, whence he will soon, by the railway, find himself in Milan. The advantages of this route to an invalid are considerable, the fatigue is lessened by the intervention of three lakes, which are swiftly traversed in steamers: there are some excellent inns, especially at Zurich and Chiavenna, and the whole journey from Schaffhausen to Milan may now be easily and pleasantly performed. This pass is infinitely preferable for the invalid, and in my judgment, for the mere tourist, to that of the Simplon.

Mont Cenis will be crossed by the traveller who may happen to be in France, and who may desire to reach Genoa quickly by way of Turin.

The St. Gothard is of all the passes the most accessible. Basle, in Switzerland, can be reached from London by steam. From Basle the railway conducts to Lucerne; there, surrounded by the sublimest Alpine scenery, the invalid may while gently exploring what is within reach, enjoy refreshment and repose. In the last week of September, our patient, already half-recovered, leaves Lucerne by the mid-day steamer, and luxuriating in prospects of unequalled grandeur, will step into his carriage at Altorf in time sufficient to arrive at Amsteg to sleep. There is no fatigue, but on the contrary, inexpressible delight in this journey of but half a day. The next morning, by starting at seven o'clock, the mountain may be crossed,

and Airolo reached before six in the evening; and here the traveller finds himself under an Italian sky. If the reader will be indulgent, I will venture to extract a summary of this excursion from a black book called a journal, which I was tempted to commence on the authority of Lord Bacon, for he has written:—

"It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, where so much is to be observed, for most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries, therefore, be brought into use."

Therefore to my diary.

We are seated on the deck of the steamer, on Lake Lucerne, enjoying views of unsurpassed sublimity. There rises Pilatus with his serrated heights more than 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and the Righi in all its grandeur. The lake now broad, again narrow and contracted, opens into successive bays; while the lofty mountains varied by patches of verdure and picturesque *châlets*, run down in steep precipices to the water's edge, sometimes appearing to block up all further passage. The place where, according to tradition, Tell sprang on shore from the boat conveying him to prison, was plainly visible, and I thought of my poetic friend Sheridan Knowles, and his spirit-stirring verse, so applicable to the glorious scenery before me.

I found myself at Altorf, the spot where Tell shot the apple from the head of his child, but the town had no charms to detain me, and so on we posted to Amsteg, where we rested for the night. How fresh and bracing feels the morning air when one emerges from a confined apartment in an Italian-like hotel, such as was ours of the "Cerf."

We passed some fine scenery, although not deserving all the praises bestowed upon it. Our river was the Reuss, the same which flows a broad tranquil stream out of Lake Lucerne. I would particularise the ravine of Schellinen as a bold pass, and the Devil's Bridge as the most striking object on the route—the view here approaching to the sublime. The old bridge is standing some seventy feet above the Reuss,

scarcely broad enough for two persons to walk abreast, and without parapets. To cross it on horseback, as was the custom, must have been a nervous business. The new bridge is convenient and safe, built with extraordinary skill, and approached by a road carved out of a precipice running down vertically to the water's edge, from an immense height. Beyond this bridge falls a grand cascade. The Reuss rushes over the rocks with amazing noise and a great foam; at this spot the scene is magnificent; no other part of the St. Gothard pass justifies the high-flown descriptions given of it. In two hours and a half we reached the summit; here within a circle of ten miles are the sources of the Rhone, the Rhine, the Reuss, and the Ticino, all of which rivers we had seen in the fulness of their strength and beauty. The summit is about 6,800 feet above the level of the sea, — the scene around Hospice being grand although desolate.

Having dismissed our leaders, which, like sensible animals, sauntered back without a postboy to their stable, the wheels of the carriage were locked, and we trotted down rapidly towards the fair land of Italy. It is difficult to feel quite at ease during the descent, the zig-zags are so short, the turns so abrupt, the precipice so sharp, and the chasm below so deep, that were the postboy to turn awkwardly, or the horses to start, in all probability it would be your destruction. But the postilion knew his business, and the horses theirs, and we drove briskly to the base of the mountain. We had then a short ascent to make before descending ultimately into the plain which conducts to Airolo. Next morning we enjoyed a pleasant drive to Bellinzona.

The "Angelo" was our hotel, the balcony of which rests on the old city walls, from whence we had a delightful view of the mountains and surrounding country. The air was soft and balmy, and the change of air and scene from Switzerland complete. The whole of this canton, although under the Swiss government, is Italian in language, manners, feeling, religion, and almost in climate. From Bellinzona we had an agreeable excursion to Locarno, on the shores of the celebrated Lago Maggiore. The day was delicious, so we proceeded no farther, preferring to enjoy views of the unrivalled lake, the mountains from which we had emerged, and of those by which we were surrounded. Rowing out

to the centre of the lake, we felt the luxury of the climate and the soft beauty of the scene. The water was unruffled by a breeze, and all nature was still; the sun of Italy illuminated every object with its golden light. Surely such an Italian landscape as this should be well calculated to stimulate the fancy of the artist, or inspire the imagination of the poet. The town of Locarno lies picturesquely at the base of a wooded ascent, which is studded with *campaniles*, convents, and stations, *i. e.* little wayside oratories where the passenger may rest and pray as he pursues his upward path. Having enjoyed the *agrémens* of an Italian dinner, we undertook in the evening a fagging walk to the *Madonna del Sasso*, a place of sacred pilgrimage on the heights containing separate stations, adorned with images descriptive of sacred history, the holy handkerchief, the miraculous appearance of the Virgin to St. Francis, and other religious wonders. On the summit we were rewarded with a rich and varied prospect. The contrast between the light cheerful scenery of Lago Maggiore, and the stern gloomy grandeur of Lake Lucerne which we had left, was very remarkable: here may be seen the distant Alps covered with snow, while a summer sun gilds by his rays every object around.

It will be observed, the St. Gothard pass (like that of the Splugen) enables the tourist to shorten his carriage travelling materially, by means of Lake Lucerne and Lago Maggiore, and, in my judgment, for the invalid, who may wish to combine ease and speed with views of the grand mountain scenery of Switzerland, this Alpine pass presents advantages superior to all others.

The common route from Milan to Florence is by Bologna and across the Apennines. It will ever be chosen by the man of taste on his entrance into Italy, because it enables him to examine, in the ancient city of Bologna, the famous gallery of pictures by the Caracci and their scholars. One night is generally spent on the way to Florence. If they can, invalids should avoid sleeping at Pietra Mala for it is bitterly cold and cheerless; I have spent the night a few miles further on, at Covigliajo, a lonely house, without meeting any of those stirring adventures which in this quarter some forty years ago, were not uncommon. However,

nothing can be more gratifying to a writer than to inspire his readers with a pleasing horror; travellers' stories are for such a purpose excellent; travellers' facts will answer as well. Therefore, in winter nights when my fair readers are seated before a cheerful fire, surrounded by smiling faces, enjoying the happiness of home, let them read this narrative of horror, related by Forsythe: —

"One inexplicable gang of ruffians had long been felt, but could not be followed, on the road between Bologna and Florence. Travellers daily disappeared, and could never be traced by their spoils. Two Pisans of my acquaintance, passing through Pietra Mala, put up at a solitary inn on the Apennines, and asked for beds. The landlady told them that she must send two miles off to borrow sheets of the curate. A desolate house and a wretched supper, set in opposition with diamond rings on the coarse fingers of their hostess, alarmed her guests, who had heard of the invisible murders committed on this road. They communicated their suspicions to the vetturino, and, having concerted their plan, they desired him, in the landlady's hearing, to call them up at five in the morning, and retired to bed. There they kept a fearful watch until all were asleep, when, stealing from their beds, they set off before midnight, and thus escaped alive from those dreadful confines. Not long afterwards, a member of the gang being taken, made a discovery of the rest. All the banditti were surprised whilst feasting at the parsonage, and their horrible mystery was at length revealed. It was the law of their society to murder all the passengers they stopped, to kill and bury the horses, burn the carriages and baggage, reserving only the money, jewels, and watches. Biondi, the curate, was their captain; the mistress of the inn their accomplice; and, in the manner just mentioned, she sent him notice of every traveller that lodged at her house."

There is, however, a pass over the Alps, the least admired, but which I especially liked, perhaps because little was expected, and returning health enabled me to enjoy what proved a pleasure excursion, with the keenest relish. I mean the pass of the Brenner. The tourist who strolls from the Rhine to Munich, and there refreshes himself for a week, beholding, with surprise, what the taste of a sovereign in a small capital has effected for architecture and the fine arts, may reverse the order of my route, and easily and profitably enter Italy by Verona. The reader will allow me to revert to the black book which tells what I

think of this route from Florence to Munich, and what I found it.

Latter end of May.—With regret we saw the day of our departure approach. But the thermometer stood at ninety degrees, and Florence was intolerable. I resolved, on this occasion, to make the journey to Bologna in one day: at six in the morning, we were seated in the carriage, and, ascending slowly the hill leading to the Pratolino palace, cast many a lingering look behind on lovely Florence. The heat was excessive; a few miles up the mountain it became cool, then damp, and at last we had the luxury of rain. Soon after passing Covigliajo we met with an accident. Descending a hill, one of the horses fell: the poor creature was severely cut and bruised. One of the Italian postilions having extricated the horse, began to prepare the harness for the purpose of tackling the bleeding animal to the carriage, the ruffian blaspheming all the while horribly. When I understood what he meant to do, I compelled him to desist. There cannot be found a more striking contrast of national character than that exhibited by the Italian postilion and the German *vetturino*. The Italian is reckless, clamorous, and cruel; the German cautious, silent, and humane: he seldom strikes his horses, and certainly there is a good deal of the German in the horse, and of the horse in the German. The German eats brown bread, so does the horse; the German drinks beer, so does the horse; nay, I have seen the phlegmatic *vetturino* take from his pockets lumps of sugar, and give them to his fat, contented, docile animals. The chief difference between the German and his horse, being that the horse does not smoke, while the German does, I believe, even in his sleep. The Italian dashes down the hill without appearing to care for the fate of his horses or himself. The German, when he arrives at such an elevation as the centre of Westminster Bridge, cautiously pulls up, fixes his drag, and slowly creeps to the bottom, in safety certainly; and he repeats this operation with amusing perseverance at every hillock on the road. To remonstrate with him would be mere waste of breath. When a hot-tempered man requires to be taught patience and forbearance, let him travel five days with a German *vetturino*, who will conduct him slowly and safely thirty miles a day during that happy period.

Having lost some time upon the road, we were late in approaching Bologna; but the moon shone upon us in mild splendour, and the evening air was delicious. We had left the chill of the mountain behind us, and although fatigued, were soothed during the last stages of our journey by the softness of an Italian night, so unlike the piercing climate of our northern spring. Never shall I forget the sensation with which I beheld a kind of illumination in the meadows along which our road lay, caused by thousands of fire-flies, shining through the grass. Now all was dark: in a second the earth was lighted by countless brilliant little lamps, held up as it were in friendship to man to cheer him on his way, by myriads of bright creatures glittering in the night.

Quitting Bologna next morning, and driving through a richly cultivated level country, we reached Modena, which is a well built town, with good shops. The road was smooth and excellent, extending through a country covered with vines, corn fields, mulberry trees; and green crops; for miles it seemed as if the traveller journeyed through one vast farm: there were no fences, no ugly ditches, no straggling bushes; the whole country appeared as though it belonged to a single proprietor. The mulberry, the vine, wheat, Indian corn, and rice, are the chief productions; they do not grow much oats, and the potato is but scantily cultivated. The trees not only line the roads, but run down the centre of the fields, and the vine hangs from branch to branch, decorating in wreaths the vast plain as if for a festival. The eye is wearied with the sameness of the view, rich although it be. The journey through the Duchy of Modena gives one a good idea of the great plain of Lombardy and its skilful cultivation, famous for centuries. The houses of the farmers appeared substantial, the dress of the people decent, and the beggars were not numerous nor clamorous. We slept in the evening at Novi, a small village near the frontier; the hotel was of a very primitive kind, the people very civil, but evidently surprised by our visit. The ensuing morning we were soon at the boundary of Modena. There are 27,000 inhabitants in the town, and 400,000 in the duchy.

The demand for passports, and the yellow striped ensign

of Austria, apprised us that we had entered a part of Italy under its firm sway. The Austrian *douaniers* treated us with courtesy at the town of *La Moglia di Gonzaga;* for, although it was the fair day, by the help of a reasonable bribe and a declaration on honour that we had nothing contraband, we were quickly dismissed. In Mantua we rested. This was the birthplace of Virgil: I had stood over his grave near Naples, and copied from the inscription on his tomb "*Mantua me genuit.*" Delightful poet! his name recalls the happy days of youth; unconsciously I repeated, "*Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,*" while musing on the beauties of the Æneid, and the incomparable poetry of the Georgics. Virgil described pastoral life amidst the luxuriance of Nature; some of the loveliest scenes of his native country are immortalised in the Æneid: he, as has been well observed, having effected for Italy what Scott in our day accomplished for Scotland. The great poet died in Brundusium at the age of fifty-two. Mantua is memorable in modern history as the scene of an event which I cannot dwell on without a thrill of horror—the murder of Hofer: eternal infamy will rest on the perpetrators of that unparalleled atrocity. Here perished a man in whose bosom beat a heart as large and noble as ever swelled within the breast of the proudest hero of antiquity. Loyal to his sovereign, humble, pious, courageous, and sincere, he attracted by his patriotic life and intrepid death the sympathy of all good men throughout the world. In justice to the Emperor of Austria it should be added that he ennobled the family of Hofer, and granted them a pension of 72,000 florins. The emperor also offered to Hofer's widow an asylum in Austria: she preferred wisely to spend the remainder of her days in her native valley in the Tyrol.

In the evening of the 6th of June we arrived in Verona, not having from the time we left Bologna encountered a single English traveller. We walked and drove round and through the far-famed city, visited with interest its remarkable churches, in some of which are good frescoes, and in all fine paintings, marbles, and statues. How full, to overflowing, are even the second-rate cities in Italy of the most beautiful productions of art! The remains of Roman or Imperial times in Verona are considerable; but the grandest

is the Amphitheatre, which is in a state so perfect that games are now celebrated in its arena. The exterior coating of this vast building is gone; outwardly it presents the aspect of a very noble ruin, but, on entering, the interior is found almost uninjured, the seats, capable of containing 22,000 persons, remain entire, and the general plan of the structure is obvious and unbroken. We ascended to the very top, and walked round the circus on its highest seat: what a commanding view it afforded of the surrounding country! With regret I quitted this little Coliseum, supposed to have been built in the time of Trajan.

Verona possesses ecclesiastical buildings from the early ages of Christianity to this our day; the existing fortifications constructed by Austria are said to be unsurpassed, and thus the ancient Roman Empire, the middle ages, and modern times, are here together represented. Poetry has likewise its imperishable associations; no man of feeling will leave unvisited what is asserted to be the tomb of Juliet;—why need we doubt its genuineness? The cold stone awakens those deep emotions which must be kindled when memory recalls the beautiful creations of Shakspeare's genius. The poet has selected Verona as the scene of two bright productions, as he has chosen Venice for the scene of two other of his grandest dramas. Whatever may have been the amount of Shakspeare's classical knowledge, he must have been well acquainted with the tales of Italian literature. Verona is delightfully situated at the foot of an acclivity, with mountains in view, the broad river Adige entering its walls and flowing through the centre of the city. On the morning of the 8th of June we departed; the day was intensely hot, and the dust suffocating; it was impossible even to admire the country. At intervals, however, we caught a breath of air, as our road lay by the margin of the Adige. We journeyed along the banks of this fine river for nearly seventy miles: the country gradually became more open and showed less of an Italian character, although we had still the grape. How glad we were to reach Roveredo! We now had a cooler atmosphere, and so got on more pleasantly; heartily fatigued we arrived the same evening in Trent.

TRENT.—This quiet town has gained a lasting reputation

through Europe from the memorable Council of the Infallible Church held within its walls. Its numerous towers and spires surmounted by the stately dome, its marble palaces and ruined castles, all included within a circle of embattled walls, have, from a distance, a very imposing effect. It was the *Tridentum* of the Romans, and has now 13,000 inhabitants. I hastened to the Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, being the building within whose walls the Council of Trent assembled. It has nothing in its external appearance impressive; the great object of curiosity is the picture of the Council as it sat. The sacristan explained the curious painting; he showed us, seated in their robes, seven cardinals, three patriarchs, thirty-three archbishops, seven abbots, seven heads of orders, two hundred and thirty-five bishops, and a hundred and forty-six professors of theology. The heads are all distinct, and the figures of many are given in full. We gazed for some time on this singular representation of that celebrated assembly of churchmen: vain was their labour if designed to repress the human mind from thinking on the greatest subject which can engross or engage its faculties.

In Krone we found German spoken, and perceived that we had indeed quitted the beautiful land of Italy. It is curious to observe that the Italians rather advance on the German race; they are more temperate, very industrious, and better suited to the climate. From Botzen we enjoyed the view of a cheerful country, pleasantly diversified with wood, hill, and water. Our river between Botzen and Brixen was the Eisack, and the road traversed a narrow defile closed in by cliffs of porphyry, and called Kuntersweg. What I chiefly admired in this country was the neat aspect of the farms, the clean cultivation of the land, and the happy appearance of the industrious inhabitants. The change of climate was very perceptible; and the cool mountain air, after the intense heat of Florence, although agreeable, was somewhat hazardous.

Having passed rather an uncomfortable night at Stertzing, I wished to quit the town the ensuing morning in the most expeditious manner, but found it impossible to effect my purpose, as every man was engaged in the religious procession in honour of the day called Corpus Christi. Having

no alternative, we secured a window commanding a good view, and awaited the unexpected spectacle. We saw the whole population of Stertzing, besides a large influx of people from the country, in their holiday attire. An impartial spectator would have been disposed to say, what a very decent people these are, how clean, orderly, respectable, and apparently devout. There were many flags and banners of a large size, having representations painted or worked on them of a religious nature; there were effigies of saints and martyrs, and several of the Virgin; and, lastly, there was something like a coffin and an image of our Saviour. The image was borne under a splendid canopy, and a long train of young girls, dressed in white, followed the host. Having paraded through the town, the whole procession halted in the widest part of the principal street, and a religious service was chaunted, in the course of which the responses of the evidently pious, simple people were, as every serious exercise of religion is, impressive. Having concluded their worship under the canopy of heaven, the people with tranquillity and gravity dispersed, and I was then enabled to make arrangements for my own departure.

THE BRENNER. — This pass affords one of the lowest carriage roads over the Alps, and is said to be the least interesting in scenery; it is one of the oldest passes, and is supposed to have been that taken by Drusus in the expedition commemorated by Horace. Its highest elevation is 4700 feet above the level of the sea; while that of the Stelvio is 9272, being 800 above the line of perpetual snow. We reached the utmost point of the pass without being aware of it, so easy is the ascent. Our road was close to the Eisack, which runs into the Adige at Botzen. We dined at Steinack, a good village; here also had been a religious procession, and the Tyrolese young men were feasting in numbers in the village hotel as we entered; we passed through their apartment, flasks of wine and cakes were before them, and they were singing their national airs. We were shut up in a room adjoining, and the Tyrolese, thinking we were left fasting too long, sent an ambassador to present us with a flask of their wine and a supply of their cakes; the gift was cordially accepted, coming, as it did, from as frank, manly, and fine set of young fellows as ever

I beheld. Our road for the last stage from Schonberg to Innspruck was beautiful. The views were most exhilarating,—smiling villages, peaceful cottages, cultivated plains, rich meadows, wooded hills, a rapid river, and, in the distance, mountains capped with snow. But the spectacle which warmed my heart was that of the people, looking happy, industrious, and cheerful. What gave an additional interest to the scene was, that we knew we traversed a country famous for the noble resistance of its brave possessors against the armies of France and Bavaria, when revolution, plunder, and massacre were the business of the French nation. We passed the spots where the hardy mountaineers destroyed their invaders, and in some of the sites judiciously chosen by them for their assault on the French, the Austrian government is now erecting formidable fortifications.

The descent into the vale in which Innspruck stands, in a situation of unparalleled beauty, I can never forget. We spent here a happy week, delighted by the contemplation of a clean, courteous, comfortable, joyous people, living in a country they love, a country blest by nature with so many advantages. There cannot be a greater contrast witnessed than that which the humbler classes of the Italians and Tyrolese present; you may read that contrast in the eyes, looks, and habits of the two nations. Can the reason of that painful difference consist in this, that the Tyrolese have ever held their country, have not had their courage crushed, or their spirit destroyed by tyranny, and therefore have not imbibed the vices which as yet belong unhappily to the Italian character. As you walk the streets of Innspruck, the view of the lofty mountains surrounding it is sublime, covered as they are, with snow. The bright sun shines on the valley, while the air is cooled by a refreshing breeze from the heights. A broad, rapid river, the Inn, rushing through the centre of the town, is crossed by a wooden bridge, and the banks are shaded by acacias and other fine old trees, under whose friendly branches there is a pleasant promenade.

The plain around Innspruck is so perfectly cultivated as to gladden the eye whenever it rests upon the fair scene; not one inch of ground is waste, and the industry of the people is incessant. I twice visited the shooting ground,

romantically situated about a mile from the town. The Tyrolese soldiers and people may here be seen exercising at a mark, and certainly the accuracy of their aim is fearful, as the French often found to their cost. The mechanical invention of the target greatly amused me: whenever the small centre mark was struck by the ball at a considerable distance, two figures slowly moved round and faced you, they having been previously fastened behind the target; then a man, standing near the mark in a suitable and safe position, came forth dressed like a Merry Andrew, tumbled and made antics before the target, and announced in a loud voice that the ball had hit; this was registered by a Tyrolese soldier, who sat at a table with writing materials and a book, near the persons who fired, and whose duty it was to register the successful shots according as the keeper of the target announced them. The scene was novel and entertaining. There are several churches in the town and neighbourhood; one, the Franciscan, which contains the curious and splendid monument of the Emperor Maximilian I.; also the grave and statue of Hofer, which particularly interested me. The people in the churches were evidently sincere and devout in their pious exercises. In no place does the Roman Catholic religion appear to greater advantage than in the Tyrol. There is a peculiar quietness and decorum in the congregations; in their religion the Tyrolese are not addicted to superstition; many of the practices of the Italian church being repudiated by them. For the kingdom containing 800,000 inhabitants there is but one prison: this is at Innspruck, and it seldom has eighty criminals within its walls. There is not a foundling hospital in the whole of the Tyrol, and if there were one it would present a ward of empty cradles.

Delighted with our sojourn in Innspruck, we left for Munich. We chose the road by Tegernsee and the baths of Kreuth, although the longest, because the most romantic, and certainly had no cause to repent our choice. Where tillage is possible the country is in the richest cultivation, and we had wood, and mountain, and water to enliven the prospect. The charm of the road consists chiefly in the lake scenery. You first drive along the borders of the Tegernsee, surrounded by hills and pleasant woods, and

having at its southern extremity grand Alpine scenery. You rest at the Baths of Kreuth, and then traverse the Lake Acenthal by a curious, singular road, sometimes running at the edge of the water, and at other times cut like a shelf out of the precipice which hems in one side of this sunny lake. There is little superior to this route in Switzerland. We could not remain in the carriage; the fresh air, the novelty of the scene, and magnificence of the views, enabled us to walk with ease a distance which in Italy would have been impossible. The road emerges into a wide, well-tilled plain, in which stands Munich, having in point of situation nothing whatever to recommend it. This was a pleasure excursion of two easy days from Innspruck.

Autumnal travellers must here be warned to remember the inundations to which it seems to me every district of Italy is liable. The principle rivers are—the Arno, Adige, Magra, Po, Ticino, and Tiber,—these, with many minor streams, constantly overflow their banks in October, and sometimes deluge the surrounding country. It is then that travelling in Italy becomes miserable—roads broken up, bridges carried away, the fields resembling vast lakes, with trees growing in the water, and wherever the ground is uncovered by the inundation it is converted into slimy mud. The country inns, only tolerable in fine weather, are then felt in their full wretchedness. Some of the rivers flow on beds which are but little inclined, thus when the inundation begins the mischief is the more quickly and widely spread.

We crossed the Po between Pavia and Casteggio in October by the bridge of boats, the far side of the bridge was barely above water, and the police compelled all passengers to descend from the carriages and walk. In forty-eight hours after, it was impassable, and the country a vast lake. The banks of the Po in some places, after a flood, are, for a considerable distance cemented into a mass of thick slime and mud, through which carriages are dragged by bullocks, and ladies assisted or carried by men in attendance for the purpose. But the passage of the Magra, near Sarzana, was the most detestable in Italy, the road leading to this turbulent river, and the country adjoining, after an inundation, being changed into a swamp.

The Arno, despite its poetic name, is an ill-behaved

river, sometimes almost dry; after the autumnal rains it is changed into a mighty torrent, grand to look at, but disagreeable to the Florentines when it forces itself into their gardens and dwellings, spreading desolation. However, there are along its course stupendous embankments, and bridges as spacious and strong as they are elegant in structure.

We may calculate the mischief of inundations in this country from the violence of the rain, for its annual height is about double that of our climate, while its duration is not one half. Thus it rains incessantly sometimes for days, and all is bright again; the invalid will do wisely to avoid travelling in Italy during the rainy season—let him prefer the sea.

We are liable, occasionally, in Italy, to greater perils. Of all the disasters to which a country can be subject, that of earthquakes seems the most awful. Bacon has written: "The great winding sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two, deluges and earthquakes;" and from these last convulsions of nature Italy has frequently, and dreadfully suffered.

As lately as the summer of 1846, the beautiful duchy of Tuscany was convulsed by this terrible visitation. I visited, a few weeks after, some of the places which had severely suffered. What an awful contemplation! in the midst of joy and apparent abundance, and the exhilarating prospect of reaping the fruits of man's industry, the earth rocks under the feet of those whom her bounty sustains and yawns for their destruction; habitations, harvests, and men vanish, the earth closes again, and the survivors are left terrified and prostrate, an appalling example of the vicissitude of all human things! In Pisa a brief account was published by Signor Tabani of the sudden disaster, an extract from which may interest the reader:—

"In the beginning of August, the sky over Pisa was overcast with clouds, threatening rain, but rain came not, or so scantily as to resemble water sprinkled on the burning coals of a forge. In this state, weighed down by an oppressive air, we continued until the 14th of August, a day to be marked amongst the most dismal in our history. In the morning we heard that many dolphins were taken near the mouth of the Arno. The swallows, a month before their accustomed time, had departed from our clime; a prodigious

quantity of wasps, after midday, with unusual restlessness, covered the windows of many habitations. Meanwhile the air became more and more sultry, the sun mysteriously sad, when lo! six or seven minutes before one o'clock, there was a deep sound; it resembled the blast of a tempest, but not a breath stirred. The noise grew louder, and left not a doubt as to the calamity which assailed us. The house began to vibrate; the buildings around shook—the violent undulating motion lasting not less than twelve seconds. Pisa seemed as if on the point of being swallowed up. The bells of the doors and chambers sounded, the great bell of the tower of itself tolled, as when announcing a calamity, and perhaps one more awful it never announced. In a few seconds, 300 miles of the Tuscan territory was one theatre of terror, much of it of lamentation, ruin, and death."

The account given me in Leghorn, a few weeks after the event, of the earthquake as felt in that busy place, was very simple and affecting. Thus spoke my host:—"The 14th of August was intensely hot, the sky cloudless, the sea smooth as a mirror, the weather for days had been oppressive, and no rain had fallen for a considerable time. Without the slightest warning the town rocked, many houses were split open, and their affrighted inhabitants rushed into the streets to find refuge they knew not where. Providentially no life was lost, but the damage to habitations and property was considerable, and the finest part of Tuscany was desolated."

Such was the extent and nature of a calamity which suddenly visited what is thought to be the happiest quarter of Italy, where the people are industrious and prosperous. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. Nations, it would seem, like individuals, must suffer, and learn through the sad lessons of affliction, the mutability and mortality of human things. The very people who confidently pronounce themselves the favoured of the earth, in an instant are cast down and taught humility by terrible trials. Pompeii and Herculaneum were engulfed while their inhabitants revelled in all the sensual enjoyments of their earthly paradise.

## CHAP. II.

### TUSCANY.

Florence and its Cascina.—The Arno.—Climate in Winter.—Florence in Spring.—Aspect of People.—Pompous Titles of Salutation.—Their Origin.—The Galleries of Art.—Reflections.—The Fine Arts, so called.—Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, and Oratory considered and distinguished.—Union of Sculpture with Architecture.—Michael Angelo.—Causes of Excellence of Grecian and Florentine Art.—Causes of its Decline.

October.

FLORENCE is described as "the beautiful," but the description is exaggerated, at least as far as regards the town merely. The surrounding country is lovely, diversified by every object which can lend charm to a landscape, refresh the eye, or delight the heart of man. The "City of the Lily" is surrounded by high walls once ornamented with towers, which, in the quaint language of an old writer, "encircled the city like a garland;" now these walls are useless and ugly although many call them picturesque. There are eight gates in a circuit of some six miles, and they each conduct to scenes of peculiar interest and beauty. The Arno unequally divides the city, three *quartieri* being on the north and one on the south side. This river is sometimes a shallow stream, then a swollen furious torrent, at all times muddy. Three spacious bridges span this river, two of modern and elegant construction, and the third, Ponte Vecchio, very ancient, with shops, chiefly jewellers' and stalls along it, as in the olden time. The broad quays form a pleasant walk; and there is no shipping to remind one of trade or business. There are seven or eight piazze, quite unlike our squares in character and appearance. The streets have an aspect of "stern and sober dignity," although they are in general narrow, flagged all across,

and in rainy weather slippery as glass, especially on the bridges; the horses are accustomed to fall under the carriages, and do not regard it; they are all broken on the knees. The houses are lofty, and have a gloomy appearance; the palaces are numerous, of massive architecture and solid grandeur, built as much for security in times of peril as for splendid residence in times of peace; memorials of a greatness by-gone. The churches, many of them magnificent within, tell by their outward appearance a melancholy tale—unfinished, dingy, with bare gables of dirty bricks, ready for the coating of marble which they never received. Brave and pious hearts designed these temples when Florence was free: these brave and pious hearts have long ceased to beat. The generation who succeeded could only wonder at energy which they had no power to imitate.

The favourite drive of the Florentines is to their Cascina, being in fact a dairy farm of the Grand Duke, which stretches to the edge of the Arno. I do not recollect ever to have seen a more delightful view than is visible to the right as you approach the Cascina; vineyards and gardens fill up the landscape, bounded by a mountain of moderate height, studded all over with shining villas, so numerous that, were they collected together, "a second Rome would not contain them." To this Cascina the gay Florentines each evening repair; the carriages are drawn up in a wide space near the Corso, where men of fashion say soft things to fair ladies, while bouquets of fragrant flowers are presented at the carriage windows by girls selling their delicate blossoms.

The Boboli Gardens attached to the Pitti Palace, open to the public two days in the week, are laid out with Italian taste and studied effect. They consist of terraces and avenues of trees forming shady arcades, statues being placed in the most striking positions. The two basins of water are enclosed with marble, and crowned with groups of allegorical figures, and the gardens are filled with the choicest flowers; orange and lemon trees are abundant, but in winter they are covered from the harsh air of the Apennines. The regular clipped hedge-rows give an artificial though elegant appearance. Their great charm, however, arises from their position, and the varied and com-

manding points of view which they afford. Standing on some of the raised terraces, the surrounding amphitheatre is a pleasing scene on which to gaze. The slopes of the Apennines covered with smiling villas, vineyards, and olive groves, "a land of wine and oil;" the fair city, with its domes and *campaniles*, and battlemented towers, spread below, recalls to our mind her ancient splendour.

While time was agreeably passed in lounging through the galleries, and in pleasant excursions under a genial sun, suddenly the summer weather changed to piercing cold, a biting north-east wind blew, more cutting than I had ever felt in the northern counties of England. The Italians, universally muffled to the throat, and wrapped in their huge cloaks, looked like brigands. The sun shining brightly while the intense cold prevailed, tempted invalids to venture out. I suffered in consequence, and the physician, accustomed to the effects of this climate, hurried me off to Rome without delay. Sir James Clarke writes that —

"Though Florence is one of the most agreeable residences in Italy, it is far from being a favourable climate for an invalid, and least of all for an invalid disposed to consumption. Its situation among the lower Apennines, together with its full exposure to the currents of the valley of the Arno, render Florence subject to sudden transitions of temperature, and to cold piercing winds during the winter and spring."

There is an indescribable charm in travelling through such a country as Italy, in bright weather, as we had during an excursion of a week in May, returning from Rome to Florence. The last day's drive through the valley of the Arno was most interesting, while the descent into the vale of Florence from the heights of St. Donato afforded a combination of rare delights. Around and before us were hills covered with vineyards, groves, and gardens; the high grounds planted with olives; the whole showing a mass of rich yet picturesque vegetation.

There was a delicious stillness in the evening air. The city lay before us in the distance, attractive from the magnificence of the objects presented to the eye; towers and churches rose up in graceful beauty; the setting sun

gilded with his rays the mighty dome, which shone like a vast ball of fire, and showed in bright contrast the buildings clustered around it. I never before felt the truth of the expression, "Florence the beautiful." Most willingly now do I accord it. At this season a more charming residence could not, I believe, be found in the world. For days past we have enjoyed a most delightful climate, the air warm yet fresh, the sky ever blue, the mornings wholesome, the nights still and refreshing. How pleasantly have weeks glided away in examining the gems of art, the memorials of genius, the treasures of Italy created and accumulated when she was the light and glory of Europe; in enjoying, too, the rich and diversified natural scenery which surrounded us; hills clad with the olive and the vine, valleys laughing in their abundance, mountains not so lofty as to astonish the eye, but high enough to give effect to the landscape, and to invigorate by their wholesome breezes!

It is singular also to find oneself amidst a people all of whom seem to be equally civilised, and no doubt there is an extraordinary appearance of civilisation among the Florentines. Their dress, conversation, amusements, and invariable courtesy, all betoken it. We were fortunate in obtaining an apartment in one of the ancient palaces of Florence, looking into a fragrant garden full of flowers and sweet-smelling plants, where the orange and lemon trees were cultivated with success. To those accustomed to the uncertainties of a northern sky, there is something most reviving to the spirits in the climate of Italy as it is felt in spring: one bright day succeeds another; the sun shines each morning in cloudless splendour; the nights are soft and delicious; the landscape is mellowed with tints and colours, of which in colder climes there can be no conception.

The population of Florence is about 90,000. A stranger, judging from appearances, would conclude the Florentines to be a wealthy people, from their dress, their finery, their equipages, and love of show. On a festal day the women, even in an humble walk of life, are decked out with ornaments of gold in profusion. Beggars are proscribed in the town, but abound in the suburbs. If money be plentiful it

must be easily made for every man appears to be at leisure.

Their mode of speech and salutation is exaggerated and pompous; the lowest title lavished on a plain man in Italy is "*Excellenza.*" It was not possible to believe that this bombastic style of salutation prevailed in the days of her liberty and greatness; accordingly, I was pleased to find in Ranke's "History of the Popes" a solution of the cause of this vicious practice. He writes —

"Republican independent Italy, on whose peculiar circumstances the earlier development of the genius of her sons depended, fell for ever. The freedom and simplicity of the intellectual commonwealth utterly vanished. It is worthy of note that *titles* were there introduced as early as the year 1520. Some persons remarked with disgust that every man wished to be called 'Sir,' a degeneracy of taste which was ascribed to Spanish influence. About the year 1550, ponderous epithets of honour already encumbered and oppressed the simple address by speech and letter hitherto in use. Towards the end of this century the titles of 'Duca' and 'Marchesa' became prevalent: *everybody wanted them, and everybody would be 'Eccellenza.'*"

The galleries of painting * and statuary are, of course, the great attraction of Florence. The business of life here is to look at pictures, and talk about them.

The traveller has collected before him within a narrow compass the finest specimens of sculpture, the grandest

* The tourist can easily mark out for himself a simple division of the principal Italian schools of painting.

Epoch 1st. 13th century. *Florentine School.*— *Cimabue,* the Michael Angelo of his age, as *Giotto* his pupil, the shepherd-boy, was called its Raffaelle. This painter is connected at once with the history of Job, in the Campo Santa, at Pisa. He died 1336.

Epoch 2nd.—*Leonardo da Vinci,* born 1452, painter, poet, sculptor, architect. *Michael Angelo Buonarotti,* born twenty-three years after Da Vinci, also an universal genius. These great men were rivals—one excelled in graceful design and exquisite execution, the other in sublimity of conception and grandeur of expression. Most critics prefer the chisel of Buonarotti to his pencil.

Epoch 3rd.—*Daniel da Volterra,* the best pupil of Michael Angelo. *Fra Bartolommeo,* the friend of Savonarola, died 1517. *Andrea del Sarto,* died 1530, surnamed *Andrea the Faultless.*

Epoch 4th.— *Carlo Dolci, Lorenzo Lippi,* and many others. *Pietro da Cortona.*

monuments of a peculiar architecture, paintings ever fresh with the stamp of genius, and varieties of skilful workmanship belonging to the curious arts. But all, all are the product of ages which are past, and if the tourist can reflect for a moment, he must ask himself why is it that every interesting object he examines, should owe its origin to what he might call a comparatively uncivilised age? Have the energies of men dwindled into feebleness? — Has piety ceased to influence the imagination? — Is the civilisation of our day unable to cope with "the victorious industry" of the men who flourished in a darker age? Let us endeavour to solve these questions.

Architecture, sculpture, and painting are termed the fine arts, in which poetry has been included, and by some oratory, on the principle that "*poeta est finitimus oratori.*" I deny eloquence to be a fine art, in the affected language of the day. By eloquence I understand the faculty which engages itself in the assertion of the great rights of the human race, in all that can render man dignified, free, and happy. Unless the tongue can utter burning thoughts, in daring language, eloquence cannot exist. Despotism could not therefore endure the exercise of this divine talent. When the liberty of Athens fell, eloquence perished, although still as a school of fine arts, and even of philosophy, Athens flourished.

With the murder of Cicero died the soul of Roman eloquence. Rome thenceforward had poets, painters, architects, sculptors, philosophers — an orator never more. Let not eloquence, therefore, be degraded to the level of the fine arts, or even of literature itself; these in turn have ministered to the gratification of the tyrant, or to the amusement of an enslaved people. If, indeed, it be said that oratory *may*, like poetry, address itself to the imagination only, and express and adorn what may affect the moral and intellectual powers of man, cavil will end. And we gladly admit also, that the fine arts have reached their highest perfection, where freedom exists and eloquence rules the intellect with triumphant sway.

Architecture, sculpture, and painting ought to be discriminated; the first cannot be considered as an imitative art, while sculpture and painting are strictly so; the marble

and the canvas alike appealing to the memory as well as to the fancy. The remarks of Gibbon illustrate this distinction: —

"The practice of architecture is directed by a few general and even mechanical rules. But sculpture, and above all painting, propose to themselves the imitation not only of the forms of nature, but of the passions of the human mind. In these sublime arts the dexterity of the hand is of little avail, unless it is animated and guided by the most correct taste and observation."

Perhaps the historian here speaks too slightingly of architecture. The splendid conceptions of Sir Christopher Wren or of Michael Angelo, were not the result of a cold study of mechanical rules; and "the serene beauty of the Pantheon" must have been the product of genius. Architecture and sculpture may and ought to be considered in union, and Florence affords examples of this connection and its advantages, as may be seen from the examination of that extraordinary fabric called St. Michael's tower, and the appropriate statues it contains.

A more forcible instance of the value of this union of sculpture with architecture, is to be found in the Basilica of San Lorenzo: —

"In the Sagrestia Nuova we have the rare union of architecture and sculpture arising out of *one conception*, the building planned for the monuments, and the monuments planned for the building which contains them. We here *see sculpture in its true position, the handmaid waiting on the mistress, connected with, and ancillary to, architecture.*"*

This Sagrestia affords the most perfect specimen of Michael Angelo's skill as a sculptor, while the building is equally his; and what a gigantic intellect he possessed! Painting, sculpture, architecture, fortification, theology, and poetry, employed by turns his universal genius. Mr. Spalding writes: —

"The tombs of the two Medici, finished earlier than the Moses, are works of a far higher and purer strain; being really the finest that Michael Angelo ever produced. Upon each of the two sarcophagi rests a sitting figure in armour, the likeness of the dead man

* *Quarterly Review*, 1840. Article, "The Fine Arts of Florence."

who reposes within.* On each side of Lorenzo is a reclining statue, the one representing Twilight, the other Dawn; and Julian's tomb is in like manner flanked by the recumbent figures of Night and Day. The statue of Lorenzo is a fine and simple portrait; that of Julian has scarcely ever been surpassed for its air of dignified and thoughtful repose."

As to the curious arts, the bronze gates of the Baptistery will rivet the attention of the beholder. The southern gate represents the history of John the Baptist; the reliefs of the northern one, events from the Gospels; those of the eastern, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the gate of Paradise, portray scenes from the Old Testament on ten large panels divided by richly ornamented stiles. On the first panel, which is perhaps the best, the Creation of Adam stands at one side; the Creation of Eve, whose figure is one of the loveliest ever imagined, occupies the centre; the Temptation lies in the distance; and the piece also contains the Expulsion from Eden perfect in taste and feeling. The History of Joseph is little inferior: that of David's Victory over the Philistine is singularly animated; and the History of Abraham presents some beautiful groups. The artist is said to have been twenty years employed in the design and execution of this work. In Florence of the middle ages one pursuit created another; "excellence produced excellence, and ambition and rivalship begot talent."

It appears that it was not in the Academy that the Tuscan artists nurtured their genius, but in the workshops; they were really artificers, and worked at their trades vigorously. It is very curious, but yet alleged as true, that all the easel pictures of the earliest masters have been detached from articles of ecclesiastical or civil furniture, and it is doubtful whether, before the sixteenth century, any cabinet pictures, intended merely to hang upon the walls as ornaments, existed. "It was the *use* of pictures which gave strength and nutrition to art; painting was in this stage, therefore, always *utilitised*," and thus was its success natural. I have remarked, when we inquire from the artist the causes of the decay of the art of painting in Italy, he fails to satisfy our understanding.

* The custom of representing the figure of the dead man on the outside of the sarcophagus or stone coffin was familiar to the Etrurians, several examples of which are to be seen in Rome.

Walk with such a man through the galleries of Rome, Florence, or Bologna, he will expatiate with rapture on the sublimity of Michael Angelo, the magic beauty of Raffaelle, the brilliant colouring of Titian, the bewitching gracefulness of Correggio, and the peculiar perfections of the Caracci; but ask him *why* have these men so excelled, and *why* have their successors fallen so short of their greatness, and the artist will assign any cause but the true one.

The historian can better solve these interesting questions; he discerns and explains the causes of failure, and of excellence in art, at particular epochs, on principles not apprehended by him who studies pictures more than history. Raffaelle died in Rome, on Good Friday, 1520; Michael Angelo outlived him more than forty years; what was the condition of the art they raised to such a pitch of glory after their decease? Ranke has described it vigorously.

"Art shared the fate of poetry; she lost the inspiration which had suggested her religious subjects, and, soon after, that which had animated her profane works. Some traces of it remained in the Venetian school alone. Raffaelle's scholars, with one exception, were wholly degenerate; while they endeavoured to imitate him, they lost themselves in artificial beauty, theatrical attitudes, affected graces; and their works bear sufficient evidence of the total want of warmth, or sense of beauty, in the soul which conceived them. The scholars of Michael Angelo did no better. In this state of things, when antiquity was deserted, when at the same time the old national poetry and the religious mode of conception were scorned and rejected by literature and by art, *the resuscitation of the church began.* It gained possession of men's minds, with their will, or against it; it introduced an entire alteration in the whole domain and condition of art and literature."

The intellectual tendency of the age of Pope Sixtus V., who ascended the papal throne in 1585, had, on this question, a most important influence. The Church, after a long and violent struggle, and the loss of many kingdoms, established her supremacy over Italy. The restoration of the authority of the Church, it is curious to observe, acted very differently on science and on art; it repressed the progress of the one, and advanced the other, but in a peculiar way, and in a limited direction.

"A short time before (says Ranke) the Italians manifested a

grand tendency towards searching investigation, intrepid pursuits of truth, noble aspirations, and high prophetic visions of discovery. Who shall say whither this tendency would have led? But the Church marked out a line which they were not to overstep, *and woe to him who ventured to pass it.*"

However, while the Church checked the advance of science, it had a contrary effect on poetry and art.

"They stood in need of a prolific material, of a living subject, and they found it once more in the Church."

At Bologna arose the school of the Caracci, whose rise marks a general change in the style of painting. Ludovico Caracci was the founder of this school; and of his two cousins, whom he associated with him in his labours, one had been bred a goldsmith (the same trade which had furnished many artists in Florence), the other a tailor. These men cultivated the study of anatomy, and a learned style of art. Theirs was named the *eclectic* school, and their proposed object was to select from the respective works of former distinguished painters the peculiar excellency of each, and combine all these beauties in their own productions. The mere statement of the principle on which the *Caracci* established their system of art, is enough to show that it was not likely to be lasting, because not natural, not imaginative, but confessedly imitating the excellences of other masters; and although at a particular period, and in the hands of clever men, this style might attain success, yet it is not difficult to suppose it would ere long sink into decay. The tasks of these artists were, according to the spirit of the age, chiefly of a religious character. Ludovico Caracci laboured to embody the ideal of Christ, and produced a representation which has been the model to succeeding painters. The masterpiece of Agostino Caracci is unquestionably his Saint Jerome. The aged saint is represented in the arms of death, motionless; his last breath is a fervent aspiration after the host, which the ministering priest is bringing to him. Annibale Caracci's pictures are of the same character; but his representation of Christ, the critics say, is elevated to a higher pitch of sublimity. Now these painters partook of the religious enthusiasm of the age. The same tendency marks their pupils. Domenichino worked out the ideal of St. Jerome, of which

Agostino Caracci was the author, with such felicitous industry that he surpassed his master. This magnificent work stands in the Vatican, opposite the sublime picture of the Transfiguration, by Raffaelle, and is not wholly outshone in the contrast. Guido painted the Virgin "glowing in immortal beauty." His Judith, taken in the very feeling of the deed she has accomplished, is in a style of severe grandeur. It is charged against these painters that their conceptions were sometimes fantastic, and that they relished depicting the horrible without any attempt to soften its repulsive aspect. In the St. Agnes of Domenichino we see the blood start from beneath the sword. Guido conceived the Murder of the Innocents in its naked atrocity and terror. Guercino, another illustrious pupil of this school, depicts St. John with an expression of gloomy inspiration; his St. Thomas lays his hand with so rude a touch in the wounds in the side of Christ, that we shrink back with a feeling of pain. The fact is that the Church obtained entire dominion over restored painting, and imparted to it an "ecclesiastical, sacerdotal, and dogmatical character."

I have given a summary of the view taken by the able German Professor, and I have no doubt the right view of the character of the last great school of Italian painting, and of the intellectual tendency of the age in which it flourished. The pupils of the Caracci already named, with Albani and Lanfranco, maintained the high reputation of this school for some forty years after the decease of their famous masters; then it fell, partly because its principles were eclectic, chiefly because no longer sustained by the spirit of the age. The Church lost its influence: to religious enthusiasm succeeded religious indifference; the causes which led to the rise and progress of this celebrated school of art ceased to exist, and inevitably the effect to be produced. We find, therefore, Italian painters of the present day are greatly inferior to English artists.

Why did the ancients excel in sculpture? Were they acquainted with the science of anatomy, the understanding of the principles of which is said to be essential to the success of the sculptor? It would seem not. John Bell asserts that there is no evidence of it in their works: their manner of disposing of the body after death would appear to be against the notion of the ancients being acquainted with anatomy;

because, after death, the body was burned, and the funeral urn contained its ashes. It has been stated that various instruments of surgery have been discovered amongst the objects met with in different excavations, as well as in those of Pompeii and of Herculaneum, yet nothing to show a study of the science of anatomy. But records were kept of the perfections of the human body, and statues were formed of the victors in the Olympic games, to serve as models of strength and beauty; and materials to stimulate the sculptor were to be found in the manners, costume, mythology, and athletic exercises of the Greeks.

One great cause of the deterioration of modern art has not been sufficiently considered, and that was and is the separation of sculpture from architecture.

The effect of such separation may be thoroughly comprehended when we examine, for example, the Pantheon in Rome, and read the descriptions of it as it stood in all its splendour in the time of Agrippa. The interior was adorned by the statues of famous men, a principal object of the building being to contain such memorials, and place them worthily. This admired relic of antiquity proves the union of sculpture with architecture to have existed to the advantage of both; the niches in the Pantheon still remain, the statues are gone, and the venerable pile, although still majestic, seems bare, and stripped of half its beauty.

I must here observe that the downfall of Italian sculpture has not been so great as that of painting. Canova redeemed it for a time, but his individual genius only the more clearly proves the general decay of art. Take the most vigorous effort of his chisel now, and compare it with the Greek statues in the Capitol or Vatican, and then discover, if you can, the pretensions of Canova to be classed with the ancient sculptors. The wonder and delight with which the relics of antiquity are beheld prove how vast the disparity between modern and ancient art; and singular enough, the recovery and the study of the Greek models, so inspiring to behold, have in a measure damaged modern art. The sculptor of our day strives to excel by *imitating* the works of the ancients, whereas they triumphed by the originality of their inventions, and by exhibiting in perfection the forms of nature.

I have put together the above observations on the fine

arts, so called, in the hope of encouraging in the minds of visitors to these scenes "*where Raffaelle and his school from Florence came*," reflections on the causes and principles which have made the fine arts flourish and decay. Let us not exalt these pursuits too highly.* The consideration of the institutions, laws, and history of an ancient kingdom may prove more profitable to ourselves and useful to our country.

* I think Mr. Roscoe's elegantly written Biographies of the Medici open to this objection, and to the more serious one of misrepresenting the character of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The history of this family is so interwoven with everything we see or read in Florence, that some investigation of it is indispensable.

## CHAP. III.

### TUSCANY.

Foreigners in Florence.—Effect of their Residence on the Character of the People.—Azeglio's Opinion.—Professor Mittermaier's Work.—Real Condition of Florentine People, and their Sources of Industry investigated.—Classification of Inhabitants.—No Middle Class.—Mode of Living.—Funerals and Festivals.

THE number of foreigners who visit or reside in this brilliant little capital forcibly attracts our notice. The respectable population, so far as it may consist of the middle classes, does not appear to be native to the soil. Carriages crowd the streets and the *cascina*, but they are filled by strangers,—the English, of course, in the majority. Their new Protestant church is capable of containing 800 persons; and the congregation ordinarily amounted to that number. They feign excuses readily for their residence abroad: Scotland is cold,—country parts of England dull,—Ireland disturbed,—where can be found an equal amount of enjoyment, or more luxuries at a cheap rate, than in lovely Florence?

The number of strangers who visit Florence annually exceeds 11,000,—the permanent residents are about 900. It may be an interesting inquiry, what is the effect of this influx of strangers upon the native population? A distinction would suggest itself between the intercourse of the respectable inhabitants of two proud and wealthy kingdoms, such as Great Britain and France, and that of the people of either of these countries with the inhabitants of a small country like Tuscany, and especially with those of such a capital as Florence. Great nations meet each other upon an equal footing; neither truckles to the other; but when people free and wealthy flock into a small city like Florence, the danger is obvious that the natives will succumb to the whims of their visitors, imitate their vices, but not their virtues, yield to the temptation of cheating the ignorant or

the careless traveller, and thus the national character may be demoralised and degraded. Azeglio has expressed this opinion in language which does not well admit of translation:—

"Le orme impresse sul suolo di Firenze dai suoi antichi abitatori la civiltà moderna le ha cancellate quasi del tutto. Le hanno cancellate gli stranieri che, ogni anno, scendono a godersi e vilipendere, quasi cortigiana, l'Italia."

Professor Mittermaier asserts:—

"Increase of foreigners in some Tuscan cities, especially in Florence, is not serviceable to morality, and multiplies a class of persons who, living only by the gains of the moment, without any respectable calling, yield to dissoluteness, often aggravated by foreigners, as these persons calculate on their profusion, and lay hands when occasion offers on the property of others."

Thus the influx of foreigners into Florence, which seems at first view to be a blessing, may in reality prove a curse. This leads to a brief inquiry into the true condition of the Florentine people: the outward aspect is deceptive. What are the means which the people appear to have of gaining their bread? The trade of a general kind, and commerce, are chiefly confined to Leghorn. I scarcely ever saw at Florence a boat on the Arno. There are no great manufactories; no extensive buildings in progress: in fact, the town and its delightful neighbourhood are overbuilt. There is however, considerable business in oil and silk.

The summary given by Mittermaier of the manufactures of Tuscany, states, that there are ninety-three manufactories of paper,—yielding a produce of 2,000,000 *lire* (the *lira* being about eightpence). In Prato there are 4469 workmen, of whom 2800 are engaged in weaving silk. There are in the duchy 3462 silk-looms. The establishment of Mattiuci, in Florence, which is the largest in Tuscany, reckons 800. The gross produce in silk is said to be but 300,000 lbs., while Austrian Italy and Ticino produce 7,000,000 lbs. Making straw-bonnets yields 2,000,000 *lire*. There are 100 manufactories of wool, *of which only eleven are flourishing*. Latterly an immense quantity of boracic acid has been exported from the Maremma. The export of oil is but 80,000*l*. per annum. The imports at Leghorn are double

the exports. The gross value of Tuscan merchandise engaged in commerce is valued at no more than 5,000,000 *lire*, while Tuscany never can feed its people with corn: the supply falling short by one-fourth.

The shops in Florence look well, but it is generally remarked, and by the fair sex especially, that the articles for sale are the products of England and France. The goldsmiths are ingenious, and not extravagant in their demands. The industry of the Florentines appears to be frivolous, quite of a different character from that of the Tuscan agriculturists, which is skilful and persevering. I verily believe a principal source of employment for the small dealers here is, the renting of an apartment consisting of four or five chambers, furnishing the same, often by the aid of borrowed money, and then hiring it to the foreigner.

I have been assured there is a great deal of poverty in Florence, although it may not often meet the eye. Begging is interdicted in the streets, but prevails in the suburbs. I am satisfied of the fact that much misery exists, from reasons subsequently mentioned, in addition to what old residents have informed me.

But the wants of the humble Florentine are cheaply supplied; his diet is simple, his habitation cheerless, his expenses less perhaps than in most European cities, and his comforts as few. In a climate so genial, his real enjoyments are out of doors; for which reason, and for lack of anything to do at home, or attraction to remain there, he prefers the streets. In the Piazze, especially near the Post-office, are crowds: those who get letters read them in the streets, and then stop to chat and gaze about. In the evening they lounge to the *cascina*, and so consume their day.

According to our conception of the term, there does not exist in Florence a native middle class. An intelligent Tuscan priest informed me that there are sixteen rich native families in Florence and no more; and that no substantial class exists between them and the people who work for their bread. Independently of the English, there are Russian, Polish, French, and Italian families of distinction, who for reasons (sometimes political) reside here, and swell the number of the titled and somewhat questionable aristocracy. There is therefore a large middle class in Florence, but

consisting chiefly of strangers of all nations, who meet here as upon common ground. Mercantile, literary, professional, or political men, if natives, have little business in Florence.

In severe weather the humbler classes suffer from want of fire, comfortless dwellings and other privations, and the mortality amongst them is at such periods very great. Their mode of disposing of their dead amongst the poor is somewhat repulsive. In the evening the bodies are conveyed by torch-light to a church, attended by monks chanting a dirge, there the remains are deposited, and the friends depart and see no more of the matter. During the night a cart arrives, the bodies are placed in it, and either, as suspected, reserved for dissection, or, as the Americans say, *dumped* from the cart into a common pit outside the town.

The Florentines are passionately fond of theatrical exhibitions, and there are operatic performances, sufficiently entertaining for the bulk of the people, to which admittance may be had for threepence of our money,

On their festival days in spring and early summer, this light-hearted people put forth all their finery; women, even of an humble rank, are decked with gold ornaments which descend from mother to daughter, as heir-looms, and expending their small savings in show, they make a gay figure in the *cascina*, the churches, and the theatres. Seated beneath the trees in their pleasant park, the Florentines feast and enjoy themselves on these commemorations from morn till evening, presenting the appearance of the most prosperous population in the world. They are here seen to the utmost advantage, and certainly their behaviour to each other and to strangers is marked by courtesy and politeness. The Florentines exhibit the smooth manners of a people long accustomed to civilisation, and to the humanising effects of the elegant arts.

## CHAP. IV.

### TUSCANY.

Domestic Servants in Italy.—Murray's Hand-book.—Law of Evidence.—Written Contracts and Administration of Civil Justice in Tuscany.—Practical Effect on the Character of the People.—Tribunals of Justice described.—Salaries of the Judges.

SCARCELY any man has resided a year in Italy without being compelled to form a low opinion of the morals and character of the domestic servants, in contact with whom he is necessarily thrown. They are generally civil but rapacious and dishonest, in a way of which we can have small conception in England.

The moral depravity of so large a class of people in Italy tells against the general character of the country. We may say, without impropriety, Italy is below Germany, France, and Belgium, in honesty and morality of conduct. A discharged servant frequently revenges himself thus:—after he has been paid all wages *without giving a written receipt*, on the eve of his master's departure from Florence, when he applies for the necessary passport, an embargo is found to be put upon it by the servant, upon the ground that his claims have not been satisfied. Sometimes the stranger, to save time and escape vexation, submits to the extortion, and thus whets the appetite of the knave for future imposition. Should he partake of the courage of the republican traveller Cooper, consult his banker, employ a lawyer, singularly lucky will he be if a decision be given in his favour, but the Florentine may and will most probably appeal; meanwhile the passport is withheld, and the impatient traveller has the pleasure of being delayed three months or so till the appeal is decided. Englishmen constantly forget to take written receipts from their servants and others, and suffer for their omission. No man here places the least dependence on the honesty of those of the lower classes with whom he deals.

Everything is reduced to writing; a carriage for a two days excursion is hired by a formal written contract; a lodging for a month, by an agreement consisting of two parts of some dozen clauses, and duly signed. If you omit these precautions you are scoffed at for your folly, they say you deserve to suffer, you should consider every man as a rogue.

In Murray's "Handbook for Northern Italy" it is stated that—

"It is necessary to be extremely particular to take a written receipt for any weekly or monthly payment made to the cook, as in default of this he will, probably, on the eve of the departure of the family, go into court, and swear that he has been supplying the house on credit during his master's whole stay, and although his master may have been in the habit of paying him every week *in the presence of members of his own family, and of other servants, still, as by the Tuscan law the evidence of neither relations nor servants is allowed to be given in the master's favour*, and as his own oath is not taken, the stranger will, after much delay and law-expenses, be obliged to repay the whole."

I could not bring my understanding to believe in this statement of the law of evidence in a civilised country, and being anxious to ascertain exactly how these matters stood and gain accurate information, I consulted a Florentine advocate. The first question put was in this form :—

The courts in Tuscany, it is said, do not admit on behalf of a foreigner, as witnesses, any of his household, relations, or servants. I desire to know whether this be the law of the country, and whether, if so, it equally prevails in disputes between Tuscans in proving a contract or payment, or the like?

Answer :—

"No law in Tuscany, either as regards foreigners or subjects, prohibits (in civil trials, in which the principles of the French code prevail) the reception of relations and servants as witnesses, to prove a bargain or a payment, or any other fact. It depends *exclusively* upon the discriminating judgment of the court to decide what weight shall be given to such evidence, according to all the circumstances and the strength of the other proof existing in the case."

Second question :—

Is it necessary by any positive rule of law, that all contracts, for example, for the hire of a house or lodgings, should, for their

validity, be in writing, and is there in this respect any difference between foreigners and natives?

Answer:—

"All contracts, amongst which are numbered those stated in the question, are perfected by the consent of the parties, *hence no writing is required for their validity;* a writing is drawn up as proof only of the contract (here many authorities are cited); thus a contract may be proved by the facts and circumstances of the case, by legal proof—by probabilities, as if there existed a solemn deed.

"There are exceptions of contracts in which a writing is required to the validity of the same, for example, a contract of partnership, which must be in writing, and deposited in the tribunal of commerce, according to the principles of the French commercial code. These rules are acted on with respect to foreigners resident in Tuscany in the same manner precisely as towards Tuscans themselves."

This opinion is what I expected it to be,—distinct and satisfactory. How happens it then, that a writing is so generally resorted to, and that witnesses admissible, do not obtain the belief of the judge? The answer seems to be, that as the judge acts also as a jury, although he is bound to receive the evidence of the parent, child, or relative, or servant, he does not choose to believe it, unless confirmed by other proofs or circumstances; consequently to escape this difficulty created by the judge, the writing preferred by the court is in almost all the affairs of life resorted to by the community, and the want of it is generally fatal to the party who ought to have secured it.

Next, the mischievous system sanctioned by the law and usage of Tuscany and Rome, in relation to the emoluments of Italian domestics, deserves to be noticed. On all their master's purchases, in payment of all house-bills, in fact, on every shilling he expends, the servant has his *commission*, more or less, as he can extort it. However tradesmen may groan, this imposition they must submit to; resist they cannot; their remedy is to add to their charges in proportion as they are fleeced. The usage of commission on bills paid is upheld by law.

This judicial mode of proceeding has deeply injured the character of the Tuscan people; mean frauds and artifices are encouraged, and no one confides frankly in his fellow-men.

Surely the old merchant princes of Florence were not of this stamp, extensive business could scarcely exist in a country where no faith is reposed by one man in another. Evils such as I have stated are caused, not by the theory of the law, which is good; but by the administration of it, which is uncertain and bad. The prevalence of these and other mischiefs led me to inquire into the salaries of the judges, some of these functionaries not being, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. From undoubted authority I am enabled to give the following particulars. The administration of civil justice in Tuscany is confided, according to the merits of the question, to Civil Judges, called *di circondario*, by the French styled "Judges of Peace;" to tribunals *di prima istanza*, in the different cities of the duchy; to the Court Royal of Appeal; and for extraordinary cases, as a last remedy from a sentence otherwise not appealable, to the Supreme Court of Cassation in Florence. The administration of ordinary criminal justice is entrusted to Judges *Direttori degli atti criminale*, to the same Tribunal *di prima istanza*, to the Court Royal, which decides without appeal in all cases within their cognisance, reserving to the condemned the extreme remedy of an appeal to the Court of Cassation. As to their remuneration, the civic judges resident in Florence and Leghorn receive an annual salary* of 540 scudi (crowns). The *Auditori* of the tribunal of the first instance, as well in Florence as Leghorn, have an annual salary of 700 scudi. The *Consiglieri* of the Court Royal of Appeal have an annual provision of 900 scudi. The four vice-presidents of the same court have each 1,100 scudi; their president, 1,200 scudi. The *Consiglieri* of the Supreme Court of Cassation have a salary of 1,200 scudi, and their president 1,300 scudi. All the other civil and criminal judges of the first instance, resident in the different cities of the duchy, have lesser incomes than these very moderate salaries already mentioned. The natives of Italy have not yet learned to prize justice as highly as a statue or a picture; and although Tuscany is in this respect, better circumstanced than many parts of the peninsula, yet her condition is far from being enviable.

* This information I derived from a Florentine advocate.

## CHAP. V.

### THE AGRICULTURE OF TUSCANY.

The Tenure of Land.—Mode of Farming.—Relation between Landlord and Tenant in Tuscany.—Agriculture of Italy in the Middle Ages.—Its Condition at the Present Day.—Tables of the Division of Landed Property in Tuscany.—Also of its Produce.—Comparison with the Agriculture of Germany, England, and France.—Opinion of Von Raumer on the Tuscan System of Mezzadria.—Its Value considered.

To what is owing the great agricultural prosperity of this beautiful Duchy? A question more interesting than any connected with the fine arts. Is it to the energy of the farmer, or to the habits of skilful cultivation long prevalent in the country, and transmitted from father to son in a succession of ages? Or is it owing to the richness of the soil, or the excellence of the government, or, lastly, to the tenure by which the land is held, or to its division amongst the people, who till with unrivalled industry its surface? Let us inquire what quantity of land fit for cultivation there is in Tuscany, the description and quantity of produce it yields, and whether sufficient food for the people is found; the mode and success of the farming; the tenure and division of the land itself: some useful inferences may result of value beyond the limits of Tuscany.

We have all the materials for the inquiries suggested. First, the condition in which the agriculture of Italy stood in the Middle Ages when a large part of the United Kingdom was a barbarous waste, a passage from Sismondi will show:—

"The general aspect of the country was one of a prodigious prosperity. The open country, designated by the name of *contrada*, appertaining to each city, was cultivated by an active and industrious race of peasants, enriched by their labour, and not fearing to display their wealth in their dress, their cattle, and their instruments of husbandry. The proprietors, inhabitants of towns, advanced their capital, shared the harvests, and alone paid the land-

tax. They undertook the immense labour which has given so much fertility to the Italian soils, that of making dikes to preserve the plains from the inundations of the rivers, and of deriving from these rivers innumerable canals of irrigation. The Naviglio Grande of Milan, which spreads the clear waters of the Ticino over the finest part of Lombardy, was begun in 1179, resumed in 1257, and terminated a few years afterwards; and at this day, after five centuries, the districts formerly free, and always cultivated with intelligence, are easily distinguished from those half-wild districts which had remained subject to the feudal lords."

Next, in what state is the agriculture of Tuscany at the present day? This inquiry may be quickly answered. In the highest perfection; the whole country is cultivated (so far as it is capable) like a garden. The lands at either side of the road from Cortona to Florence (some sixty miles) present a picture of cleanliness, skill, variety of tillage, decency in the dwellings and appearance of the people, not to be surpassed in any part of Europe. The vale of the Arno is celebrated for the superiority of its tillage; I had scarcely ever seen such perfect cultivation. There is not a spot remaining of natural turf, nor a meadow left to its natural produce; every inch is planted or dressed by the hand of man; even the rivulets are led into a thousand canals; but the character of the landscape is artificial. We shall now state how the land is employed, the space occupied by each branch of agriculture, and the net rent, premising that the *quadrato* is somewhat more than an acre, and the *lire* equivalent to eightpence-halfpenny.

| | *Quadrati.* | *Produce.* M. Lire. | *Net rent per quadrato.* Lire. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vine | 644,000 | 12,239 | 19· |
| Vine and olive | 462,000 | 7,195 | 15·57 |
| Arable land | 997,000 | 4,622 | 4·63 |
| Wood of all kinds | 1,661,000 | 2,971 | 1·79 |
| Chestnuts | 361,000 | 1,144 | 3·17 |
| Natural and artificial meadows | 79,000 | 865 | 10·83 |
| Pasture | 1,870,000 | 1,462 | 0·78 |
| Various productions | 73,000 | 604 | |
| Buildings | 28,000 | 13,232 | |
| | 6,180,000 | 44,339,000, | or about ten million dollars. |

This table, drawn up by Von Raumer, shows in an instructive manner, not only the space occupied by each branch of agriculture, but also its productions; and accounts for the disposition to extend the one and contract the others; for instance, to turn woodland and pasture to other purposes. The country does not, and cannot, produce corn sufficient for the wants of her inhabitants; an additional supply is required. The grain is said to be insufficient by one-fourth for the consumption of the people; and in 1832 corn to the amount of 560,000*l.* was imported. The people eat a great quantity of chestnuts roasted, or ground into some kind of bread-stuff. Our next inquiry will be, What is the division of the landed property in a kingdom where agriculture has reached such a pitch of perfection?

| | *Net Income.* Lire. | *Number of Proprietors.* | *Total Income.* Lire. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Between 1 and | 100 | 87,917 | 2,622,000 |
| Up to | 500 | 31,467 | 7,115,000 |
| „ | 1,000 | 7,025 | 4,945,000 |
| „ | 2,000 | 3,834 | 5,381,000 |
| „ | 3,000 | 1,331 | 2,228,000 |
| „ | 4,000 | 663 | 2,256,000 |
| „ | 5,000 | 392 | 1,819,000 |
| „ | 10,000 | 754 | 5,238,000 |
| „ | 15,000 | 222 | 2,735,000 |
| „ | 20,000 | 85 | 1,472,000 |
| „ | 30,000 | 84 | 2,063,000 |
| „ | 40,000 | 29 | 988,000 |
| „ | 50,000 | 22 | 972,000 |
| „ | 100,000 | 21 | 1,411,000 |
| Above | 100,000 | 10 | 2,283,000 |

Thus it appears that the mass of Tuscan landholders enjoy an income varying from 8*d.* to 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per year; this class amounts nearly to 88,000. The next largest class of 31,000 proprietors have an income varying between 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* and 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum. These two classes outnumber infinitely all the rest; and this fact, coupled with the perfect system of cultivation which exists, serves to prove that small holdings are not, as is very commonly supposed, incompatible with high skill, industry, and marked superiority in agriculture. Mr. Laing, in his book, is quite triumphant on this subject. He exclaims:—

"Compare the agricultural industry and operations in this land of small farms with the best of our large farm districts. Scotland or England *can produce no one tract of land to be compared to this strath of the Arno*, not to say for productiveness, because that depends upon soil and climate, which we have not of similar quality to compare, but for industry and intelligence applied to husbandry, for perfect drainage, for irrigation, for garden-like culture, for clean state of crops, for absence of all waste of land, labour, or manure, for good cultivation, in short, and the good condition of the labouring cultivator. Our system of large farms will gain nothing in comparison with the husbandry of Tuscany, Flanders, or Switzerland, under a system of small farms."*

These are the remarks of a shrewd Scotchman; no doubt he is over confident, but his observations are sensible. Although his opinion of the superiority of small farm cultivation be sustained by the example of several countries, yet it may not be of universal application, and may be ill-suited to England. It is undoubtedly the duty of all men who think upon a subject so interesting, to compare carefully the condition of continental countries, and the small farm system, with that even of the most favoured spots of wealthy England.

The conclusion of Mr. Laing is, that the quantity of food actually raised in a whole country is undoubtedly greater under the system of small farms in a garden-like cultivation. He insists the densest populations in Europe are those of Flanders and Lombardy, and that they are subsisted in comfort by land cultivated by small farmers.

With respect to the condition of the bulk of the people and the state of agriculture in Lombardy, we must be more specific. I doubt if the inquiry establishes all for which Mr. Laing contends. During centuries a system of scientific irrigation has been practised through districts of Lombardy, by means of canals, rivers, and lakes, which has increased the fertility and productiveness of the soil to a surprising degree. Irrigation in large districts supplies the want of manure, the water being impregnated with rich particles of

* I must, in fairness, observe, it is denied by many that, with all its advantages of soil, climate, and situation, the Val d'Arno produces more food for the sustenance of man than is obtained from the like quantity of land in the cold countries of the north.

matter and diffused equally over the soil. Near the great towns manure is copiously employed,—everywhere carefully saved. The great plain of Lombardy may be divided into the watered lands, which, in the neighbourhood of Milan, sell at 200*l.* of our money the acre. The farms, generally used as dairy-farms in the making of the celebrated cheese, are not large: 120 acres would be considered as extensive—40 acres the average. The small farmers sell their milk to their neighbours, who, having larger farms, can better make the cheese: these dairy-farmers are said to be the most prosperous in Lombardy; they pay a money rent, and *have leases for nine years*, and it is found that the expectation of renewal of their short leases prevents them from exhausting the lands. The rent is sometimes as high as 6*l.* the English acre; but it must be remembered their winter meadows are mowed six times a year, and the taxes are paid and repairs done by the proprietor. In other districts there is a class of middlemen who squeeze the occupier, and screw what they can from him.

The most numerous class, however, are called *coloni*, or colonists; they hold very small patches—an acre or less—not as proprietors; and pay a rent by dividing the produce with the owner, as the *mezzadria* tenants in Tuscany. The condition of this large class is described as wretched: badly fed, badly housed, ill-educated, and yet multiplying with alarming rapidity. The land is the great and almost only means of procuring subsistence. So every man grasps at a patch of land on which he may exist, and struggles to better himself by breeding a few silk-worms. The aspect of this description of occupiers is very painful. Nowhere do the rich proprietors reside as country gentlemen on their estates; they congregate in the large towns which through Italy, contain the bulk of the population. Here it is proved the tenants holding by leases are prosperous—the occupiers of patches of ground at a rent, miserable; while it must be carefully remembered that the small farmers referred to as successful, are PROPRIETORS.

Let us now examine the relation which subsists in Tuscany between the actual cultivator of the farm and the proprietor of the land. Few of the proprietors around Florence will grant leases, yet so binding is the force of

prescription, so mutual the interest of landlord and tenant, that removals are very rare, and many now occupy the farms which their forefathers tilled during the Florentine republic. The Italians have a wise proverb,—"*Tante mute tante cadute.*"

Now let us return to Von Raumer, who, in his usual style of dogmatism, discusses the utility of the Tuscan system of tenure and farming.

"The farmers are called halflings, *mezzajuoli*, who cultivate the land on condition of sharing the produce with the proprietor. I may observe the principle of this system of cultivation is derived from the earliest ages, and it seems of itself eminently just, on this ground, that while the landowner shares in the benefits of rich harvests, *he likewise shares in the risk of bad seasons and bad crops as well as the farmer: he divides the loss and the gain.* This seems but reasonable. The landlord and tenant are thus equally interested in improving the farm, the division of the produce relating even to the poultry, but not to the honey."

Von Raumer then puts the opposite views of this system, from which he draws three conclusions.

He asserts, and truly, the *mezzajuolo* has not taxes to pay, knows no cares; he has no trouble with buying and selling; with men-servants and women-servants he has no expenses, needs no capital, finds everywhere an adequate return for his labour, is a co-proprietor without inconvenience, content without pressure and irritation. On the other hand, the complaints of landlords are loud and general, of ruinous management, carelessness, obstinacy, want of improving spirit, which they ascribe to this mode of letting. Crops of grapes and olives are precarious; the losses chiefly fall on the landlord, for the *mezzajuolo* tenant will yet have enough to live upon, whilst the landlord must provide the capital required to repair what losses may occur, and is constantly obliged to pay debts imprudently incurred by the tenant. The landlords propose to remedy these evils and to give permanence to the tenure, which is uncertain, although seldom interfered with, by substituting written contracts and fixed rents. Von Raumer objects to this change, insisting that the foundation of the compact now subsisting, *mutual confidence*, must suffer from the introduction of written agreements,—a puerile argument, I think.

He draws three conclusions; I doubt if they will recommend this system of letting:—

"1st. In certain states of society it is a natural condition, but it affords no general rule for all countries and all times.

"2nd. The well-being and discomfort of landlords and tenants depend less on the main conditions of a division of the produce, than upon other minor conditions, circumstances, and customs.

"3rd. The *mezzadria* invariably secures, by the division in kind, against extreme poverty; on the other hand, it prevents improvement, and keeps persons in the same state of mediocrity. Hence the proverb, '*Chi e' nato povero sura sempre povero.*'* But if, from the increase of population and the increased offers of tenants, a mischievous disposition to augment their burdens should seize the landlords, then, in place of the humane, the paternal, the joint interest, there will succeed a frightful tyranny, an execrable monopoly of private property, the impoverishment and degeneracy of whole nations."

Von Raumer maintains that the *mezzadria* should not be exchanged for an Irish, or even an English, system of letting for a term. The aspirations of the tenant *for absolute free property*, he thinks, should be encouraged, as most favourable to the intellectual development of man, and as being the richest source of the noblest love of country.

Of course Von Raumer, in the true spirit of a German, thinks there is nothing like Prussia. The German system of agriculture he believes to be perfect. A considerable part of one summer I spent in the kingdom of Bavaria, and was struck, in common with other travellers, by the very low state of the agriculture of many parts of that country. Curious to ascertain the tenure of land, and the system prevalent as to the letting of farms, I availed myself of an introduction to a Bavarian connected with the Court,—a man of ability,—who explained fully the particulars I desired to know.

* I ought to subjoin—a French economist, MONSIEUR SULLIN DE CHATEAUVIEUX, who examined the condition of the Tuscan farmers accurately, asserted that, although the fields were fertile, covered by a perpetual verdure, and cultivated like gardens, yet on entering the dwellings of the *mezzajuolo*, you perceive an absence of all the conveniences of life, a table of extreme frugality, and an appearance of penury, in the midst of a country producing a rich abundance.

From a note preserved at the time, I can give the facts which may enable one to compare the agriculture of a well-governed part of Germany with Italy, also with the theories already mentioned, and even with the condition of agriculture in the British Isles. With respect to the tenure of land in Bavaria, one class of estates are entailed on the nobles, who sit in parliament; these cannot be sold, — at least while their possessors are in parliament. Large tracts belong to the crown, and were subject to many of the incidents of our old feudal tenure, which have been commuted into a money payment; one of the chief incidents so commuted was the right of not allowing the tenant to marry as he pleased. Yet the tenants of the other proprietors are better off than those under the crown, because, when the harvest fails, some allowance will be granted by the proprietor, which is never made by the crown to its tenants. The rent being paid, which is moderate, there seems to be no power to put out the tenant in possession, no matter what he may do. The *bauers*, or peasants in possession, do as they please with the land, never, in any manner, interfered with by the lord or baron. The only hold the barons appear to have over the tenants consists in the power of refusing them the right to marry; for, without the permission of the baron, the *bauer* in possession under him cannot marry, or at least, if he marry without the lord's leave, his children have no claim to the farm; and when the family of the bauer is thus legally extinct, the baron resumes the possession of his land. Thus the baron will sometimes run his life against the tenant's for the purpose mentioned; but in general, the matter is compromised and the desired permission granted, and then the land remains to the *bauer* and his children while they live, without the possibility of being disturbed. There is a great subdivision of land amongst the peasants, which does not affect the rights of the baron. The result of the system is, that nearly the whole of the soil is in the hands of the *bauers*, who, paying their rent or feudal tax, do with the land exactly as they please. There are no country gentlemen through Bavaria, few resident nobles, no abject misery amongst the farmers; neither have they capital, skill, flourishing farms, or any example stimulating to improvement.

Having heard this explanation, and compared it with the actual state of the land, and its cultivation, these conclusions seemed to follow. That every year the subdivision of land amongst the *bauers* in Bavaria becomes greater; that the farmers are without skill or money; that no reforms are introduced, and there is nobody to afford them a better example; that all the while, their drudgery (especially that of the women) is prodigious, but, being unassisted by capital and knowledge, is comparatively unproductive. Further, as each district must maintain its poor, so the district has the power by law of refusing to an inhabitant the liberty of marrying, as the applicant for a wife must satisfy his township he has the means to support one. The township, owing to the causes already mentioned, is not in a condition to increase its burthen, and encourage a further subdivision of land, and so constantly refuses liberty to marry, which of course operates most prejudicially upon the morals of the people: a vast majority of the children born in Munich are illegitimate. Even if leave to marry is given, and the man afterwards wishes to sell his land, this can be done only by leave of the township, and the purchase money *must* be invested to the satisfaction of the district in other visible property, which in its turn is subject to the same law.

This condition of things seems opposed to the idea of the division of land into small farms coupled even with a permanent interest therein, being calculated to produce a general improvement of the country, or habits of the people: old residents have assured me they think improvement hopeless under the present system, *because there is no capital to work on.* It is a remarkable fact, that nearly four millions of families in France possess each a farm averaging eight acres only; and that there are 2,600,000 families whose annual income does not exceed 2*l.* per annum. These small farmers are chiefly proprietors. Although these facts are so, it by no means follows that these persons, or the kingdom at large, would be in a better condition with regard to the production of food under an opposite system. Into the political results consequent on the great subdivision of land in France, it is not my purpose here to enter.

## CHAP. VI.

### TUSCANY.

The Freedom of the Press in Florence. — Municipal and Political Liberty. — The Condition of Literature. — Under what Disabilities it labours in Italy.

THE freedom of the press is regulated by a Board consisting of two priests and two laymen. They decide whether any book may be published or not. The manuscript must be submitted to them in the first instance. They have not been harsh in their judgments, nor ought they to show their zeal by needlessly repressing opinion, for the Tuscan government, although open to censure, yet has less reason to fear the expression of opinion than most of the States in Italy. It is described as paternal. What is very curious in a Roman Catholic country, the priests themselves are under strict *surveillance*, inasmuch as every sermon preached by them in Lent, especially by the stranger priests who then visit Florence, must be first read and approved by the appointed censor. The history of Savonarola is remembered; pulpit eloquence is dangerous and exciting, and moreover not open to reply.

To show how a violation of the law is resented, it is only necessary to mention that when an Italian writer lately published furtively a political pamphlet, he received orders immediately to quit Florence. It follows naturally from the censorship over written publications that verbal discussion in public touching the acts and conduct of the government is not permitted, and newspapers unsanctioned cannot see the light.

The municipal institutions are unnecessarily illiberal, too much power is vested in the government, too little in the people. Leopold the reformer gave to his subjects the control over their municipal affairs, to qualify them ultimately, it is said, for political freedom. The existing system,

even if well managed, might incapacitate the Tuscan from rightly using the blessings of liberty if granted to him.

The present condition of this people is extraordinary; they have constant intercourse with the free nations of Europe; they possess excellent laws; they are courteous and civilised and descended from a famous ancestry, yet they have no periodical literature; are not permitted a newspaper press; nor can they openly discuss any political question. The principle of the administration seems to be at variance with the principles of government adopted by Leopold I., which were no less safe than successful and glorious. The present system is unwise in itself, and injurious to the people, inasmuch as it tends to unfit them for political business.

I cannot help thinking it would be highly expedient for the amiable ruler of this little duchy to return to the good old ways, and to make moderate concessions in time to men who would not, it may be hoped, abuse their power. It seems very unjust to reproach the Tuscan with political incompetence, when he is not suffered to prove his ability for public life. Nor can I accept the answer that his affairs are well managed for him by his rulers. He should be allowed to participate in that management, and may safely be restored to his ancient privileges.

In the spacious walks of literature, the distinguished men of Italy, when permitted to move, have made a rapid and a brilliant progress. We ought to commend their exertions the more highly when we reflect on the difficulties they have to encounter and overcome. An author in Italy can scarcely hope to realize any emolument whatever from his writings, and often finds it impossible to procure a publisher to undertake the expense and risk of a new work. When spirited enough to grapple with this difficulty, authors publish at their own cost. The Heidelberg professor, Mittermaier, mentions in his essay already quoted, that a learned Italian friend of his, one distinguished by his writings, was forced to expend 15,000 francs, in order to get his books published. This difficulty (not appreciated with us) being overcome, the next obstacle in the author's way is the censorship. What he most values may be erased capriciously. But assume he publishes in Florence, on a subject in which some liberality of sentiment is *there* allowed, as the sale of his book in Tuscany would be

but small, how is he to gain a circulation in the other Italian states, Rome, for example? Having escaped the censorship in Tuscany, the author must run the gauntlet of an ecclesiastical and a literary censorship in Rome; and of a severe political censorship in Austrian Italy, Modena, and Naples. As the feelings of the governing powers vary, so do their literary censors restrict or expand their indulgence. Silvio Pellico's narrative of his imprisonment, prohibited at Milan, is purchasable in Rome; and, on the other hand, a publication touching on judicial or administrative reforms offensive to the Papacy, would be tolerated in Venice. Independently of these serious impediments in the way of a circulation of books through Italy, there is a considerable duty payable on the admission into one State of works printed in another, while piracy is not prohibited. The duty on foreign books admitted into Naples in one year amounted to 15,000 crowns; this again increases the price and checks the circulation. The learned men of Italy, therefore, are aiming at procuring, if possible, one equal law of literary property, of fiscal taxation, and of censorship throughout the peninsula; than which nothing can be more reasonable.

When we consider the foregoing circumstances, great must be our surprise that modern Italian literature has exhibited so much ability. History, jurisprudence, the classics, and archæology, have been worthily handled; while in poetry and romance Italy has produced many admirable authors; even on the political prospects of Italy Count Balbo has written with talent and spirit.

The men who have so instructed the national mind, will, it may be hoped guide their countrymen, to the attainment of rational freedom, with judgment and moderation.

## CHAP. VII.

### TUSCANY.

The Priests and the Monks.—Church Establishment.—English Chapel in Florence.—Leghorn.—Greek Church and Jewish Synagogue.—Sufferance not Toleration.—The Principle of the Tuscan Government intolerant.

THE religion of the Tuscan people forces itself every hour upon your notice; if "kneeling be morality, and prayers religion," the Florentines are the most moral and religious population in the world,—that of Rome only excepted. Most unfortunately we are settled near to a celebrated convent, the monks of which are permitted to disturb their unoffending neighbours, morning, noon, and night, by the everlasting ringing of their bells. Many a sleepless night have they caused me. The number of priests and monks which cross one's path every instant startles the most casual observer. As to the monks, they are disliked by the priests in general; and my informant adds, that they are ignorant and useless, except the order of the Franciscans, whom he praises. With respect to the number of priests, he says that it is not surprising, for many enter the priesthood to gain a provision: in a family consisting of two sons one almost invariably becomes a priest, *because there is nothing else for him to do.* His own father wished, he said, to make a monk of him, but he revolted, and became a priest,—a more agreeable and gentleman-like profession. Observing our hostess to be a devout woman, punctual at mass each morning at six, and seeming at the same time to have a liking for the monks, we were tempted to inquire from her the reason; she quietly answered, "the people generally prefer the monks to the priests, because they are more moral and strict in their lives." If this be true, it helps to solve the reason of the existence of two numerous bodies of ecclesiastics at the same moment in this small State. But the monks have

an advantage over the priests with the mass of the people: they mix freely with the lower classes, are more fanatical than it is possible for a tolerably educated priesthood to be; consequently, over the minds of the masses, nearly on a level with themselves, they exercise a great influence, and this wholly irrespective of the form of government.

There are, I believe, forty nunneries in Florence,—an enormous number for so small a place. Throughout Tuscany there are convents of monks with a provision, 45; nunneries, 67; convents of mendicants, 50: total, 162. The whole population of Tuscany was in 1809 but a million and a quarter, and in so small a State the monks had an income of 400,000*l.* per annum, — a prodigious sum when estimated as equal to 800,000*l.* in England. Their numbers then were about 17,000. During the ascendency of the French in Italy, of course, these convents, or nearly all of them, were suppressed. Instead of adhering to the wise system of Napoleon, and following out his Italian policy (which in many things might have been done, to the permanent advantage of the country), the monastic orders in Tuscany were restored in 1814, when ancient abuses were re-established by the hand of power; but as it was not practicable to restore to the monks their landed property which had been alienated,—a sum, it is said, amounting to near 900,000*l.* as capital was allotted for their support. The above statement, derived from Von Raumer, classifies the convents. According to the same authority, which, on reference to other books, I believe to be nearly exact, the number of monks having a provision is 1150; the number of nuns provided for, 4200; the number of mendicant monks, 1400: total, 6750. The secular clergy Von Raumer enumerates at 7000 priests, 3000 other clergy: total, 10,000. This is 1100 more than specified by other returns which I have seen; but Von Raumer appears to have attended more carefully to these statistical inquiries than to the galleries of art, and may reasonably be depended on. There are three archbishops, and seventeen bishops, in Tuscany. It is stated that the income of the secular clergy derived from real property amounts to 70,000*l.* per annum, and the grant from the government to 94,100*l.* annually.

We have in the same author a very interesting and valu-

able table respecting the shares of the different branches of the clergy in property derived from land, and the quantity of landed property in the hands of the clergy.

| | Lire. |
|---|---|
| Simple benefices derive from landed property a net income of | 429,000 |
| Benefices binding to residence | 327,000 |
| Fraternities | 14,000 |
| Convents of monks | 542,000 |
| Nuns | 594,000 |
| Bishops | 301,000 |
| Churches | 46,000 |
| Parsonages | 1,144,000 |
| Charitable institutions | 391,000 |
| Total | 3,788,000 |

In our money this amounts to about 126,333*l.*

If the domains be added, there is about one-eighth of the landed property immovable in the same hands. And let it be remembered, according to the scale of living, that it is said 600*l.* per annum in Tuscany is equivalent to 1800*l.* per annum in England. Thus a munificent endowment in this small Roman Catholic country is provided for the ecclesiastical bodies, — the population amounting at most to 1,500,000.

A great deal is flippantly said about the religious toleration of Tuscany. I wish it were true that toleration existed for the native population; but they have it not. A spacious building has no doubt been erected in Florence by the English for Protestant worship; and the Grand-Duke deserves praise for having permitted the erection of this fabric for the use of foreigners, despite much opposition. The very fact that resistance was made to the erection of a church for Protestant worship, shows plainly that religious toleration is not understood in Tuscany. But how was this permission given? It was accompanied with many restrictions and many stipulations: it was especially forbidden that the exterior of the building should have the appearance of a church; it was insisted that it should resemble an ordinary house, and no bell would be tolerated. Under these strict stipulations the church was raised. Everywhere

through Italy the priests are peremptory in denying that the Protestants have any spiritual church; and in harmony with this theological absurdity, they never suffer the eyes of the faithful to be shocked by the aspect of a building for Lutheran worship having an ecclesiastical exterior. Leghorn is an exception to this rule, but it proves its generality; the object of the Tuscan government has long been to make Leghorn a place of trade, and so, for the purpose of drawing money into their coffers, they suffer churches to be built, and many congregations of worshippers, especially of foreign merchants, to exist here, which would not be tolerated elsewhere.

I visited there the Jewish Synagogue and the Greek Church; it is impossible to enter a synagogue without a feeling of emotion in remembering this was once the favoured Church of God. The worship is simple and addressed to a Spirit: the worshippers have been unmoved by the storms of persecution, unsubdued by reason, unaffected by revelation.

The Greek Church at Leghorn is beautiful, and belongs to the branch of the Eastern Church not in communion with the Church of Rome. Examining the books used in their service, I found a Greek Testament on one desk, — the Psalms in Greek on another. Asking our conductor, who was a Greek, could he read it, he very quickly ran over the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. The Greeks in Leghorn, he said, all understood it perfectly: the quantity of Scripture read each Sabbath is about equivalent to that read in our churches, and the same may be said of the Psalms. The dresses of the priests are superb. There are no images allowed in their church, but paintings are tolerated. The Greek laity in Leghorn exceed 200: in receiving the sacrament they take the cup. The conductor beckoned me to follow him to a small apartment behind the church, where lay, in a superb coffin, the body of a Russian prince; lamps were burning at the head and feet. The remains were to be removed to Russia for interment.

We have seen that Jews and Protestant strangers are suffered to worship in one or two places; but we must inquire what licence there is for Tuscan people to think as free men, or exercise their own judgment on religious

subjects. The answer to these important inquiries must be, there is no liberty at present allowed in Tuscany to write against, or to dissent openly from the Roman Catholic religion.

There is no difference of opinion on religious subjects allowed practically; perhaps very little difference of opinion exists. No better proof can be given of intolerance, than the existence of a law forbidding a Tuscan Roman Catholic to intermarry with a Protestant. A lawful marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic can only be accomplished through the means of a special dispensation from the Pope himself; and this is never granted except on the terms of bringing up the children in the Roman Catholic religion. In considering the criminal code of Tuscany, I shall explain the punishment prescribed for the crime of *heresy*. It is by the laws of a country we are to pronounce whether toleration exists; not by the guarded courtesy evinced to foreigners. That there is amongst the higher classes much religious indifference is believed, but secret unbelief is preferred to open dissent; thus the church is not scandalised. That the bulk of the people are careless on the subject of religious toleration I believe; they and their leaders are alike favourable to the "Catholic Unity" of Italy.

# CHAP. VIII.

## BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF TUSCANY.

### PART I.

The Benevolent Institutions of Tuscany. — Charitable Institutions described, with occasional Remarks.—A clear Insight into Italian Life and Morals. — Bowring's Views noticed. — Results of Foundling Hospitals proved by Tables of Mortality.—Reflections.— Picture of an Austrian Hospital for masked Women.— Evils which poison Domestic Happiness in Italy, and encourage Crime, traced to their Source.

No guide-book or book of travels that I have seen gives any satisfactory account of the benevolent institutions of Tuscany, and the mass of travellers care little about them. It will be allowed that an Italian is best fitted to describe the charitable institutions of his country, accordingly, I shall introduce Turchetti *, who, possibly owing to the censorship in Florence, preferred publishing his matter originally in Paris, although in the Italian language. His book is divided into chapters: the first describes the halls attached to every large hospital to afford a refuge to poor women on the eve of becoming mothers, for whom is provided the gratuitous assistance of midwives and doctors, &c. They are admitted upon producing a certificate of advanced pregnancy and poverty. Nurses are supplied for the children, if the mothers are not able to nourish their offspring. If capable, they are maintained in a convenient house; if their children die another child is procured for the mother to bring up; and on leaving, they receive some token of public or private charity. By this means it is provided that no female in the duchy who is on the eve of

* I met with Signor Turchetti's book in Pisa.

becoming a mother, shall be without the medical assistance she may require.

"CHAPTER II.—INSTITUTION FOR RELIEF OF CASES OF CONCEALED PREGNANCY.

"Christian charity here thought of assisting the unfortunate without inquiring into the origin of their calamity. In the year 1372, *Nicolo degli Alberti, surnamed the Father of the Afflicted,* founded a noble institution (the *Orbetello*), offering gratuitous shelter to poor widows, women abandoned by their husbands, orphans, and young women who had been betrayed and exposed to misery. As the establishment became too limited, Leopold, in 1774, resolved not only to provide more comfortably for poor old women, then admitted to the number of fifty-four, but also to provide for the many wants of the other class of females, by adding forty rooms, a large hall, kitchen, and gardens, and two separate apartments, one for the midwife, the other for the spiritual teacher. The foregoing improvements having been effected in 1775, the same prince appointed the commissary of the *Innocenti* Hospital to superintend the institution, under the obligation of keeping profoundly secret the admission, egress, name, and family of each female admitted. Nor do the good effects of this charitable institution cease here. When the young women, received into the *Orbetello,* sincerely repent, they are, by the commissary, sent to other charitable asylums, whence, when reformed and instructed in suitable occupations, they are returned into the mass of society. The greater part lead, thenceforward, exemplary lives.

"CHAPTER III.—THE 'INNOCENTI' FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

"Many able arguments have been urged for and against the utility of such institutions. The measures, perhaps too benevolent, taken by Roman Catholic countries, and those too severe adopted by Protestant kingdoms, have been respectively blamed and defended. Extremes, however, in this, as in all other social questions are faulty, and a too easy admittance, as also an absolute abandonment of the

foundling, are each dangerous, and contrary to the spirit of charity.

"For all the chief compartments of the Duchy there are Foundling Hospitals (*Befrotofi*). Foundlings are also received in many hospitals in third-rate towns, whence they are sent to the nearest foundling hospital or to the central one in Florence, or consigned to a decent family in the country. The hospital of Florence receives annually about 1000, and those of Pisa, Leghorn, Sienna, Arezzo, and Pistoja, more than 300, the first has a family of more than 7000 individuals, those of Pistoja and Sienna more than 1000 each, and that of Pisa 3500. The manner of admission is the following:—at midnight the midwives and their confidants carry the new born infants to a wheel, which all our foundling hospitals possess, placed behind a window of the establishment, with an iron grating, which will admit only infants a few days old; the infant being laid in the wheel, the bell attached to it gives notice to the porter; some conventional signs, which are carefully preserved, notify if the child has been baptized, and some token signifies the rank of the infant, to whom is given a name and the number of the hospital. The police, with the help of the midwives and parish priests, seek to ascertain if the exposed infant comes from parents legally married, in which case they are obliged to take it back; these researches, though sometimes successful in the country, are in cities attended with so much difficulty, that generally speaking, they prove ineffectual.

"Thus in Tuscany, by reason of the facility with which infants are received in the *Orbetello* hospital, infanticide is prevented. The number of exposed children has, however, greatly increased, and of course the expense of their support; in fact, the annual average number of foundlings in Tuscany is 2593, or one in twenty of legitimate births. This proportion seldom varies, but many illegitimate infants come from States on the confines of Tuscany where there are no wheels; and many foundlings are the offspring of married parents, proved by the fact that the moment infantile asylums were instituted during the past year (1841), 623 poor children in the *Innocenti* hospital were reclaimed by their parents. The number of foundlings in all our hospitals (which in 1826 was 10,194) has been continually increasing,

the causes being, first, an augmentation in the population of the State, which from a million that it numbered towards the end of the past century, now numbers nearly a million and a half; secondly, the improvement effected in our hospitals, which Dr. Bowring, an English gentleman, declared were prejudicial to the public morals, pernicious, costly, and not a check to infanticide; thirdly, the natural system of suckling; fourthly, sending children into the country; fifthly, diffused inoculation. The result of these improvements is manifest, as there is no nation, however civilised, where the mortality of foundlings is so limited, and no country like Tuscany, where children abandoned to public charity grow up in industry. There are in attendance nurses to render assistance to infants newly arrived; the sick, when recovered, are sent into the villages with their nurses to peasants' families, under the care of the parish priest and doctor, who are bound each month to grant a certificate of the good health of the nurse and infant, a necessary document to enable the woman to receive her wages. The nurse is bound to have the infant inoculated, and the hospital to administer medicines in case of sickness. Males are maintained for ten years, females for fourteen. If the latter conduct themselves well, they receive, in the event of their marrying, a small dowry, and whenever they are in want, they find a bed and food in the hospital. The boys are sent to learn trades.

"Our Duchy preceded that of France in the institution of foundling hospitals, they having existed in Tuscany previous to 1193. In 1811 the *Innocenti* Foundling Hospital of Florence underwent a very important reform. From that time the system commenced of placing children with country nurses; suckling in the hospital was abolished shortly afterwards. Robust and moral nurses were chosen, and were permitted, provided they led an irreproachable life, to retain the charge of the child, teaching it to provide honestly for its own subsistence."

I have thus given the substance of Turchetti's account of the hospitals for the reception of foundlings in Tuscany; but to enable the reader to form a correct judgment as to the utility of such institutions and their effects, and so to estimate the value of our author's opinions, it is essential to add

tables of the statistics of mortality during four several periods of ten years, in the great hospital of the Innocents in Florence. These were abstracted by me from a work published in that city, entitled *Notizie di Firenze.*

"31st December, 1800, there were in hospital 2008 infants; introduced from 1801 to 1810, the number of 10,381; total, 12,389: died in hospital, 6247; died out of doors, 2345; restored to parents, 870; married, 405; put to tutelage, 404. Total number of issues, 10,380; leaving in hospital, 2009.

"From 1811 to 1820, admitted 12,169, which, with 2009, made 14,178: died in hospital, 3176; died out of the hospital, 5129; residue, 4000 in hospital.

"From 1821 to 1830, admitted 11,134, which, with 4000, made 15,134: died in hospital, 1673; died out of hospital, 5371; leaving in hospital, 5612.

"From 1831 to 1840, admitted 12,619, out of which only 1558 were legitimate. And it appears that in this series, owing to the superior treatment by the medical staff and otherwise, the deaths were only out of the gross number of 18,231 in hospital, the number of 6363."

From the book written by the German professor on the condition of Italy, already mentioned, I find there were admitted into this hospital, in 1841, the number of 1251 foundlings; in 1842, 1225; in 1843, 1215; at no period since 1839 has there been a larger increase than 63. Considering that the population of Florence is below that of a third-rate English town, the number of exposed children in the periods above described appears to be very great. The mortality in the first period, from 1801 to 1810, out of 12,389, was 8592, — this was immense; in the second period, to 1820, out of 14,178 there were 8305 deaths; in the third period, out of 15,134 there were 7044 deaths; and in the fourth period, out of 18,231 there were 6363 deaths. In the entire forty years there were 30,304 deaths, — an immense waste of human life. These figures make it impossible to believe that such institutions are calculated to save life, which is the rash assumption of mistaken benevolence. On examination of the statistics of crime in Tuscany, it appears that in a period of eight years, ending in 1838, the greatest number of infanticides was eight, the smallest

number five, for the whole kingdom. If, therefore, Dr. Bowring did assert that infanticides in Tuscany were common, he was mistaken. Infanticides are rare, but the argument against such institutions is not affected thereby; for, so far as the preservation of life is concerned, it would be less prejudicial to have fifty infanticides without foundling hospitals, than 5000 deaths in a year with them. During the first period referred to, it would seem that the hospital was an instrument for the sacrifice of foundlings upon a great scale.

A fact more terrible is that of the exposure of children by married parents, — an unnatural crime, encouraged by these vast receptacles for foundlings. It appears from the returns above quoted, that in the first period 870 children were restored to their parents. It is not unreasonable to conclude that the greater part were legitimate; and we may infer thence the generality of the practice which saps the foundation of human society. Von Raumer scoffs at the idea of a people claiming political liberty when they indulge systematically in a crime not common amongst barbarians: he says, you must have fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, before you can have political society; and the remark is true. Austria, whose government Von Raumer lauds, encourages all such institutions as foundling hospitals. In Vienna there is an hospital on a magnificent scale, containing 5000 beds for the reception of pregnant women. Mystery not to be fathomed veils this house; no priest or officer of justice can cross its threshold, and no evidence is allowed to be given of anything which happens within its walls in a court of law. The results are, as might be expected, fatal to morality. In Vienna in 1841 were 8941 legitimate, and 7741 illegitimate births; and I have seen a statement that upwards of 1600 foundlings were received in one year into the great hospital of that dissolute capital. In Gratz there are more illegitimate than legitimate births. In the "British and Foreign Medical Review" for October, 1846, may be read an instructive article on the History of Foundlings in Austria, by Dr. Melzer. It appears the number doubled in Austria in twenty years. Within that period there have been in Austria (excluding Hungary and

its dependencies) in 20,000,000 of people, 1,000,000 of foundlings. The increase is not in the poorest districts: poverty is not the cause,—*vice is more influential.* If we look to Milan, we find there were, from 1830 to 1840, received 26,147 foundlings, of which 6610 *were legitimate.*

The conclusion of the Austrian inspector is that foundling hospitals are mischievous, because they have *no influence over those evils which they were instituted to prevent;* because the relief they proffer can be obtained only by a deliberate sacrifice of the best feelings of our nature; because they are liable to abuses which it is almost impossible to correct; and because, while they entail a great expense upon the country, they preserve the lives of but a very small proportion of their inmates. A valuable summary. With respect to the utility of the hospital for relief of cases of concealed pregnancy, it appears a contrivance for the safe indulgence in vicious courses. The practice of giving dowries with young girls in marriage, although well meant, leads to many unhappy unions; worthless men seek these girls to grasp the dowry, then treat them ill and desert their offspring. Thus fresh immorality and crime are practised, the number of foundlings is increased, and the source of domestic happiness poisoned.

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## BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF TUSCANY.

### PART II.

The Bigallo and other Orphan Asylums described.—Institutions for the Reception of misguided Women.—Prevention of Mendicancy in Florence.—The Beggars of Tuscany and their Habits.—Night-houses of Florence.—The Monte di Pietà.—Banks.—Tables of Results.—Sanitary Institutions.—Hospital Accommodation.—Mortality in the largest Hospital of Tuscany.—Moral Treatment of the Insane.—The Brethren of the Misericordia—their Origin, History, and Offices.—Excellent Remarks of John Bell on this Order.—Deaf and Dumb Institutions.—Interesting Experiment.

"CHAPTER IV.—HOSPITALS AND INSTITUTIONS FOR ORPHANS.

"Whatever (says our author) may be thought respecting the best means of employing money to relieve the poor, no

one will regret the sums spent in providing orphans with the means of education and subsistence. The immortal Leopold decreed that all orphans of Tuscany, from three to ten years of age, should find shelter in the various establishments founded for that purpose in our delightful country. Can there be any species of charity more praiseworthy?"

THE BIGALLO ORPHAN HOSPITAL. — "The history of the *Bigallo* may be given in a few words. When the religious wars against the *Paterini Heretics* ceased, the twelve captains of the sacred squadron formed by Peter the Martyr, instituted between the years 1241 and 1245 a confraternity for the relief of the poor, now called the *Bigallo*. Favours, privileges, and legacies were heaped upon this confraternity; which, so enriched, contributed towards the erection of magnificent churches,—for example, that of *Santa Maria Novella*, built in 1269. Until the year 1541 the captains of the *Bigallo* occupied themselves in receiving deserted children, in order that they might be recognised and taken back by their parents. The children of widows marrying again are also received into this institution, and may remain until eighteen years of age. The boys are then dismissed with a gift of three dollars; and the females, to whom is assigned a dowry of thirty dollars, remain under the care of the director until their settlement in life. Those who were orphans at the time of their reception into the hospital have a dowry of fifty dollars; and those of both sexes physically unable to provide for themselves are maintained so long as they require it. The *Bigallo family* consists at present of 695 individuals, 35 of which are in the establishment, 595 with peasants in the country."

I may here remark, this institution appears to be under an excellent system of management; still it is open to some of the objections before adverted to, and is rather more injurious than beneficial to the morals of the community, in so far as it relieves living parents of their children.

"The orphan hospital of *Filippo Neri* receives male orphans of the city and environs. It was founded by the priest Filippo Franci, with the assistance of thirty-three citizens; Leopold I. reformed this institution, and appointed a spiritual pastor, and a skilful artisan to instruct the orphans according to the abilities of each: they are admitted from nine to thirteen

years of age, and maintained to the age of eighteen. The actual number sustained by the institution is sixty-six, which cost the establishment 20,000 lire*, and they are disposed of as follows:—forty-one in the house, twenty-two with peasants, two in the workhouse, and one in the hospital of Santa Maria Novello. The hospital of Foligno, or the Holy Conception, is intended for females. It shelters poor girls from seven to twelve years of age, who are taught to write, read, sew, embroider, &c.; they may remain in the institution until they are twenty-five years of age."

"ORPHAN HOSPITAL OF THE 'PIE CASE.'

"These institutions or hospitals are known under the name of the *Pie Case*, destined to receive orphans of both sexes. They are admirably managed by twelve noblemen of Leghorn. They have a fixed revenue of 70,000 lire, besides a sum proceeding from the stamp on maritime bills, which forms a considerable amount: about 250 orphans are maintained. They are received from the age of eight to eleven, may remain till twenty-two years old, and are suitably instructed. In the establishment are shops of tailors, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c. &c., where the boys are taught the trade they have chosen.

"Pisa, with regard to orphan hospitals, may vie with either Florence or Leghorn. Poor orphan girls are received in the large and magnificent Hospital of Charity, where they are educated and taught a trade adapted to their condition; many are occupied in weaving, and the linen cloths worked here are much prized, on account of the elegance and skill with which they are executed. In this establishment, containing 105 novices, the girls, whose habits are almost monastic, may remain, and many do so all their lives, if they do not find comfortable situations. But the good education they receive, the character they bear, the trade they understand, the dowry of sixty dollars which is paid them on their marriage, are attractions so great that very few of them grow old in the hospital. Pisa also possesses an orphan hospital for boys, where forty or fifty

* The lire is equal to 8½*d.*

are boarded and lodged. They receive an elementary instruction, and are accompanied every morning by a superintendent to those establishments in the city in which they are placed to learn trades and useful arts. From the institution they receive food, clothing, lodging, and a little money, and the gains produced by their work are deposited in the savings'-bank of the city, to be returned to them when they leave the hospital, at the age of eighteen or twenty years.

"In Pistoja poor orphans and deserted females, since the year 1584, have had an asylum, known under the name of the 'House of the Deserted.' Twenty nuns direct the moral and religious education of the inmates. They embroider veils, which are in great demand, and the produce of their work is equally divided between the institution and themselves. They are admitted from the age of seven to sixteen, and remain till twenty-five; but after staying four years, and having learned a trade, they have a right to a dowry of forty dollars.

"The orphan house of Sienna, founded by charitable legacies, is of ancient date; the regulations are similar to those of Leghorn, and the number received and maintained is 110. The orphan female hospital of Borgo, at Buggiam, contains fifty girls. Of the smaller orphan hospitals of Tuscany, the best is that of Serranezzo."

"ORPHAN HOSPITAL OF MAGNOLFI AT PRATO.

"I began this chapter by a description of the Bigallo, an establishment of its kind more celebrated than any now existing in Europe. I have much pleasure in ending it by a description of the orphan hospital lately built at Prato, at the expense of the carpenter Magnolfi, deservedly praised in one of the last sittings of the scientific congress. Magnolfi, son of a carpenter, and a carpenter himself, was born at Prato in 1786. In 1832 he sat as magistrate of that town. It was proposed to reform the charity-schools, and some one moved that he should take the management of them. He began by an infantile school; such asylums not then prospering as they do now in Tuscany. Magnolfi was guided

by having seen a first attempt made by Enrico Mayer* with a few infants in Leghorn. The female school of Prato acquired new vigour through him, and then it was desired that he would also undertake the charge of orphans or infants forsaken by their parents. This he did with no other means than those afforded him by his limited fortune. In 1837 he gave shelter to twelve boys from seven to twelve years of age, chosen from amongst the poorest in the city. The pupils acquired elementary instruction, and were recommended to shopmen of the city to learn trades; but, not being satisfied with the moral effects of that system, he applied for and obtained the ex-convent of Puta, in which he opened workshops for working iron and wood, and for weaving. He proposed to the government a regulation for the new institution, which was approved of with a grant of 1500 dollars. This occurred in 1838. Magnolfi not only is the founder and director of the institution, but the inseparable companion, the father of the orphans: he is ever present, partaking of their humble repast, and has chosen his cell amongst them."

Having read the description of these orphan institutions, so numerous in a small country, one would be tempted to ask, are there in Tuscany any children who are not orphans! The number admitted into these institutions is very great, and, although such establishments evince the tender regard felt by a generous people for the sufferings of the poor, yet, so far as these institutions relieve a parent of his or her duties or moral responsibilities, their value to society is more apparent than real.

"CHAPTER V.—INSTITUTIONS FOR MISGUIDED WOMEN.

"The institution here described was founded in 1819; twenty women are received who evince a desire to return to the path of virtue. They are instructed in religion, and live under the eye of a select committee. The hospital is in part maintained by the produce of the inmates' work. When they have become clever workwomen and show a firm

* One of the great promoters of popular education, and well known for his upright character and eminent talents.

resolve to lead a life of virtue, they may return into society, in which event they are furnished with the means wherewith to procure an honest subsistence. In the Convertite Asylum, as in the Capponi Hospital, are received the victims of seduction who may repent of their former life. They are usefully occupied, and instructed in religion. At Prato there is a similar house of refuge; at Pistoja they are sheltered in the convent with deserted orphans; at Sienna, Arezzo, &c., in poor-houses; at Pisa in the house of refuge, and in Leghorn in the charity-house."

"CHAPTER VI.—HOSPITALS FOR MENDICANTS, AND WORKHOUSES.

"Tuscany, as an agricultural country with few manufactures, does not feel the injury caused by the sudden cessation of employment occurring in America, France, and in the large towns of England. Nevertheless, this fine province of Italy is contaminated by paupers, and the painful sight of professional beggars presents itself to the view in all directions except in the capital, where the laws exclude them. It is observable, that if in the highways and markets you find an impudent mendicant, you will find the same face in all other places where there is a crowd. These professional beggars travel from town to town in periodical journeys for their profit. Consequently, he who passes through the populous towns of our flourishing country is compelled to think that Tuscany harbours a multitude of paupers, and is much poorer than she actually is. Whenever a public festival is celebrated in one of the smaller towns, hundreds of these beggars assemble, some deformed and impotent, others, strong men pretending to be sick, deafen the people with their clamorous appeals; as soon at the festivity is ended, they disappear and betake themselves to some other such scenes. Several of these vagabonds keep a horse to carry them on their journeys. To repress begging, a charity workhouse was established in Florence during the French government of Tuscany, but in a short time it fell into decay. Through the improvements effected by the present Grand Duke in 1837 it has received new vigour. The inmates are instructed in various branches of trade: the males manufacture woollen caps and carpets (of the

latter about 40,000 yards annually), the females are employed in spinning, weaving, &c. A few of the most exemplary are sent to the shopmen or artizans of the city; their gains are placed in the savings'-bank, the whole of which are given back to them upon leaving the establishment; they are also taught reading, writing, &c. Clean and comfortable clothing, wholesome food and scrupulous vigilance, with the abolition of corporeal punishment, concur to attain fully the aim of the institution. This establishment is maintained by the help of the municipality of Florence, benevolent collections, a share of the customs, *and the lottery*. The number of persons here sheltered was, in 1817, 2008, *i.e.* 1054 males and 954 females. The average number in the workhouse from 1st January, 1830, to the end of 1839, was 875: males, 561; females, 314. After the suppression of mendicancy in the city, the number of inmates in 1840 amounted to 1367, viz. 847 males and 520 females."

"ST. ONOFRIO HOSPITAL.

"The poor are received into this establishment during the night. It is furnished with eighty-five beds, fifty-four for men and thirty for women; generally but one-half these beds were occupied, and the greater part by women. Those destined for the lame and blind are always full. There is no house of refuge exclusively for the blind in all Tuscany."

[Let me stop in my translation to observe how astonishing it is that in many other parts of Italy, as in Tuscany, no institutions exist for the reception of the most miserable and helpless of mankind,—the blind. The national benevolence is misapplied, and charity frequently mistakes the objects of her choice. Vice is encouraged by foundling hospitals, while the blind are abandoned to mendicancy and despair.]

"The poor-house of Arezzo, containing 100 inmates, was opened in December 1832; here old men find refuge, orphans a father, and those capable of working are employed in useful trades: it is, however, a painful fact, that the enthusiasm evinced at its foundation is nearly extinguished, and the institution is sinking. At Pistoja no workhouse is required, no absolute poverty existing in the place. There is, how-

ever, an hospital of the Pernottanti, so called, that is for those who pass the night here, similar to the night-house of Florence already mentioned. In Prato, as in Pisa, Pontremoli, Pistoja, and Prosignano, the government provides asylums for the invalid military; where, talking over the past glories of Italy, they pass the remainder of their lives. In Leghorn, where labour finds an abundant market and a poor-house might be considered unnecessary, one exists, and also an extensive place of refuge for the young. In Pisa, where the labourer cannot find employment, the rich inhabitants and nobles cannot be prevailed upon to open such an establishment. There is a pilgrim's hospital here, wherein the blind, the lame, and the aged are received permanently, and where beggars sleep at night, who spread themselves about the city during the day." I may observe that begging is general through the streets of Pisa, while at the doors of the magnificent cathedral, a firm phalanx of sturdy mendicants besiege and intercept the ingress and egress of the unfortunate stranger, until he satisfies their craving. Begging is interdicted in Florence, only to flourish in Pisa."

"MONTE DI PIETA—PAWN-BANKS.

"Tuscany affords the means of temporary assistance to the needy, lending money to those who deposit pawns of some value; if not redeemed within two years, or at least repawned, they are sold for the benefit of the bank. The sum lent annually by the pawn-banks of Tuscany, as calculated by Bowring, is 4,000,000 lire; the chief of these are in Florence, Leghorn, Sienna, Pisa, and Pistoja.

"The pawn-bank of Leghorn affords assistance to small traders and others (who, by depositing silver or jewels, obtain considerable sums); it had a deposit, in 1839, to the value of 367,107 lire. Its negotiable credit amounted to 63,629 lire. Its debts to 413,392 lire: 160,608 pawns were deposited, valued at 1,138,258 lire. In the same year 9591 pawns were sold, and their proceeds amounted to 46,955 lire. The pawn-banks of Florence lend money to the needy of every class, at four per cent. interest; more than 350 lire cannot be given upon each pawn: at present the institution has annually on an average 1,884,000 Tuscan

lire in circulation. That of Pistoja, established by the Bishop Donato Medici, with the same aim as that of Savonarola, and opened in 1471, was so prosperous, that in 1750 it possessed a fund amounting to 100,000 dollars; in 1837-38 it took in 102,827 pawns, valued at 919,763 lire.

"In Pisa they have annually one million *lire* lent, and many of the pawns (a sign of great poverty) are sold. The other charity banks of Tuscany lend about another million of lire annually. One of the chief defects of these institutions is, that while the pawn is valued under one-third of its real worth, if it is sold little is returned to the depositor."

"SANITARY INSTITUTIONS.

"In all parts of Tuscany medical assistance is gratuitously rendered to the sick poor. The Tuscan government has provided also, that prisoners, foundlings, the military passing through or permanent in a place, should be gratuitously treated by the medical men of the municipality; to whom, in the provinces, &c., is entrusted also the vaccination of the people."

"PUBLIC GRATUITOUS HALL OF VACCINATION IN FLORENCE.

"In this hall, opened in the year 1833 in the Innocenti Hospital, surgeons are appointed to vaccinate infants of the town and neighbourhood, to attend the progress of the cases, and to give an account of them every year to the government. The virus is afterwards collected with the greatest care, to be distributed gratis to applicants. This regulation has produced the best results. In smaller towns, the doctors of the community are charged with the gratuitous vaccination, and it is done in spring. A list is sent to the municipal body, which grants to the surgeon a recompense proportioned to the number of cases. In this manner all the children of Tuscany may participate in the benefit derived from vaccination. We have, besides, distinct hospitals for mental, cutaneous, and chronic diseases, and for the deformed, &c., as well as hospitals and halls exclusively for incurable invalids. The government hospitals, particularly those of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, are so extensive

and well provided, that they are capable of receiving the whole of our sick. When a person is taken ill, he has merely to procure a certificate of poverty and sickness; as soon as he presents himself, he is conducted to the proper department, and well attended to. *The Confraternity of the Misericordia* undertakes to convey the sick to the hospitals in the principal cities; and where this institution does not exist, the municipal authorities attend to it, conveying the sick in a species of *private omnibus*. And as to effect a complete cure of many cutaneous diseases, fresh water and mineral baths are required, Leopold I. constructed at Monteculini, baths and hospitals to receive those invalids requiring them; and Leopold II. established baths in the St. Lucia hospital of Florence, where the poor can have them on application."

"CHAPTER VIII.

"According to the latest statistical returns, the hospitals in the duchy are forty-three, and receive each year on an average 26,000 sick, or in the proportion to the population of 197·10 per 1000. The deaths in the hospital are in general throughout the duchy about 8 per cent. The government hospitals receive the sick poor when taken ill in the streets or public inns; and in those of Sienna, Florence, &c., there are apartments where, by paying a moderate sum, a person may enjoy all the advantages, advice, &c., that those establishments afford. What the expense for the maintenance of our forty-three hospitals is, I cannot precisely say. 'I am sure, however,' writes Signor Turchetti, 'that Dr. Bowring is very much in error in asserting that it does amount to more than 1,418,092 lire.' The government hospitals are supported from various resources, and from taxes on salt, food, lotteries, &c."

"SANTA MARIA NUOVA HOSPITAL.

"The size of this building, the ample and well-ventilated galleries, and, above all, its scrupulous cleanliness, place this hospital amongst the most remarkable of Italy. The spiritual attendance is entrusted to the monks. A number of charitable women afford voluntary assistance to sick females.

The medical attendance is entrusted to first-class doctors and surgeons. More than 340 individuals are employed to assist the sick in this immense hospital. The number received during ten years was 58,750; cured 47,118; died 11,466.* The inhabitants of Pisa erected a magnificent establishment in 1258, in expectation of the interdict from which they were relieved by a bull of the Pope Alexander VI.

"The hospital of Pistoja was commenced in 1277. It receives annually, on an average, 2000 sick. Leghorn has two hospitals, one for males, the other for females: they are very large, but not sufficiently so for the population. The smaller towns have hospitals also, receiving thousands of sick. The establishment of St. Lucia was founded in Florence in 1816, for the cure of cutaneous diseases; afterwards a larger establishment, supplied with baths of different kinds for the benefit of the poor, was here opened. In three months of our summer, 30,000 baths are administered. There is also a separate apartment for the better classes, where, upon paying a moderate sum, they may have the use of baths. There is a similar hospital at Sienna."

"HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE.

"There are two such in Tuscany. That of Florence was founded by Bonifazio, Marquis of Loragua, head of the republic, to relieve his conscience. It was first destined for pilgrims and invalids, but Leopold I. had it changed into a madhouse, relieving the unhappy inmates from the chains which previously oppressed them. Dr. Chiarugi introduced the system of moral treatment of lunatics. The food and healthy locality, the clothing and cleanliness observed in every part is such, that secondary diseases are very rare, hence many of the inmates reach a healthy old age, having been forty years in confinement. Simplicity in the cure is professed by this establishment. Amongst the means used, the most efficacious is that of occupation, and an extensive piece of ground is attached to the building, upon which the insane pursue agriculture. The women employ themselves in spinning, knitting, and sewing. In general, that liberty which may be reconcilable with their condition is granted

* This mortality seems very great.

to the insane. The convalescent leave the establishment for their pleasure, accompanied by a guardian. The annual number admitted is 200. Males predominate; but fewer deaths take place among the females. From the year 1835, the mortality has not exceeded nine per cent., and perfect cures have not been less than twenty per cent. We have thus described the forty-three hospitals of Tuscany."

"CHAPTER V.—BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA.

"This sacred institution is not much known throughout Italy. Praised even by the sceptical writers of France, commendable for the exalted charity and religious self-denial of its members, headed by our sovereign, the confraternity of mercy in our capital has ever been foremost in works of love. The object is, according to its statutes, to assist mankind in sudden calamities; its members hastening, night and day, to take up in the streets or houses, persons struck down by illness or accident, to convey them to the hospital if sick, or to bury them in case of death; to administer pecuniary aid to the poor; and in order that the motives of the confraternity be pure and unaffected by the gratitude of those receiving help, their persons are concealed by a vestment which covers the whole of their body, not excepting the face. This confraternity is established in almost all the towns of Tuscany, and had its origin, in 1240, from a certain Luca Borsi, a common porter, who placed a small box in a place where his men went to sleep, and commanded that any one who allowed an oath to escape his lips, should place a *crazia* therein. This money was applied in payment of those porters who might rescue a person from death, or pick up the drowned, or those fallen from buildings; when Borsi died, a crucifix was placed upon the box in St. John's church, with the following inscription: 'Give alms for the sick and poor of the city.' In a short time it overflowed with money; and in the year 1345, during that terrible plague eloquently described by Boccaccio, the confraternity rendered such services to the poor that many legacies were left to it.

"In all the plagues which scourged our capital the brethren gave proofs of heroic virtue; and when, in 1632,

the date of the last pestilence, the members visited the churches to thank God they had been protected in the hour of danger, they were accompanied by the acclamations of the people. This confraternity is provided with a convenient place of meeting, is composed of 72 leaders (*capi di guardia*) and 203 brothers. A large bell is in every place at the disposition of the members; the moment the *capi di guardia* receive intelligence of a calamity they toll the bell, and numbers of the brethren dress and assemble. The bell once tolled indicates a light misfortune; twice, a serious wound; thrice, death. The sick are conveyed at any hour of the day to the hospital; the dead in the evening only, for interment. These brethren were once charged to carry away the bodies of those condemned to death, after the sentence had been fulfilled; but for ten years past this service has not been required, nor will it so long as Leopold, the most humane of all sovereigns, reigns over his subjects. That prince, without annulling the punishment of death in the code, *has rendered its infliction almost impossible, by requiring the universal vote of the judges.*"

On the nature and effect of this institution, Mr. John Bell has made the following sensible observations:—

"No fixed period is enjoined for the fulfilment of the vow taken by this Order. Many in the highest sphere have sought expiation of sins by assuming it for a longer or shorter time, proportioned to the extent of their crime or to the sensitive state of their consciences. Princes, cardinals, and even popes have been numbered among their penitents, and have joined in their vows and services. While dwelling on the penitence which this subject presents to the mind, it is impossible not to be struck with the scope given to human passions in the belief inculcated of a remission of sins obtained by a few expiatory observances. It is evident that this reliance, instead of being a check to guilty wishes, facilitates their accomplishment. The desired object is first attained, and then penance or propitiation comes lagging after, as time or opportunity may suit. The belief, however, that a vow fulfilled, or an ascetic discipline observed, during, perhaps, a period of short-lived remorse, can expiate the commission of a sin, is a dangerous doctrine."

In these observations I heartily concur.

"CHAPTER VI.—DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

"I may mention an extraordinary fact, with the fame of

which Italy resounds. Don Antonio Provola, of Verona, and the Professor Rafilio, laying aside the manual alphabet, have succeeded, by the method of guttural and pectoral vibrations, not only in teaching the deaf and dumb the artificial word, but also to sing in rhyme and musical scale, experiments of which were made at Verona in the presence of his majesty the Emperor of Austria, at the period of his coronation as King of Italy. The institution at Sienna is supported by voluntary contributions. Its income is now 17,000 lire, and there are at present forty deaf and dumb in the establishment. The method for teaching our language is that of Father Assarotti of Genoa*; besides, the deaf and dumb are taught the elements of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, mythology, sacred and profane history, &c. For the poor males, some shops have been opened where they may learn trades; and the females learn to embroider, sew, and make artificial flowers."

We have completed our survey of the charitable institutions of Tuscany: the political economist may be of opinion that several of them have a mischievous tendency, others will perhaps select some of those institutions for praise or imitation: all must applaud the spirit of benevolence from which they sprung.

* The deaf and dumb institution at Genoa is one of the most interesting establishments for relief of the miserable in Europe.

## CHAP. IX.

### A SKETCH OF FLORENTINE HISTORY AND OF THE MEDICI.

Early History of Florence.—Guelph and Ghibelline.—Administration of Justice.—Florentine Passion for Democracy.—Her Wealth and her Dissensions.—Constitution of the Magistracy.—Invention of Balance of Power.—John of Bohemia.—Rise and Fall of Gaultier de Brienne.—The Family of the Medici—their Origin and Influence.—Cosmo's Rule—his Policy—his Death.—Luca Pitti and Pietro de Medici.—Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his Biographer.

AMIDST the brilliant republics of Italy in the Middle Ages, Florence shone conspicuous; commercial prosperity enriched her, art was fostered, letters were cultivated, political philosophy developed, while an active population burned with a vehement passion for liberty. Florence displayed all the virtues and some of the vices of a republican form of government,—amazing energy, unbroken spirit, prodigious success, with internal divisions, furious quarrels, and not unfrequent revolutions.*

From 1150 to 1183 the Italian cities had struggled to obtain the peace of Constance, which they regarded as their Constitutional Charter. It was a signal triumph: a legal freedom was established against power; the vague claims of the Emperor, being modified, were agreed, in case of future dispute, to be purchasable for an annual sum of 2000 marks of silver. From 1183 to 1250 all the privileges secured by this treaty were preserved, and the cities of Italy increased in wealth, power, and grandeur. But they were distracted by a great and almost national quarrel, which sprang up,

* The early history of Florence may be told briefly by a note in Gibbon's history:—"Machiavelli has explained, at least as a philosopher, the origin of Florence, which insensibly descended, for the benefit of trade, from the rock of Fæsulæ to the banks of the Arno. The Triumvirs sent a colony to Florence, which under Tiberius, deserved the reputation and name of a *flourishing* city." I may add, there are no Roman remains in Florence.

and grew, and yielded bitter fruits—that famous dispute between Guelph and Ghibelline; the Ghibelline contending for the majesty of the empire, the Guelph struggling for the independence of the church and the liberty of Italy.

In most Italian republics there were judicial institutions founded rather to terrify than protect. To the praise of Florence it is recorded, that she above all others thought of justice more than the punishment of the guilty. This, saith Sismondi, was because Florence was the city where the enlightenment of the national mind soonest appeared in the improvement of the laws.

The Ghibelline nobles had contrived to get possession of Florence, but the people were too proud to submit to their yoke, and by an unanimous insurrection on the 20th of October, 1250, they freed themselves. Assembled in the square of Santa Croce, they divided into companies of 950, each of which chose a captain; these officers formed a council, they elected the judge, who was called "captain of the people," and they suffered that ancient judicial officer named the Podesta to exist.* They decreed that each judge should have an independent tribunal, so as to control the other, and they resolved that both should be subordinate to the supreme magistracy of the republic; which magistracy, while it held the administration of affairs, was stripped of all judicial power. The Florentines early felt the necessity of separating the legislative and judicial tribunals. The executive magistracy was called the Signoria, and it was ordained that this body should be always present in the palace of the republic, to watch the captain and the podesta. The magistrates composing the Signoria were twelve in number, two being chosen from each of the six divisions into which the city was divided, and were called Anziani. These twelve

* (From "Burnet's Travels in Italy.")—"The magnificence of the *podesta* appeared very extraordinary, for he went through the fair with a great train of coaches, all in his own livery, and the two coaches in which he and his lady rode were both extraordinary rich. This was a huge bed coach, all the outside black velvet, and a mighty rich gold fringe, lined with black damask, flowered with gold." This name of *podesta* is very ancient; for in the Roman times the chief magistrates of the lesser towns were called the *potestas*, as appears from Juvenal—

*Fidenarum Gabiorumve esse potestas.*

worthy functionaries had need of a hearty attachment for each other, for they were bound to eat together, sleep in the fine old palace, and could never walk out to breathe the air but in a body, lest, I suppose, the captain or the podesta might overtake and destroy them individually. These twelve good men and true were relieved at the end of two months, and were succeeded by twelve other citizens, who in like manner ate, drank, slept, and walked together, and watched the captain and the podesta.

The magistrates were enterprising merchants, and honest men as well; for while the covetous sovereigns of Europe cheated their subjects with bad money, and clipped what good coin they had, the Anziani scorned such meanness, and struck the famous golden florin of Florence, of sterling value, which coin remained unaltered as the standard for all other values so long as the republic endured. Thus Florence with her militia, and her captain and podesta, and twelve watchful magistrates, and bright gold coin, grew and flourished; for in the midst of party strife, these sturdy republicans filled their warehouses, opened shops, constructed canals, and built handsome cities, well paved and convenient, when Paris was a filthy town;—nay, before the year 1300, the Florentines erected churches, which have never since been surpassed; the merchants aspired to live in palaces, surrounded themselves with exquisite statues and monuments in sculpture and bronze, and pleased themselves with painting, music, and poetry. They wrote history with a truth which was creditable and somewhat unusual, taught morals and philosophy, and prided themselves upon being on the whole a very superior people.

The Florentines thought they never could have enough of that good thing called democracy; so, in 1282, they removed the Anziani, whom they had at first set at the head of their government, to substitute *priori delle arti*, names these good people loved so much, that they keep them still, although they have lost the thing which the words denoted.

The trades were called by a refined name—*arti*, and were divided into the greater and the less,—a very proper distinction,—for the man of silk believed himself superior to the man of stuff. Six of the greater trades were admitted into the government; these the Florentines called the six

priori delle arti—*a college*,—and they were obliged to live together for two months in the public palace, forming the Signoria, which represented the republic. These six tradesmen ruled right well. Some ten years later the Florentines gave a finish to the Signoria by placing at its head an officer named the Gonfalonier of Justice, elected for two months from among the representatives of the arts, manufactures, and commerce. This functionary was a great man in the State, for when he thought fit to display the gonfalon, that is, the standard of the republic, the citizens were obliged to assist in executing the law.

The gonfalonier and the citizens, when assembled, frequently defeated and banished the unruly nobles, who betook themselves to their castles, as a proud family called the *Cancellieri* did, and soon began to quarrel amongst themselves, and, dividing the family into two branches, described by the names of *Bianchi* and *Neri* (whites and blacks), fought with more than family fury.

In 1323 the Florentines introduced the practice of drawing by lot in the nomination of their first magistrates. They ordained that a general list of all the eligible citizens, being of the Guelph faction, and thirty years old, should be formed by a majority of five magistracies, of which each represented a national interest; the priori, the gonfalonier, the captains of the people, the judges of commerce, and the consuls of the arts. Each of these exercised a right of pointing out the most eligible citizen. The list prepared by them was laid before a *balìa* (a word which signifies power), composed of the magistrates in office, and the thirty-six deputies chosen by the six divisions of the town. Thus the names on the list were scrutinised and classed for election to the different magistracies of the town, to which the individuals were raised by lot. This arrangement was to last three years and a half, after which there was to be a new *balìa*.

But these worthy magistrates, although like Baillie Nicol Jarvie they did wonderfully well in time of peace, could not make so bright a figure in war, and the Florentines were defeated by one Castruccio, Lord of Lucca, who had learned war as an art in France and Lombardy. The people of Florence availed themselves reluctantly of the assistance of the Duke of Calabria, son of the King of Naples, while

Castruccio enlisted under the banners of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria. Fortunately for Florence, both her opponent Castruccio, and her general the duke, died in 1328: it is difficult to say which was the worst enemy of the republic.

Then John of Bohemia, son of the Emperor Henry VII., an accomplished knight, came into Italy; and won by his chivalry, captivated by his beauty and accomplishments, many of the cities of Italy chose him for their prince. He vowed to govern with impartiality and according to justice, a thing somewhat uncommon in those days; he began by recalling both Guelph and Ghibelline from banishment, and begged of these factious disputants not to hate each other quite so furiously in future, a bold request to make, and not likely to be complied with. The Florentines refused to follow the seductive example of so many other Italian States; they admired John of Bohemia, but declared that, whatever his genius or virtue might be, they disrelished absolute princes. "Free we are," said the stout weavers of Florence, "and free we will remain." Their wise men then took counsel, and after much deliberation, hit upon the notable scheme, of balancing the different powers of Italy in such a manner, as to baffle the efforts of any one usurping State, from swallowing up the rest. This balance of power was a marvellous invention, for it has engaged the artful diplomatists of Europe ever since, who are continually plotting and planning to weigh and balance one government against the other, so that no one State should become heavier than all the rest, as France under the first Napoleon had like to have been.

The Florentines in the fourteenth century, looking about them, saw that most of the once free cities of beautiful Italy had been enslaved to one petty tyrant or other, and that faithful allies were difficult to be found. With commendable wisdom our determined republicans smothered old resentments, and made a treaty with the Lombard Ghibellines against John of Bohemia; on condition, however, that should they succeed and divide between them good spoil, matters should be so adjusted as to prevent the aggrandisement of any single State, and thus preserve the "balance of power." All this was done in 1332. John of Bohemia did not deport himself bravely in this emergency, but went to

Paris to lead a dissipated life, leaving Italy in greater confusion than he found it. The confederates were at first very successful; but the treacherous Ghibelline ally of Florence, Mustino della Scala, having got possession of Lucca, turned against the very State he had pledged himself to assist. Then the Florentines allied themselves with the Venetians, who having afterwards secured their own interests, as was ever their practice, sacrificed their allies, and the betrayed men of Florence suffered many disasters which they ascribed to their magistrates. These functionaries were highly unpopular then, having been obliged to lay on fresh taxes, which ever has a prejudicial effect on the character of statesmen, insomuch that a minister who has been well spoken of before, when he imposes a new tax, becomes cordially hated. This is an infirmity of human nature, not peculiar to any particular age or country. However, the Florentines, democrats as they were, became on a sudden wearied of their boundless freedom, and wished for a dictator. At this critical period, in 1342, Gualtier de Brienne, Duke of Athens*, a French nobleman but born in Greece, passed through Florence,—this man having no real virtue to recommend him, but being artful and an expert soldier, was created captain of the militia, next he was made president of the tribunals, and lastly commander of the forces of the republic; thus he grasped the civil and military authority at once; and then aimed at no less than the sovereignty of Tuscany. He excited one faction against the other, cajoled and corrupted the people in order to enslave them. When Florence was in a ferment, he called a parliament in the public square on the 8th of September; the rabble proclaimed him sovereign of Florence for life, stormed the public palace, expelled the gonfalonier and the priori, and established their idol in unlimited power.

If this base usurper had succeeded in his designs, all would have been lost in Florence. He insulted the noble city for ten months, perpetrating every conceivable act of oppression: conspiracies were formed, but as quickly discovered; at last, said the Duke, "I will summon to a council 300 of the most eminent citizens, and as each enters the

* See Sir James Emerson Tennent's *History of Modern Greece*, vol. i. p. 147.

palace I will have him murdered." The guests, suspecting his highness, very judiciously refused the invitation, and while the Duke paraded his cavalry in the streets, in a moment the people cried, "To arms!" "Liberty!" overpowered the soldiers, stormed the palace, and so terrified this despot, that he crept away by night, with what money he could collect, cheating his soldiers of their pay.

Thus did the brave Florentines recover their much-loved freedom. Then did they cultivate letters, poetry, and the fine arts, busied themselves with fresh reforms, and in watching their enemies. Every day, however, the situation of the republic became more critical, and various were the conflicts maintained by it against the aggressive States which surrounded them. A bitter war was carried on against Pope Gregory XI., who, unlike what a Pope should be, behaved towards Florence with the blackest treachery; and in 1375, a league was formed amongst several of the republics to combine in defence of their common interests. The Pontiff was chastised, and things grew quiet.

We now arrive at the year 1378, an important epoch in the history of the commonwealth: as must necessarily be the case, the citizens were, some rich, others poor, and the corporations were divided into twenty-one trades, the seven higher being distinguished by the name of *Arti Maggiori*. From amongst these latter, the magistrates were generally chosen, being merchants rich as princes, and having, moreover, virtue and ability for government. These great families, like our old Whig and Tory, were opposed to each other and could never agree. There was the Albizzi and the Ricci: the first was the Guelph, or aristocratic faction: the second (Ricci) not so grand, as they had grown rich somewhat later: they had united with them the Strozzi, Scali, and the Medici. The names of these last celebrated merchants were never heard of till the middle of the century, and then they pretended to be zealous for liberty and democracy.

And here I must stop to introduce this respectable family to the notice of my reader, for though not given to heraldry, I like honest genealogy, when it is to be had. That of the Medici was curious. They were descended from a crafty apothecary; the pill-box flourished on the crest of these

humble followers of Galen. They imported drugs, sold spices, traded to the East, established banks, lent money on usury, and turned their capital in any way they could. Success attended their exertions, and by degrees immense wealth was amassed, and employed as we shall hereafter see.

Salvestro de Medici, in 1371, was chosen gonfalonier by lot, and took an active part against the Albizzi, a faction who wished to banish from Florence many worthy men whom they called Ghibellines, by a tyrannic process termed admonition. Salvestro got this law abolished in a council of the people, which was a very proper thing to do. But, as sometimes happens, out of this reform sprang a tumult, which turned the State upside down; and for what?—why, because the good citizens who followed the woollen trade had not so high a rank as their fellow-subjects who dealt in silk. A nice point this, which required deep statesmanship to settle. It was demanded that three new corporations should be established, including dyers, weavers, and fullers, all in fact engaged in the woollen business, and that the magistrates should be selected also from amongst them, as forming excellent stuff for government. These people were most improperly scoffed at, and called by a nickname "*Ciompo*," a word which has the double meaning of a *wool-carder* and a *clown*. Instead of doing what was just in this affair, the Signoria arrested a popular leader and put him to the torture; whereupon the Ciompi flew to arms, besieged the podesta, and in fact upset the government; and now it was not to some, but to all the offices of the State, that the men of stuff were appointed.

One Michele Lando, in a short waistcoat and bare feet, who had carried the standard during the tumult, was suddenly elected gonfalonier, and a good governor this weaver proved to be, for he composed disorder, reformed in moderation, and did justice. He was a bright example to the Medici, of whom so much has been written wide of the truth. The Ciompi were deemed too vulgar for the fine gentlemen of Florence, and did not long hold power; for, at the ensuing election, Scali, Salvestro de Medici, and Benedetto Alberti, were able to gain the direction of affairs, and would not permit the unadorned Ciompi so much as to sit amongst them. These leaders then said, that their opponents the

Albizzi were plotting against the State, and on this pretence put to death several who had served their country with glory. Thus the spirit of the Medici early showed itself; but the world believed the sufferers innocent. Soon after, things came to a crisis, for Scali presumed to brave the tribunals of justice, to rescue prisoners, and to pillage the palaces of the government.

Benedetto Alberti resented this, for he was a real republican, and turned against his associate, who was seized, arraigned, condemned to death, and speedily executed; a vigorous example. Then the party of the rich merchants, joining the Albizzi, shouted for the Guelphs, and took possession of all civil offices, created a *balìa*, abolished every law which the men of wool, the Ciompi, had made, banished their leaders, and in the usual course of patriotism filled all offices of honour and emolument with their friends. Well, the son of Salvestro de Medici, Veri, did no evil, and died in good repute, as did his father; and we arrive at the times of Giovanni de Medici, who seems to have been the best apothecary of the family, amassed wealth and enjoyed it, was affable in manner and temperate in his ambition. He had two sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo, and when the worthy man approached his death he summoned his children to his bed-side, and gave them excellent advice, which it is to be regretted they did not always follow. He exhorted his sons to be just and moderate, and to do no violence to the constitution; having thus spoken, in the year 1428 he died: how the families of his sons obeyed the admonition, the sequel will show.

Cosmo was born in 1389, Lorenzo in 1394. The Albizzi, who, as we have seen, extinguished the radical party, amongst whom the Medici might be ranked, governed the republic from 1381 to 1434 with unexampled ability and success. Sismondi is so highly pleased with their behaviour, that he says no aristocratic faction ever merited a more brilliant place in history; a very flattering character, from a competent critic, which makes it needless for me to add a word. This epoch was the most prosperous of the republic, and many great men were then born whose actions and talents redounded, although unfairly, to the honour of the Medici.

Cosmo de Medici now appeared on the stage of political life, having not only great wealth, but the advantage of a descent from a revolutionary demagogue, which was a feather in his cap. However, it would be no little error to suppose that he was a radical; Cosmo was a lover of absolute authority in his heart, but he was reserved and prudent. Chosen gonfalonier in 1416, Cosmo kept open house, invited the learned, patronised art, feasted the poor —a short road to popularity. Rinaldo Albizzi grew jealous of Cosmo, whom he accused of plotting against the State, and arrested him in 1433, expecting to get him condemned to death; but the sentence was only banishment for a term, and Cosmo, bribing his guards, escaped to Venice, where he enjoyed himself till quieter times should come.

All this was managed through the medium of a parliament of the whole people, called together in the great square by the sounding of a bell, who voted everything by acclamation, and in this way elected a *balìa*, who chose the magistracy and excluded the Medici. But such clamorous assemblies did nothing well, for the new parliament reversed all the doings of the previous one, and in 1434, Cosmo was recalled, and Albizzi in his turn was banished. Thenceforward Cosmo held the real power of the commonwealth: had he (with the Doge of Venice, Foscari) made a league with Milan, then a brilliant republic, the liberties of Italy would have been saved; but such was not the intention of Cosmo. His ambition was to make his family supreme in Florence, and the influence of his wealth, connections, and talents enabled him to effect his purpose. The method he took to accomplish his object deserves to be noted. He paid the utmost deference to popular opinion; all the forms of the constitution were preserved; apparently the State was still governed by a council of ten citizens, and a gonfalonier elected every two months: seeing the old customs respected, the citizens imagined all was well, but, in reality, the Medici either held themselves, or named their friends to every important office in the republic. Cosmo had read the history of Cæsar Augustus, and learned how that crafty tyrant governed Rome with absolute sway, by preserving the senate to shield his tyranny from the

people. Cosmo passed for a man of letters, although unknown as an author, and wished, with pardonable vanity, to be considered as the Mecænas of his age.

In this period, it is curious to observe how justice was administered, a matter respecting which the men of Florence were very particular. There was nothing they sought for with so much diligence as an honest podesta. As this functionary had power over the lives of the people, it was very necessary he should be impartial; such a judge was difficult to be got then, and, in Tuscany, may be somewhat scarce even now. These podeste were strangers, chosen from Padua, Bologna, or some friendly city, and the doctors of the civil law in these sites of learning were, no doubt, quite on the alert to be selected for a service so honourable, and withal so profitable. When selected, they set out for Florence with their serjeants and officers of justice, and were received with great respect, lodged in a fine old palace, and rewarded with a munificent salary; all which was done in an excellent spirit. When these high functionaries left office, they had to render an account of their doings before a syndicate charged with the examination of their conduct. Thus did the wise men of Florence behave as respected their judges.

Meanwhile, in the republic some were vastly rich, many were poor, and inequality of wealth increased the political influence of some, diminishing that of others. Artizans were excluded; an upstart aristocracy ruled the State, at the head of which were Neri Capponi, the ablest statesman, and Cosmo de Medici, the richest man. Their retainers clutched every employment, imposed unequal taxes, relieving the rich, oppressing the poor, and corrupting justice. The acute observers of Florence saw that their beautiful republic would be undermined, unless they could shake off this fatal influence. When, therefore, Nero Capponi died, the council refused to call a new parliament to replace the *balìa*, whose power expired on the 1st July, 1455. This was almost a final effort to regain freedom in a constitutional way. The commonwealth flourished once more, justice was impartial, taxation equal, and corruption checked. Cosmo saw that reality of liberty would be fatal to his power; and, when Luca Pitti, vain, unscrupulous, and rich, was gonfalonier

in 1458, Cosmo combined with him to reimpose the yoke upon Florence. Pitti summoned a parliament, but not till he had filled every approach to the public square with armed soldiers. The people, supposed to be free, were surrounded in the circle, and allowed to deliberate with the sword's point at their throats. Frightened and powerless, they submitted to the hard necessity, and a *balìa* was extorted, composed of men more violent than ever before had been chosen as the depositories of power. This council seized all authority, and used it unjustly; they banished some citizens, because they loved liberty, and even put others to death for no better reason. Such was the behaviour of one of the best of the Medici, called "the father of his country."

Cosmo de Medici had two sons, Pietro and Giovanni; the first was gouty, the second died before he held power in the State, which, perhaps, was a happy thing for his morals and reputation. This model of virtue had also an illegitimate son named Carlo de Medici, whom he placed in Rome to buy manuscripts. Pietro de Medici married a citizen's daughter, by whom he had two sons, Lorenzo, born 1st January, 1448, and Giuliano, born 1453; he had likewise two daughters, Nannina, married to Bernardo Bucellai, and Bianca, who was wedded to Gulielmo de Pazzi. When his second son died, old Cosmo moralised as he sauntered through his palace, observing, very truly, "This is too great a house for so small a family." But although he spoke so sensibly he did not abate his pride or his ambition. We have an account of his death, which is very edifying. He bewailed his lot, and then, by way of suitable consolation, begged a friend to read to him from the treatise of Xenocrates on death, which mightily composed him. It would have been too much to expect from so great a man belief in Christianity, or resort for consolation to the oracles of God. The philosophy of Cosmo did not, however, diminish his attention to business; the merchant broke out to the very last. He loved his ledger, and, calling for his books, his wife, and gouty son, he explained minutely how the accounts stood, and what debts were due, and methodically settled a balance sheet. Then, satisfied with all that he had done, at the age of seventy-five years he

died, whatever he may have seemed outwardly, as complete a despot in heart as any of his family.

When "the father of his country" died, his son Pietro naturally desired to tread in the steps of such a parent; but he at first found a rival in Luca Pitti. Nobody who has visited Florence is ignorant of the Pitti palace, in which the Grand Duke of Tuscany resides. Vast and splendid as it is, this was built as the private residence of Luca Pitti, a vain, ambitious merchant, who now aimed at sovereign power. This profligate man, when building the palace which he never enjoyed, stipulated with each citizen to whom he sold his protection, for a block of marble, or log of rare wood, or bit of precious metal, to help on his work. It is satisfactory to know, that his character became perfectly understood by his countrymen. But it shows the real designs and nature of the Medici, *i. e.* of old Cosmo and his son Pietro, that they united themselves to such a wretch. "*Noscitur a sociis*" is a golden maxim; and thus, through Luca Pitti, we understand the Medici.

Pietro might be at this time forty-eight years old; his son Lorenzo, sixteen, a prodigy of parts, and the pride of his family. He was tall and robust rather than elegant, but had a weak voice and no sense of smell, rather an advantage I should say in Italy. Dark clouds now began to overcast the political horizon: we are approaching the times of vile intrigue and open assassination. Luca Pitti quarrelled with the Medici; the friends of liberty recovered courage, refused to renew the *balìa*, the power of which ended 1st Sept., 1465, and the liberal party were successful; magistrates were for a time freely chosen, and justice was done. Luca Pitti then resorted to conspiracy, and, it is believed, plotted the assassination of Pietro de Medici, who, being gouty, was generally carried in a chair from his villa to the city. Lorenzo himself left the villa before his father, found the road beset by armed men, and, naturally suspecting their object was to kill his respected parent, warned him to travel by a different road, and thus Pietro escaped, and Lorenzo was applauded for his wit. This plot having failed, the unscrupulous Luca Pitti at once separated from the liberal party, and attached himself to the Medici; and, on the other hand, Pietro de Medici shook hands with one who he knew had

desired to kill him. These worthy allies were well matched. Reconciled, they agreed to call a parliament, and to act together in controlling it; they did so, and surrounded the great square with armed mercenaries, to terrify the people. But a knave is ever false to his companion. Pietro de Medici contrived (2nd Sept., 1466) to exclude from the *balia* all the partisans of Pitti, and admit all his own. Thus was Luca Pitti repaid, and quickly he sunk into contempt. Then the Medici, showing their true nature, fined, imprisoned, and banished the best citizens of Florence. Most cities were filled with Florentine emigrants, and Italy was astonished at the exile of so many illustrious persons. These brave men hired a famous captain, one Bartolomeo Coglione, and invaded the Florentine territory; but the lower classes remained quiescent, business was good, wages high, commerce and manufactures flourished; and, saith the historian, the Medici entertained them with shows and festivals, keeping them in a sort of perpetual carnival, amidst which the people lost for a time all thoughts of liberty.

Pietro de Medici, ever infirm in health, was obliged to confide the exercise of the despotism he had usurped to five citizens, who conducted all the business of the State, appropriated all the profits, gratified their vengeance, and perverted justice. It is due to the memory of Pietro to say that he was thoroughly disgusted with the disorder and corruption he saw around him. In vain were his reprimands; at last he conceived the idea of recalling the many excellent patriots whom he had exiled, but, before he could accomplish his good intentions, he died on the 2nd Dec., 1462, leaving his sons Lorenzo and Giuliano to succeed him.

I must here introduce to my readers, in connection with the Medici, an English scholar who has identified himself with their name and history,—Mr. Roscoe; and if, with that ingenious writer and zealous biographer, we believe the encouragement of poets, the purchase of pictures, the building of palaces, and the writing of verses, to constitute a great character, then was Lorenzo de Medici truly magnificent.

## CHAP. X.

### LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

Era of Conspiracy.—Lorenzo's Mercantile Policy.—The Pazzi.—Nice Reasonings on Murder.—Hanging of an Archbishop.—Lorenzo's Escape and his Magnificence.—Pope Sixtus IV.—Pope Innocent and his Offspring.—Lorenzo's Institution of a permanent Senate.—Roscoe and Sismondi contrasted.—Private Tastes of Lorenzo.—His Son the Cardinal.—Savonarola the Monk.—Savonarola at Lorenzo's Death-bed.—Character of Lorenzo.—Observations of Lord Brougham.

We have arrived at the times of conspiracy—fatal proof that the day of freedom has nearly passed. The rash attempt of Bernardo Nardi, an emigrant, to surprise Prato, failed; the unfortunate Bernardo was taken prisoner and sent to Florence, where Lorenzo had him beheaded. Lorenzo then looked into his affairs, extended his traffic with the East, rented vast mines through Italy, and established banks everywhere, raising the rate of interest, whenever he could, to the highest penny. Sixtus IV. became very friendly; Lorenzo immediately opened a bank in Rome, was made treasurer to the Holy See, and did the business by his uncle as deputy, who bought on cheap terms the rich jewels of the papal crown, and then sold them at the highest price to the sovereigns of Europe. He also, in a visit to Rome, picked up as cheap as he could, cameos, and busts, and medals, and carried them off to make a show at Florence. But Pope Sixtus did not always relish the practices of his banker, whose accounts, no doubt, required to be sharply investigated. The Pope himself was no better than he should be; he had sons whom he called nephews, and whom he made cardinals and church dignitaries, one of them Archbishop of Florence.

The famous conspiracy of the Pazzi at Florence, immortalised by Alfieri, next followed. One of this wealthy family, as already mentioned, was married to a sister of Lorenzo

The family of the Pazzi had possessed great political power in the State, and wished to have it still. The Medici, however, thrust them out of the administration of public affairs, a family pique began, and the Medici resolved to punish their ambitious relatives.

One of the Pazzi had married the only daughter of Giovanni Borromeo, the richest citizen of Florence, to whose inheritance the young Pazzi naturally expected to succeed, but at Borromeo's death, the Medici got a law passed, by which male issue in the collateral line were to inherit, to the exclusion of daughters, and thus Pazzi lost his prize.

The Pazzi conspired, and admitted many friends to their secret, including one archbishop, and some say the Pope himself, the brother of the archbishop a priest, and several other respectable gentlemen. They secured the aid of an armed force which was to menace Florence, and they determined to kill Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano at the same moment, and then cry out liberty in order to establish their despotism, under the patronage of the Pope. At first they resolved to stab the Medici at a feast given by Lorenzo at Fiesole, but, although the conspirators were ready, Giuliano did not come, and the business could not be accomplished; they missed a second opportunity also, and finally resolved to assassinate the brothers during a religious ceremony in the cathedral itself, at which both the Medici would certainly be present. The parts were allotted suitably to the characters of the several conspirators.

The archbishop, oddly enough, was to storm the palace; but here a serious difficulty arose, which never once occurred to the men of religion, a case of conscience, for the captain of adventurers, one Battista da Montesecco, who had agreed to kill Lorenzo, declared against it, when the cathedral was fixed on as the scene of the assassination. The time also affected him, for the assassins were to strike at the very moment that the priest, in performing mass, raised the host, and as the Medici, in common with the whole congregation, devoutly knelt. The captain reasoned thus: I have undertaken to kill Lorenzo at a feast, and I will perform my promise, for to murder in the way of business I have no manner of objection; but I refuse to kill a man in church; that is a thing I never did, and never will do. Sacrilege I

abhor. This soldier evidently believed, that killing merely was no murder.

What was to be done? In this difficulty recourse was had, horrible to relate, to two priests, who, saith the historian, "accustomed to live in churches, and perform the offices of religion, felt neither respect nor fear for sacred things." The conscientious scruples of the captain saved Lorenzo. All the assassins went punctually to church on the 26th of April, 1478. The Medici were at a little distance from each other. Mass began. At the elevation of the host, Giuliano received a mortal wound, and staggered, when Francesco de Pazzi furiously assailed and stabbed him in many parts of the body. Lorenzo was more lucky; his assailant feeling his body gently, to find the spot where best to strike, roused the suspicions of Lorenzo, he parried the blow aimed at him, drew his sword, and the priests fled. The assassins, who had despatched Giuliano, rushed after Lorenzo, but he escaped into the sacristy. His friends rallied, and the murderer rushed out of the church. The assassin priests were quickly cut to pieces. The friends of the Medici were everywhere successful, for when the wicked archbishop, at the head of his band, entered the palace of the Signoria, he found the stout gonfalonier surrounded, as he ought to be, by his brother councillors, in deep deliberation. The moment the gonfalonier looked at the excited face of the archbishop, he suspected villany, sprang to the door, found a miscreant behind it, whom he felled to the earth, secured the palace, seized the archbishop, and with the implements of the kitchen over-mastered his followers.

Such was the conduct of the brave councillors of Florence; but they did not stop here; speedy justice they admired and practised, and accordingly, forthwith, flung out of the lofty windows most of the conspirators. The archbishop was treated with peculiar respect; in his prelatical robes, his grace was hanged from the window-frame of the old palace, a terrible spectacle, as his body swung before the populace. Francesco de Pazzi was suspended near the archbishop, whose fury was such that he seized the naked body of his friend with his teeth, and relaxed not his gripe even in the agonies of death. Such was the deserved fate of the Archbishop of Pisa, and, I verily believe, if the sturdy burghers

of Florence could have seized the Pope, they would have hanged his holiness also, for so confused were their ideas of religion, that they considered that priests who had lent themselves to murder were worse offenders than other men, and should be dealt with accordingly. Lorenzo sent all the way to Constantinople for Baudini, who had assassinated Giuliano, and, obtaining possession of the murderer through the kindness of the sultan, enjoyed the satisfaction of cutting off his head in Florence. Two hundred citizens, hostile to the House of Medici, were put to death in consequence of this conspiracy, and many other severities were practised.

Lorenzo now became absolute master of the republic, and, as might be expected, laid aside the simplicity of republican manners. The merchant's son was addressed by the title of most magnificent lord, and endeavoured, by pomp and luxury, to supply the want of that rank he coveted. Giuliano was a handsome youth, and not very moral. He intrigued with a lady of family, and left an illegitimate son, then an infant, whom Lorenzo undertook to patronise, and did it so successfully, that the child of immorality became no less a man than Clement the Seventh, Pope of Rome. He proved himself a true Medici in one respect, in his hatred to liberty. He destroyed, as will be seen, the freedom of his country. Through him the family of the Medici were united to the royal house of France, and reached the splendour of royalty. In his day, however, mankind received one great blessing—the Reformation—and Papal despotism received a blow from which it never recovered.

To resume, Pope Sixtus IV. forthwith excommunicated Lorenzo, branding him as "the child of iniquity" and "the nursling of perdition." His holiness declared it was a gross disrespect to the church to hang an archbishop, no matter what his crime, and that Lorenzo and his associates should answer for it with their lives. However, on the part of Florence, the Bishop of Arezzo summoned a kind of convocation and retorted the Pope's accusations, denying, oddly enough, that the infallible head of the church was infallible. Italy declared in favour of the Pope, and Florence was placed in a very critical position. Tuscany was overrun with hostile armies; a battle was fought near the ancient Thrasymenus with success, but afterwards the

Florentines were defeated, and Lorenzo trembled for his safety. Just at this moment it was hinted to him by the Neapolitan government that the King of Naples, Ferdinand, was not ill disposed towards him, and that his wisest course would be to visit Naples, and in person procure a peace; which in truth the king was not unwilling to grant; and a Neapolitan galley lying in Leghorn was offered to convey him on this important errand. His biographer would have it, that this bold expedient was suggested by the genius of Lorenzo, who wrote a pretty letter on the occasion of his departure to the States of Florence; but in truth Lorenzo was most unwilling, and went only because he could do no better. His reception was gracious, and knowing the tastes of that people, Lorenzo entertained the Neapolitans with shows and feasts, all of which they keenly relished; and he even insisted on portioning young women from all parts of the country, in so much that many matches were made which but for Lorenzo might never have taken place. Thus by a parade of wealth, Lorenzo made a favourable impression on the population of Naples, who, if then resembling what they are now, must have been a truly dignified people. The Pope begged of Ferdinand to hand Lorenzo over to him, I suppose that he might hang Lorenzo in return for having hanged the archbishop; but Ferdinand being a man of honour refused. Meanwhile, Lorenzo used all his skill with the king — represented what a grasping power was that of the papacy, and that if Naples and Florence combined they could curb Rome. He likewise undertook to sacrifice the republic of Sienna to the Duke of Calabria, and to pay a round sum of money to the king himself; thus he squeezed a peace out of Ferdinand, and returned in glee to Florence, where the credulous people received him with exultation, believing him their deliverer.

In Florence, this polished despot devised a plan which seems to have imposed upon his elegant biographer, — who praises Lorenzo for an act which perfected the subjugation of the republic.

"There is," writes that accomplished gentleman*, "reason to

* Mr. Roscoe.

conjecture that the Florentine government, although sufficiently vigorous for internal regulation, was inadequate to the exertions of external warfare. Lorenzo, after the restoration of the public tranquillity, obtained the establishment of a body of seventy citizens, who, in the nature of a senate, were to decide on all the transactions of government, as well in the affairs of peace as of war. This institution, for which he might have pleaded the example of the Spartan legislator, was intended not only to give a greater degree of energy to the government, but to counteract the democratic spirit, and to operate as a safeguard against an abuse which was certainly the destruction of all the free states of antiquity—the exercise of the powers of government by the immediate interference of the citizens at large."

Let us turn now to Sismondi, and contrast his manly pages with these statements of Mr. Roscoe: —

"Lorenzo di Medici, on his return from Naples to Florence, rendered still more oppressive the yoke which he had imposed on his country. He called a parliament on the 12th of April, 1480, which he purposed should be the last; he made that parliament create a *balia*, destined likewise to despoil itself for ever of a power which these extraordinary commissioners had in fact constantly abused. *The balia transferred to a new council of seventy members the absolute power which had been delegated to them by the Florentine people. That council henceforth was to form a permanent part of the constituted authorities.* It was to choose only those among the Florentine citizens who were qualified for the magistracies, to make a new division of the taxes, to re-establish an equilibrium in the finances, or rather to employ the money of the state in acquitting the debts of the Medici."

A brief but pregnant narrative of an important epoch in the constitutional history of Florence. Let me, however, extract a pithy passage from another writer: —

"Lorenzo lost no time in completing the subjugation of his country: he abolished the two national councils, substituting for them a permanent senate of seventy members, *nominated by himself*, who appointed all public officers, imposed taxes, administered the finances, and relieved their refined and literary master from the constant drudgery of government."

A concise summary of Lorenzo's constitutional reforms.

Lorenzo was a good family man, respected his wife, whom he could not love, and looked after his children. He had

three sons who arrived at man's estate; Piero, the eldest, born 15th of July 1471, Giovanni, born 11th of December 1475, Giuliano, 1478. Of the first, we shall say a word hereafter; the second became Leo X.; the third allied himself to the royal house of France, and got the title of Duke of Nemours. The policy of Lorenzo de Medici was to ally himself with despotic sovereigns, and plot against free republics. Intending his son Giovanni for the Church, he applied for the assistance of two influential persons in the way of conferring church preferment, the King of France and Pope Innocent VIII.; they seconded his wishes.

At seven years of age the little Giovanni was ordained, soon got a rich abbey, and it was proposed to make him an archbishop before he reached his ninth year. The preferment, however, was offered before the old archbishop was dead, so nothing remained but to console the little abbot with another rich abbacy, that of the monastery of Passignano. This disposition of patronage, speculative men might think showed the necessity of some church reform; not so thought Lorenzo; his appetite was only the more keenly whetted to seize further ecclesiastical preferment for his boy, who kept a grave face from childhood; Lorenzo therefore resorted to every possible intrigue to get a cardinal's hat for the little abbot; sent his eldest son to Rome, to cajole the Pope, who did it so effectually that his holiness declared he would forthwith make Giovanni a cardinal, in compensation for having lost the archbishopric, provided, however, his youthful eminence would labour in his studies for three years, not assume the purple till that term of probation had expired, and, moreover, would undertake to put as serious a face as possible upon so very comical a transaction.

Lorenzo chuckled at the gratification of his ambition, and boasted that the power of Rome would be secured against any efforts which Florence might hereafter make for freedom; this close alliance with the papacy, accomplished through Lorenzo, should be noted as one principal cause of the destruction of the liberties of Florence. When the cardinal went to school to Pisa, his bastard cousin Giulio, afterwards Clement VII., was his constant companion. This cousin had superior talents, for he was both

priest and soldier. These promising youths improved so fast, that long before the term of probation had expired, Lorenzo managed to get the cardinal child invested with the purple. The cardinal set out for Rome when he was but sixteen years old, on which occasion Lorenzo wrote him a letter for his government, which reflects credit on his paternal wisdom. He exhorts the cardinal to look very grave, to persevere in his studies, to remember that he should be the link to bind Florence closer to the Church, and his family closer to the city, and to prefer the good of the Apostolic See to every other consideration; not to commit himself by much speaking, and, above all things, to rise early in the morning, take exercise, and flatter the Pope — a pious manual of priestly duties, all of which the young Leo faithfully performed; and here I must observe, that as Lorenzo was suspected of being a lover of the theology of Plato, so his son, the future Pope, was nothing of a bigot, rather the reverse. The little cardinal felt somewhat awkward at first, when he found himself in the Consistory in questionable company; the debauchee, the man of war, the hypocrite, were well represented in that body. Riceno, who helped to kill his uncle, and wished to kill his father, sat near him, and always turned pale when young Medici looked on him.

Lorenzo next cleverly wedded his son Piero to a daughter of Orsini, a great disturber of the peace at Rome, and then married his daughter to a son, with shame be it spoken, of the Pope himself, called Francesco Cibo. Lorenzo now thought himself qualified to advise the Pope, and accordingly wrote a letter, which proves how well read he was in the science of jobbing. This epistle is not given in Mr. Roscoe's book; but as it discloses character, I extract it from "Ranke's History of the Popes:" —

"It was thought in the regular order of things that a pope should provide for his family — people would have despised one who did not. Others (writes Lorenzo to the Pope Innocent the Eighth) have not so long deferred their endeavours to be popes, and have troubled themselves little about the decorum and modesty which your holiness has for so long a time observed. Your holiness is now not only excused in the sight of God and man, but men may perhaps even censure this reserved demeanour and

ascribe it to other motives. My zeal and duty render it a matter of conscience with me to remind your holiness that no man is immortal, that a pope is of the importance which he chooses to give himself; he cannot make his dignity hereditary, the honours and the benefits he confers on those belonging to him are all that he can call his own."

A choice production this of Lorenzo's: the jobber in heart is exhibited. The historian adds,—

"Such was the advice of him who was regarded as the wisest, that is the most crafty, man in Italy. It is true he had an interest in the matter, for his daughter was married to a son of the pope's (*O tempora! O mores!*); but he would never have ventured to express himself so unreservedly had not these views been notoriously prevalent among the higher, that is the more corrupt classes."

Lorenzo was now a happy man: he had secured his authority, satisfied his ambition, and raised his family to greatness: he patronised the fine arts, built palaces, relished the conversation of learned men, and was himself heard to speak of the probability of a future state. Augustus Cæsar did much the same thing, and seasoned his food with the wit of Horace. Florence, however, was at this period disturbed by the eloquence of a monk. The celebrated Savonarola arrived in the monastery of St. Marco, became its prior, and preached truth with impassioned fervour. Reform in the Romish Church, and liberty for the republic, were demanded in trumpet tones from the pulpit. Mr. Roscoe calls Savonarola a fanatic.

The monk, no doubt, was heated by enthusiasm, and so produced an effect incredible upon the Florentine people; they felt the truth of what he said, and followed him in crowds. Lorenzo feared to stop the mouth of the monk, and is praised for his forbearance; and no doubt it is astonishing that he suffered so much truth to be spoken in Florence. Sismondi records that Lorenzo requested from the pious monk consolation and absolution, which the monk promised on condition of repentance. 1st, The monk required that Lorenzo should die a true Catholic; 2d, That if he had unjustly obtained the property of others he would restore it; with these requisitions Lorenzo promised compliance; 3d, The monk demanded that Lorenzo should give

back to his country the liberty of which he had despoiled it; this he refused to promise and died unabsolved, the 8th of April, 1492, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

That Lorenzo had talents, and brilliant accomplishments, I admit; that he deserved Mr. Roscoe's boundless panegyric I deny. He wished to establish a permanent sovereignty in his family, to rule as a polished despot, and he cultivated all the refinements of art in order to corrupt. Did he really desire to preserve the liberties of Florence? or did he, copying the example of the most artful of tyrants, use the forms of liberty the better to undermine it? Mr. Roscoe has misunderstood or misrepresented the true character of the man.

The accusations against Lorenzo are not that he meant to deliver up Florence to a foreign enemy, or to betray its independence as a separate State; but they are not, therefore, the less serious. The charges against him are, that he meant, in pursuance of a selfish ambition, to subvert the liberties of the republic of which he was chief, and establish his family in the sovereignty of Florence, when, through his machinations, it had ceased to be free. The means he adopted were admirably suited to the attainment of his object. Profuse of expenditure, splendid in his tastes, the munificent patron of arts and letters, Lorenzo attracted by his generosity a numerous train of followers, whom he rewarded and flattered. The vanity of the Florentine people he tickled by gaudy spectacles, and their already vitiated tastes he endeavoured to debase. Of the corruption of manners he well knew how to take advantage, in order to extend and consolidate his power. An Italian jurist has clearly explained this policy.

"*E Lorenzo, succeduto a Piero nella primazia della Republica l'anno* 1469, *ben seppe profittare della generale corruzione per estendere e consolidare il primato della sua famiglia.*"

The style of literature he encouraged was not favourable to the Christian religion. In a curious little book, entitled *Discours Merveilleux de la Vie, Actions, et Deportement de Catherine de Medicis*, there is this amusing sentence, sarcastically explaining why the Medici were liberal to the people:—

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"Cosmo et Laurent de Medicis ont été loués pour leur libéralité envers le peuple: mais cela ne tendait qu'à tyrannie, et cette douceur n'était qu'un appât et hameçon jetté pour prendre les poissons et les manger puis après."

The idea here expressed is very pleasant; Lorenzo threw out a golden bait, that he might catch his fish, the giddy Florentines, in order to devour them. He undoubtedly overthrew the ancient form of choosing the magistrates by popular election, and substituted a permanent council of his creatures. He laboured, unfortunately with success, to connect his family with Rome, aiming steadily at the papacy for his son Giovanni, afterwards Leo X. The history of subsequent events will show how completely the deep policy of Lorenzo, in effecting a close union with Rome, ruined Florence.

The observations of Lord Brougham on the character of Lorenzo and Mr. Roscoe's Biography, are so just and forcible, that I present them to the reader as a fitting conclusion to this chapter.

"Besides a rapacity, which makes the praise of generosity somewhat equivocal, if not preposterous, a disregard of human life and suffering, upon more than one occasion, appears to have been brought home to the munificent patron of arts and restorer of learning, by the statement of late inquirers; while even those who maintain that no charge of treachery or assassination can be substantiated against him, admit his usurpation, his despotism, and his extravagance at the expense of the country. When we see the most amiable men, fast friends of liberty, champions of popular rights*, dazzled by comparatively trivial accomplishments and services, exalt such a character as a benefactor of mankind, without duly reprobating its darker shades, we are unavoidably led to blame the writer as well as the hero. He who permits literary excellence, or the encouragement of artists, to abate his dislike of perfidy and cruelty, forgets that letters and the arts do contract a stain by being found to ally themselves with the baser propensities of our nature, instead of keeping us above such contamination."

* Mr. Roscoe.

## CHAP. XI.

Behaviour of the Medici.—Character of Piero.—Election of Borgia to the Papacy.—Invasion of Italy by Charles VIII.—Appearance on the Political Stage of the younger Branch of the House of Medici.—Piero's Expulsion from Florence.—State of Parties in the Republic.—The Medici exhibit Patriotism.—Their Alliance with Borgia.—Restoration of the Republic by Savonarola.—Burnt alive in Florence.—His Character.—Effects of his Preaching traced in the Doctrines of the Reformation.—Contarini and Pole.—Death of the Pope.—Election of Julius II.—Fate of Piero de Medici.—The new Pope patronises Cardinal de Medici—who returns from his Travels—shines at the Papal Court—then fights the Battle of Ravenna—is taken Prisoner—piously absolves his Enemies—and escapes.

SEVERAL prodigies took place on the death of Lorenzo, the narrative of which would do honour to the page of Livy. The Cardinal de Medici hastened to Florence to support the authority of his family, having obtained the dignity of legate to the republic. Innocent VIII. died soon after Lorenzo, and Roderigo Borgia was elected Pope (not surely to succeed St. Peter), under the title of Alexander VI. Piero de Medici quickly showed his character: he was arrogant and presuming, and governed without tact or disguise; he did but follow what he had been taught, but was defective in craft, although ambitious.

About this time Charles VIII. of France resolved to invade Italy, in order to recover the crown of Naples, which he claimed by a pretended title. Piero de Medici intrigued with Naples, against the French; but the Florentines rather liked them; and many eminent citizens favoured the French invasion, in the hope of getting rid of the Medici. At this crisis, two grandsons of Lorenzo de Medici the elder (brother of old Cosmo) appeared on the stage of political life; their names were Lorenzo and Giovanni. They affected patriotism, wished for the restoration of the republic; said they loved liberty, and hated Piero; in reality, these young patriots thirsted for power. Piero suspected, seized, and

wished to decapitate them. This they disrelished, and by the intervention of friends, were enabled to escape to Charles, and were chiefly instrumental in inducing the invasion of Italy by that monarch. Frightened at the approach of the French, Piero imitated his father's conduct on another occasion, but with different success, and suddenly visited Charles in his camp. With mean cowardice, he gave up to the French Pietra Santa, Pisa, and Leghorn, and then returned to Florence, where he arrived 8th November 1494, to announce what he had done. But the brave citizens would not suffer him to enter the palace. Piero turned for help to his brother-in-law, Orsini, a Roman, whom, with a troop of cavalry, he had in his pay; and the brothers, the Medici, with this troop, capered through the streets crying out "*Palle! Palle!*" which is the war-cry of the family.

Savonarola meanwhile preached liberty; the monk prevailed, and the tyrants fled. The gorgeous palaces of the Medici were sacked by the infuriated populace. Then returned the two grandsons of Lorenzo the elder; and, as the name of the Medici was deservedly hated, these young patriots dropped it without ceremony, and chose that of Popolani, to conciliate the people. The Florentines concluded an honourable peace with Charles VIII. He at first made enormous demands; but when Piero Capponi, a good citizen of the brave old times, tore the paper, exclaiming, "If these be your terms, you may sound your trumpets, and we shall ring our bells," the business was quickly settled.

There were now three different parties in Florence. One directed by Savonarola, for church reform and democracy; they were called the *Piagnoni*. The second a dissipated aristocracy, called the *Arabbiati*. The third the friends of the Medici, called *Bigi*. A *balìa* was named, 2nd December, 1494, wherein all parties were balanced, but Savonarola soon persuaded the people that *balìas* were mischievous, so they abolished these crafty inventions, and appointed a council, composed of all whose fathers or grandfathers had sat in the magistracy—1800 good men and true sat in this great council, who elected magistrates and passed many wise laws—and amongst others a general amnesty, to bury in oblivion all the disputes of the republic.

"The friar Savonarola (saith the historian, not Mr. Roscoe)

evinced an ardent love of mankind, deep respect for the rights of all, great sensibility, and an elevated mind."

The termination of Savonarola's power and of his life now approached—a more extraordinary narrative is not to be found in the compass of history. Had this Dominican monk contented himself with preaching liberty in Florence, he might have escaped—but when he dared to denounce the corruptions of the Church, although he did not openly question her doctrines—the thunders of the Vatican were directed against him. Alexander VI. (Borgia) would suffer no man to doubt the purity of the Church over which he so worthily presided—and accordingly silenced Savonarola. The monk at first obeyed, but subsequently asserting, not unlike Luther, that he had a revelation from God, warning him not to submit to the tribunal of Rome, he ascended the pulpit of St. Mark's Church, and denounced the Pope as profligate, and the Church as corrupt.

The mode adopted to ruin Savonarola, illustrates the policy of the Church as then practised. He was a Dominican, and as there existed a jealousy between that Order and the Franciscans, Francis of Apulia, a friar of that body and a zealous partisan of Rome, was despatched to preach against Savonarola from the pulpit of Santa Croce. Thus was the monk of Augustine assailed by the disciple of Francis. What ensued is differently narrated by Mr. Roscoe and Sismondi—the former asserts that an enthusiastic adherent of Savonarola, whom he names Fra Dominico of Pescia, challenged any of his master's adversaries to walk through the flames—as an ingenious mode of testing the truth of their respective doctrines—which singular challenge a Franciscan friar, nothing daunted, unhesitatingly accepted. This statement ascribes the proposal to submit a theological dispute to a fiery ordeal—to the party of Savonarola, and stamps him with the character of a mad fanatic. Sismondi, on the other hand, whose narrative I adopt, asserts that the Franciscan friar declared when preaching, that he knew Savonarola pretended to support his doctrine by a miracle.

"For me (said he), I am a sinner, I have not the presumption to perform miracles; nevertheless, let a fire be lighted, and I am ready to enter it with him: I am certain of perishing, but Chris-

tianity clearly teaches me, not to withhold my life, if in sacrificing it, I might precipitate into hell a heresiarch, who has already drawn into it many souls."

This strange proposition was rejected by Savonarola, but his follower, friar Dominico Buonvicino (called Fra Dominico by Mr. Roscoe), accepted it eagerly. The Franciscan said he would only enter the flames against Savonarola. Each Order, however, professed a strong desire to be burned for their faith, and this honourable emulation continued for some time; the Pope applauding highly the zeal of Friar Francis. Amazing as it is to read — yet, nevertheless true is it, that the Signoria of Florence, infected by the fanatical fury of the monks, consented that the fiery experiment should be made, provided two monks only should devote themselves to the ordeal. Each party hoped and expected a miracle, and on the 17th of April 1498, a frightful scaffold was erected in the public square of Florence — two piles of wood, mixed with ignitible materials, were heaped up five feet high, and eighty feet long; at each side was an assigned space, which was to serve as a convenient passage for the disputants to enter — who as comfortably as they could, were to pass along the whole length of the piles as the fire blazed around them. The population of Florence was assembled to witness this astonishing exhibition. The Dominicans arrived chanting and bearing the holy sacrament. The Franciscans very properly declared they would not suffer the host to be carried into the flames: it might cause scandal. Moreover, it was unfair they argued, that one party should possess the divine safeguard to the prejudice of their opponents. The Dominicans were stiff in their determination not to separate themselves from their God at the moment when they implored his aid. They debated this matter several hours earnestly: my private opinion is, that neither party relished the appearance of the faggots, or the inviting promenade between the blazing piles.

While this discussion continued, the crowds grew hungry, and suddenly a deluge of such rain as only falls in Italy saturated the piles, and drenched the spectators. This providential circumstance made it impossible to light the fires; at which the monks were no doubt heartily rejoiced, having escaped being roasted alive. The populace in separating

declared they had been very badly used in the transaction. Savonarola was blamed for having spoiled the entertainment, and quickly lost his credit with the multitude, who now branded him as an impostor. The aristocratic faction immediately availed themselves of the turn in popular favour, attacked the convent of San Marco, and dragged the unfortunate Savonarola, with his friends Buonvicino and Maraffi, to prison. The Pope now had his revenge; he despatched emissaries from Rome, not to try Savonarola and his companions, but to torture and condemn them. Heresy was the accusation; also that Savonarola had falsely assumed the possession of miraculous powers. The monk was allowed to speak, and confounded the judges by the vigour of his eloquence; whereupon they instantly applied the torture, extorted a confession disclaiming supernatural powers, in virtue of which, although retracted, the logical churchmen pronounced the sentence of death. Savonarola resumed his courage, and when the wicked judge exclaimed, "I separate thee from the church militant," he replied firmly, "But thou canst not separate me from the church triumphant!" He, with his unhappy companions, was then dragged to the same piazza, where some weeks before he was to have triumphed, and as some say, was first strangled with his two friends, and then cast into the flames; but, according to Sismondi, the three monks were burnt alive in the square of the city which Savonarola had reformed and liberated. This took place about six years after the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The ashes of the dead were flung into the Arno. The character of Savonarola is not that of a wild fanatic, as represented by Mr. Roscoe; undoubtedly he was a heated enthusiast, but his enthusiasm was free from any admixture of cruelty or avarice; he struggled to restore liberty to Florence and to purify the Church of Rome, and there can be little doubt that he prepared the way for Luther; both were monks and belonged to the order of Dominicans. It is a mistake to suppose that the effects of the preaching of Savonarola died away; great truths once boldly enunciated take root in the human mind; and, ultimately, against every discouragement bring forth fruit. Soon after this catastrophe in Florence, the patriots of that country forced to fly, the literati of Rome driven out by

persecution, Reginald Pole and other fugitives escaping from Henry VIII. of England, singularly met in Venice, which republic, escaping the universal ruin, became to the persecuted of every nation "as the city of refuge." Ranke informs us:

"Among the Florentines particularly, as we learn from the testimony of Nardi the historian, and of Bruccioli the translator of the Bible, there arose a very strong spirit of devotion in which the influence of the doctrines of Savonarola was still perceptible."

And amongst the persons who composed this interesting society in Venice was the celebrated Gaspar Contarini, of whom Pole said:

"He was ignorant of nothing that the human mind could discover by its own research, or that divine grace had revealed, and that he crowned his knowledge with virtue."

It is most interesting just now to inquire what so curious a society thought on the subject which occupied their attention, — justification by faith. Contarini wrote a treatise of which Pole said, "*You have brought to light the jewel which the Church kept half concealed.*" It ought to strengthen the faith of Protestants to read that a true catholic, the same *Contarini*, thus wrote of the great doctrine they profess.

"The gospel is no other than the blessed tidings, that the only begotten Son of God, clad in our flesh, hath made satisfaction for us to the justice of the Eternal Father. He who believes this, enters into the Kingdom of God; he enjoys the universal pardon: from a carnal he becomes a spiritual creature; from a child of wrath, a child of grace; he lives in a sweet peace of conscience."

Ranke truly observes, it was hardly possible to use language of a more orthodox Lutheranism. This belief spread over a great part of Italy; it was, however, stifled by persecution. Thus Contarini subsequently, at the remarkable conference of Ratisbon in 1541, acted as legate of the Pope in the endeavour made to effect a reconciliation with the Reformers instigated by Luther. It is an extraordinary fact, that this assembly agreed in four important articles: "Of the nature of man, Original sin, Redemption, and even Justification." Contarini admitted the cardinal point of the

Lutheran doctrine; *that the justification of man was accomplished by faith alone, without merit; he only added that this faith must be living and active.* Melanchthon declared that *this was in fact the Protestant faith itself.* Pole wrote to Contarini in delight — "such as no harmony of sounds could have inspired him with," respecting the enunciation of the true doctrine of justification, on which he said all the rest was grounded. Another Catholic Venetian, Mariano Giustano, had proposed great concessions; reform of such abuses as the sale of masses, plurality of livings, and the like; that fastings should not be so much insisted on; that the communion in the cup should be given to the laity, and marriage of the priests allowed. Carnal envy broke up this conference at Ratisbon. The Reformation advanced with rapid strides; its early growth must be in a measure ascribed to the eloquent preaching of Savonarola.

Conspiracies and civil wars began to desolate Italy, in which his holiness and family took an active part. At last, the world was relieved by the death of Pope Alexander VI. in 1505. His son, Cæsar, died soon after; father and son being accused of having perpetrated horrible crimes. Julius II. was a warlike Pope, and thought he best proved himself a successor of St. Peter by seizing whatever exposed territories of his neighbours he could clutch. The French now contended with the Spaniards for the kingdom of Naples, or disputed about their share of the spoil. Piero entered into the service of the French, and, in December 1503, on the banks of the Garigliano, either in escaping, or attempting to convey artillery to Gaeta, the boat sunk, and he perished in the stream. Such was the fate of Piero de Medici, called the Unfortunate. He had been ten years expelled from Florence, and never had ceased to assail it, either by treachery or violence. He left a son called Lorenzo, a clever widow, and a daughter, named Clarice. The citizens of Florence were just men; they allowed the widow to return to Florence, and claim her property. Whereupon she, with a mother's tact, married her daughter to Filippo Strozzi, a Florentine of wealth and noble principles. The young Lorenzo was declared a rebel against the State. He was a Medici, that was enough for Florence.

Cardinal de Medici meanwhile returned from his travels, settled in Rome, became a favourite with Julius II., patronised the fine arts, hunted with great spirit, and plotted against the liberties of his country.

Julius II. seized Perugia, and made Cardinal de Medici its governor, and also legate of Bologna, superintendent of the papal army, and director of the operations of the war against the French King Louis XII. However, the arm of the flesh prevailed against the cardinal. His army and allies lost the great battle of Ravenna, which the French won, and the cardinal was taken prisoner. De Medici employed himself, when a prisoner at Milan, in absolving the soldiers for having fought against the Pope. Happily in crossing the river Po, by the aid of a noble Venetian, the cardinal was rescued, to the delight of his holiness, and the vexation of his enemies. When the cardinal became Pope, and had Raffaelle at his court, he caused the great artist to paint the liberation of St. Peter from prison, in commemoration of his escape from the French, and as worthy a place in apostolic history.

## CHAP. XII.

### CONTINUATION OF FLORENTINE HISTORY.

Soderini, the Gonfalonier, his just Administration.—Pope Julius restores the Medici, and dies.—How the Cardinal is elected Pope.—Aggrandises his Family.—Catherine of famous Memory.—Death of young Lorenzo.—The Bastard Son of Giuliano de Medici created Cardinal (Bishop of Worcester).—A Plot to murder Leo, who avenges himself on the Sacred College.—Luther and the Papacy.—Leo's Policy, Death, and Character.—Ippolito de Medici.—The Dutch Pope—too honest for Rome—which he graphically describes, and dies.—How Cardinal Giuliano became Pope as Clement VII.—Ippolito his Deputy in Florence.—Alessandro de Medici appears.—Character of the Age of Clement.—His Policy crooked and dangerous.—War with Charles V.—Politics of Charles assist the Reformation.—Invasion of Rome by the Imperialist Army.—Perfidy of the Emperor.—Heroic Conduct of the Florentines.—The memorable Siege.—Michael Angelo's Fortifications.—Militia of Machiavelli.—His true Character.—Fall of Florence.—A few Reflections.

MEANWHILE the Florentines appointed the honest, but not very brilliant man, Soderini, Gonfalonier for life, in order to uphold the sinking liberties of the republic: this magistrate exercised his authority ten years, with incorruptible integrity; he revived the ancient morality of Florence, purified the tribunals of justice; preserved liberty, good order, and equality in the State just rescued from the tyranny of the Medici. This virtuous citizen afforded by his administration a bright contrast to the corrupt practices of an ambitious usurper.

Soderini refusing to embroil Florence in the war against the French, drew upon himself the wrath of Pope Julius. Although the Pope had made a solemn treaty with the Florentines, his holiness absolved himself, broke his compact of peace, and, being rid of the French, marched his army, swelled by the aid of the Neapolitan troops, against Florence, for the express purpose of expelling Soderini, crushing liberty, and restoring the Medici.

Soderini was overpowered, and fled, and the Medici in great pomp re-entered their native city. The power of the papacy, under the control of Cardinal de Medici, restored the hated family, banished the patriots, and destroyed freedom. Lorenzo always relied on the little cardinal, as the genius of the family, observing of his three sons, as a discriminating parent well might, that "Julian was good—Peter a fool," but that "John was prudent."

Julius died July 21, 1513. He rebuilt St. Peter's, adorned Rome, founded such a power as no Pope had ever attained, and aspired, as a Venetian aptly said of him, "to be lord and master of the game of the world." Cardinal de Medici now breathed freely, for he feared the warlike Pope. He hastened to join the conclave of young and old cardinals, who had a violent quarrel which should appoint the future Pope. At length they agreed in nominating Giovanni, although only thirty-seven years of age. The new Pope, who had been an invalid, grew brisk, assumed the title of Leo X., and became nearly as celebrated in the world as his magnificent father.

The three daughters of Lorenzo the Magnificent gave birth to four sons, all of whom Leo made cardinals. His brother Giulian, the Pope bestowed on the aunt of Francis I., in right of whom he became Duke of Nemours, and died in 1516. A grand tomb, erected by Michael Angelo, admired by every traveller, preserves his memory.

Florence, unhappy city, was now a mere dependency of the Pope, and governed by Lorenzo, the son of Piero—whose miserable death we have narrated. The forms of liberty were however still preserved; and it is due to the memory of Leo to say, that he rather wished to govern Florence by the easy arts of corruption, and by perverting the administration of justice, than by rude force. The young Lorenzo, however, despised the title of *Gonfaloniero*, and required the Pope to make him a duke as well as his uncle Julian. "That I will," said the Pope; and looking about for spoil, he fell with all the fury of ingratitude on Urbino, whose duke had given him refuge in his distress and exile. What cared Leo for that? The duke to be sure, in a passion, had stabbed the Cardinal of Pavia, but his real crime was the possession of a beautiful principality. His holiness next

wedded the young usurping duke to Magdaleine de Boulogne, of the royal family of France: a happy marriage. From it sprung a precious child, Catherine de Medicis, who, as the Protestant world may remember, became wife of Henry II. of France. She varnished her crimes by encouragement of the fine arts. The terrible events of St. Bartholomew's Day have given her a name in history which can never be forgotten.

Lorenzo died in May, 1519, the victim of a miserable disease then scourging Europe. Michael Angelo perverted his genius in the workmanship of a splendid monument in Florence to the profligate; it adorns the church named San Lorenzo, attached to which is the gorgeous chapel meant for the mausoleum of this ambitious family. The Medici were vain "of boastful tombs," as of glitter and show in life; they were fearful of being forgotten.

Leo X. made a cardinal of that Giulio, the natural son of the unfortunate Giuliano, who was stabbed in the Pazzi conspiracy; and this, notwithstanding the law of the church, which forbade the nomination of any person to the rank of cardinal born out of matrimony. He thrust the youth, who had been a soldier, into the church, and made him, moreover, governor of Florence. The list of this prelate's preferments proves that there was no very accurate law against pluralities in the church of Rome in those days; Giulio was Archbishop of Florence, Chancellor of the Roman Church, a pensionary of Charles and of Francis, and held, at the same time, a bishopric in most of the kingdoms of Europe; in England he was Bishop of Worcester.

The Pope himself had, however, his little troubles, for, while he enjoyed a life of elegant pleasures, intoxicated by the adulation of poets, artists, scholars, and priests, a plot to murder his holiness by poison concealed in physic, was hatched by certain pious cardinals. A considerable number conspired, and amongst them some on whom Leo had lavished preferments and favoured with his friendship. Cardinal Alfonso Petrucci vowed, if poison did not succeed, he would assassinate the Pope with his own hand. Leo feared to enter the conclave amongst them. The murderers ultimately preferred stealthy poison, but the good fortune of

Leo prevailed; the conspiracy was discovered, and Cardinal Petrucci was hanged, or privately strangled. Leo soon after boldly reformed the college, by creating thirty cardinals in one day.

It is deeply to be regretted that profound dissimulation, crime, extravagance, and dissipation, then prevailed in the Eternal City. Hence, in spite of the prevalent taste for the classics and the fine arts, the tone of general society had become sceptical. No wonder that Luther shook the papacy. The mighty reformer could neither be frightened nor conciliated. The extravagance of Leo was so great, and such was the splendour of his court, that his revenue could not sustain his expenses; he extended, therefore, the sale of indulgences, and assigned particular provinces to his favoured relations; (Saxony, for example, to his sister Madeline,) to superintend the sale of the invaluable commodity, and repay themselves for the money they had advanced to the Pope. The price was extravagant; the people murmured; Luther thundered against the Vatican, and the charm which so long had bound the minds of men was dispelled. The Reformation marks the reign of this celebrated Pope. "What St. Paul was to the first century, Luther, if with a less conspicuous commission, yet with a scarcely less important effect, was to the sixteenth," is the observation of Dr. Croly, in his brilliant sketch of the great reformer.

In diplomacy, Leo's principle was, that the having concluded a treaty with one party did not preclude him from still negotiating with the other. This was not very moral; but thus did he play off Francis against Charles: to the former he vowed friendship, met him at Bologna, agreed to a concordat, whereby the French kings secured the rights of appointing bishops and filling benefices. All the while Leo hated the French cordially, and in 1521 concluded, at Worms, a treaty with Charles V. for their expulsion from Italy. Accordingly, Giulio de Medici, the cardinal, took the field with Charles, and conquered Milan — which the ambitious Pope desired to clutch for some of his hopeful family. He had now gratified the dearest wishes of his heart, patronised Raffaelle, pampered all his relations with preferment, expelled the French from Italy, and exulted in the triumph of his policy; but his day was over. Graphically

does Ranke describe the last scene of Leo's life, enacted on the 24th of Nov., 1521.

"Strange, deceitful lot of man! Leo was at his villa, Malliana, when the news of the entry of his troops into Milan was brought to him. He gave himself up to the feeling which is wont to accompany the successful termination of an enterprise, and contemplated with pleasure the festivities with which his people were preparing to celebrate his triumph. Up to a late hour in the night he went backwards and forwards from the window to the blazing hearth; it was in November. Somewhat exhausted, but full of joy and exultation, he returned to Rome. The rejoicings for the victory were just ended, when he was attacked by a mortal disease. 'Pray for me,' said he to his attendants; 'I still make you all happy.' He loved life, but his hour was come. He had not time to receive the viaticum, nor extreme unction. So suddenly, so early, so full of high hope, 'He died as the poppy fadeth.' The Roman people could not forgive him for dying without the sacraments, for spending so much money, and for leaving debts. They accompanied his body to the grave with words of reproach and indignity. 'You glided in like a fox,' said they; 'you ruled like a lion, you have died like a dog.'"

Florence gained nothing by Leo's death, but on the contrary, fell into a lower depth of degradation.

I have spoken of Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X., who married one of the House of Bourbon. By that lady he left no issue, but, as was customary with the Medici, he had an illegitimate son named Ippolito. This youth showed a lively wit, became an excellent classic, and was created in due season a cardinal; Clement VII. heaped preferments on him, he revelled in luxury at Bologna, translated some of the Eneid into Italian, and upon the whole, made a splendid figure in those days: thus he lived; how he died I shall presently mention. An honest Dutchman, named Hadrian Florassen, had, through the influence of Charles V. been elevated to the Popedom:—

"It was long since the election had fallen on a man more worthy of his high and holy office; Adriane (as Ranke spells it) was of a most spotless fame, upright, pious, industrious, of such a gravity that nothing more than a faint smile was ever seen upon his lips, yet full of benevolent, fine intentions, a true minister of religion." He was a model of virtue, and "disapproved the almost pagan tastes and pursuits then in fashion at Rome."

Excellent priest! he desired to root out the abuses of the church.

"We," wrote Adrian to the Nuncio, "we know that for a long time many abominations have existed near the Holy See, abuses of spiritual things, excess in the exercise of authority; everything has been turned to evil; from the head the corruption has spread into the members, from the Pope to the prelates, we have all gone astray, there is none of us that hath done well, no not one."

This unfortunate Pope, so full of true piety, was opposed in everything, and literally worried to death after a brief reign of nine months.

In a biography of Clement VII., successor to honest Adrian, the mode in which he prevailed in the conclave is thus given:—

"His perseverance and bribery overcame the various difficulties that arose, as it was contrary to a fixed law to give the triple tiara to one that was born out of wedlock, he procured a person to swear that his father privately married the lady to whom he owed his birth." "Credat Judæus Apella!!"

Clement was elected Nov. 18th, 1523: he dealt with Florence as his own peculiar patrimony, and meant to rule it as a nice little appendage to the papacy. But Clement could not sit in Florence and in the chair of St. Peter at the same time, he was obliged to use the services of other men; and, as with a fellow-feeling he selected that Ippolito, of whom I have written as one of his beloved relations, to act for him, so did he choose likewise Alessandro. The honour of being Alessandro's father is divided between two highly distinguished persons; which is entitled to the distinction is still a moot point. The more probable opinion seems to be, that no less a person than Clement VII. was the author of his existence. The reprobate cardinal, and the African Alessandro were the deputies employed by Clement in the government of Florence. The brave citizens abhorred their rulers, thirsted for freedom, and watched their opportunity to strike another blow at the detested house of Medici. Clement, by the mazes of his artificial policy, afforded that opportunity. The histories of that eventful period to which Charles and Francis, the eighth Harry and Clement belonged, in which

Wolsey and Luther, Melanchthon and Machiavelli, with a host of subtle diplomatists, famous captains, and accomplished wits moved, must needs be profoundly interesting. Plots, counterplots, violence, falsehood, wickedness almost incredible perpetrated in the name of God, perfidy and dissimulation were all in turn resorted to by unscrupulous tyrants, and sometimes, alas! as in the case of Florence, successfully; and, again, each and all were powerless to stop the march of religious truth, or extinguish the blessed hope of freedom.

Clement VII. was far from being the worst of Popes: on the contrary, an Italian writer asserts, that for one hundred years there had not been so good a Pope (I presume excepting Adrian); for he was not proud, nor simoniacal, nor avaricious, nor libidinous. A wise saying expresses that it is the storm which proves the skill of the pilot, and his holiness soon found himself involved in a tempest: a fatal talent for diplomacy was his ruin; nobody would trust or believe him; now he intrigued with Francis, again with Charles, or with Henry. The Spaniards had done much for Clement, both as cardinal and pope: they also obliged Leo X. by driving the French from Milan, keeping, however, the city for themselves. Leo, on the other hand, allowed Charles V. to be King of Naples and Emperor at the same time, but all good Italians were vexed to see rude people established in Lombardy. The Spaniards were courageous but ignorant, had little taste for the fine arts, and exhibited towards the people whom they oppressed a degree of insolence quite intolerable.

This behaviour was distasteful to the Italians, who stigmatised the followers of Charles as barbarian strangers, and plotted to expel them from fair Italy. Their idea was excellent, had they only had the power to execute it; but the soldiers of the emperor, although they could not paint, could fight. Clement began by diplomacy, and tried to seduce the general of Charles, a tough old Spaniard. This was a mistake: the Spaniard was the soul of honour, and rejected the bribe, although a crown was offered. Moreover he disclosed the treacherous proposal to Charles: the Italians, on the other hand, said that Pescena was ungrateful. On the scheme being discovered, war with the great Emperor became inevitable; Clement got aid from all quarters, and thought he had allies in France and England. His minister

observed, "Posterity will envy us the times in which we lived, and our share in so great felicity;" and with such fine notions Clement commenced his grand project of expelling the barbarians from Italy. This was in the bright summer of 1526. But the Imperialists showed themselves almost a match for Clement; they thought it highly convenient to encourage the bold Reformers of the church in Germany; it would have been too much to expect from the most Catholic sovereign, to uphold the papal power on one side of the Alps, while vehemently attacked by the Pope on the other.

A decree was passed at the Diet of Spires, whereby each of the German States was left at liberty to guide itself in matters of religion, and these States would acknowledge no rule of faith but the Holy Scriptures. Clement was not prepared for this blow. The Lutherans were excited against him and in behalf of the Emperor; and in November, 1526, one Frundsberg, a terrible fellow, crossed the Alps with an army of fierce Landsknechts, Lutherans all, to punish his holiness. These soldiers were inflamed with hatred against Rome; they considered it the seat of iniquity, the source of all their persecutions as Lutherans; and their leader, with astonishing insolence, declared, "If I get to Rome I will hang the Pope," and, for my part, I verily believe he would have kept his word. There was with them a general named Bourbon, a famous captain, who had run away from France, and enlisted under the Emperor Charles, expecting from him the investiture of Milan. So with Bourbon and Frundsberg these hardy Germans were well provided, in the way of generals at least.

"With anxious glance," saith Ranke, "we see the tempest gathering in the horizon, and gradually overspreading the whole heavens. Rome, teeming with crime, yet not less fertile in generous studies, in talent, and in knowledge, adorned with works of art, such as the world has never again produced, a treasure ennobled by the stamp of genius, and exercising a vital and enduring influence on the world; Rome is threatened with ruin."

The Tuscan passes were left undefended, and the unfortunate Pope vacillated, was deserted by his allies, and undone. On the 5th of May, 1527, Bourbon encamped within sight of Rome, pointing out to his soldiers the churches and palaces of the city, into which, as the capital of the Christian

commonwealth, the riches of all Europe had flowed during many centuries, without having been once violated by any hostile hand. Frundsberg had been struck by apoplexy; Bourbon was killed in the first assault, and the Eternal City was stormed by his infuriated followers. The modern traveller to Rome does not sufficiently reflect on the havoc made of its precious contents, the hoarded treasures of ages, by this army of ferocious Imperialists; we execrate the Hun, the Goth, and the Vandal, but their devastations were as nothing compared with the ruin caused by the troops of the first Roman Catholic sovereign in the Christian world. The rude soldiery of Charles, after taking the city, kept possession of it for nine months, and being uncontrolled by any general of authority, ceased not from violence, rapine, and brutality. The miserable Pope employed himself in saying mass in St. Peter's during the assaults, and when he heard of the successes of the enemy, instead of escaping through the opposite gate, which was open, he fled into the castle of St. Angelo, where he shut himself up with a dozen cardinals, and was sorely besieged.

"The splendour of Rome," writes the German professor, "fills the beginning of the 16th century, it marks an astonishing period of development of the human mind; with this day it was extinguished for ever."

The same writer oddly enough insists that the Pope was not blameable for the misfortune of the Romans; it was owing to their own conduct: he calls them *superbi, avari, homicidi, invidiosi, libidinosi.* This memorable siege of Rome is intimately connected with the history of Florence, now rapidly approaching its crisis.

The Florentines had virtue enough to attempt to work out their liberation. Unlike the degenerate Romans, they were industrious, frugal, sober; and although the citizens were not experienced soldiers, yet had they a courage warmed by love of country; they were conscious of their degradation, and smarted under the wrongs they endured. It was for a time doubtful whether Bourbon meant to attack Florence or Rome. So soon as it appeared that his object was the plunder of the Eternal City on behalf of the Emperor, the Florentines naturally believed they could scarce do anything more acceptable to Charles, than to

expel the creatures of the same Clement from Florence; accordingly they drove away the Cardinal deputy of Clement, seized the government, and re-established freedom. The superb palaces of the Medici were plundered, the living members of that family were proscribed as traitors, and the Republic which had made Florence wealthy and great was restored. This was accomplished in a day: brief was the triumph of freedom.

The Florentines believed that they were secure of the Emperor, and were willing to battle single-handed against the Pope; they did not suppose it possible that enemies so fierce could be reconciled in order to work their ruin. The perfidy of Charles was deep, the desire of revenge in Clement was implacable; and very true it is, that in political affairs no reasoning is more fallacious, than because an event is unlikely, to conclude it will not happen. To comprehend exactly how the fate of Florence was decided, and the way in which the policy of Lorenzo the Magnificent accomplished its object, we must revert to the narrative of events consequent on the capture of Rome by the Imperialists.

Shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, Clement expected to hold out till released by an army composed of Florentines, Venetians, and Swiss; it seems that this army could have liberated the Pope; but the General d'Urbino hated the race of Medici, and preferred gratifying his revenge to the fame of rescuing a beleaguered Pope. And certainly he did avenge himself thoroughly, for having marched so close to Rome, that his army might be seen from the ramparts of St. Angelo, he then, "from an exquisite refinement in revenge," retired, declaring the enterprise was too hazardous. Clement having enjoyed the luxury of feasting on asses' flesh, capitulated; whereupon, by a curious coincidence, he was consigned to the keeping of Alaric, the same man who had guarded Francis I. when a prisoner of Charles. The Emperor exulted at this unexpected piece of fortune, but acted the part of a profound hypocrite, disowned the whole transaction, and put on mourning.

"He even insulted the Deity by commanding public prayers for the Pope's speedy restoration to freedom, when all Europe knew that a single word would have procured Clement his liberty."

Notwithstanding this hypocrisy, the Pope was dragged about a close prisoner for seven months, and was menaced with transportation, that his perfidious conqueror might enjoy the gratification of having had a Pope and a King prisoners in Madrid within the space of two years. However all good Roman Catholics were inexpressibly shocked at the behaviour of the Catholic king to Christ's vicar. Henry VIII. wanted from the Pope a divorce; Francis desired to lessen the emperor's power in Italy; Wolsey was bribed, and a treaty concluded between England and France to assail Charles, secure the liberties of Italy, and free the Pope; Florence favoured the league which promised liberty to Italy; the army of the confederates marched towards Rome. Then Charles found it suited his interests to liberate his holiness for money before he should be set free by force; so extorting from Clement's purse 300,000 crowns, he agreed to discharge him on a given day. But Clement, not believing a word spoken by Charles, after the treaty was concluded, escaped in disguise to Ovieto, and thence by letter thanked the General of the Confederates for his freedom.

The General of the Confederates marched towards Rome; and the remains of Bourbon's veterans, demoralised, like the soldiers of Hannibal in Capua, at last quitted the city they had ruined. The Pope repeated his declaration of attachment to the Confederates, and with Medicean duplicity, as the cause of Francis declined, privately trafficked with Charles. Clement had felt his power, and determined to secure his friendship; so at Barcelona, the pontiff and the emperor, who had inflicted on each other every injury and insult, agreed to be reconciled by a separate treaty, regardless of their old hatred, their enemies, or allies. The spiritual and the temporal sovereign thus reasoned one with the other. Said the Pope, I will give you the investiture of Naples without tribute; I will absolve the marauders you sent to plunder Rome, and I will give you leave to levy one-fourth of all the ecclesiastical revenues in your dominions. Said the Emperor, I will give you back your own dominions and re-establish the Medici in Florence; and as I have an illegitimate daughter, for whom I wish to provide, and you have a bastard relative, Alessandro de-

Medici, I will marry my daughter to your relative, and seize and deliver up Florence as a settlement for the young couple to begin with. Nothing fairer, replied his holiness, and the thing was done. Thus was the liberty of Florence bartered away for the aggrandisement of a spurious offspring, and to cement the union between two perfidious sovereigns.

In the history of Europe there can scarce be found a narrative of infamy blacker than this. The head of the Christian world had seen the Imperialist army perpetrate every imaginable act of rapine before his eyes in Rome. He abhorred the Lutherans and the emperor who had imprisoned and insulted him, yet did he now agree with this sovereign to be his friend, on the terms however, that Charles would direct this same army of ruthless marauders against his (Clement's) native city of Florence; and why?—because Florence dared to be free. Clement, rather than behold the spectacle of Florence happy and free, preferred to see her desolated as Rome had been; her citizens butchered by a ruthless soldiery, her various products of industry spoliated, her liberties crushed by the stranger and the tyrant. The treaty of Cambray was concluded, and Florence was left without an ally; even in Italy the emperor had granted to other cities reasonable terms and an honourable peace; he met the Pope at Bologna, accepted from him the Imperial crown, and undertook to gratify his holiness by the destruction of unhappy Florence. How behaved her citizens at this her last struggle? With wisdom and heroic courage. When they learned the formidable combination entered into between the Pope and the Emperor for their ruin, they dispatched ambassadors to Charles, hoping to alter his resolution by appeals to justice, and to past treaties: Charles was inexorable: his insolent answer was, "Florence must submit unconditionally to the noble House of Medici." No terms, no modification would he listen to; the thick-lipped Alessandro, with the child of his concubine, *must* rule despotically the republic, once the glory of Italy. "Put not your trust in princes," might the ambassadors exclaim, as they returned to Florence to announce its fate.

The citizens assembled in council, heard, considered, resolved; they were unanimous, their stern decision was to

perish like freemen, rather than live under the Medici as slaves. Having adopted this fearful alternative, they acted with foresight and zeal in preparing for the deadly struggle. Very different were the brave citizens of busy Florence from the corrupt inhabitants of Rome. Accustomed to labour and to think, they resolved to fight. Our hearts ache as we read the narrative of the protracted and glorious contest which now ensued between the greatest emperor in Europe, and a small, but free commonwealth. Clement and Charles were alike mistaken in supposing that their wicked confederation would inspire the Florentines with terror: never during their brilliant history did they display so fine a courage. Massimo Azeglio, in his historic romance, recounts the events which ensued from the storming of Rome to the destruction of Florence, describes the horrors of the siege, the self-devotion of the citizens, their gloomy enthusiasm like that of the Covenanters as depicted by Scott, their heroic courage, striving against domestic treachery, famine, and an excited enemy. The memorable siege took place in 1530.

Bourbon, the Imperialist leader, who fell in storming Rome, was succeeded by the Prince of Orange; he was killed by the Florentines in one of their furious sallies, with a great number of the veterans who had conquered Italy.

"The citizens endured every evil that a besieged place is capable of; after consuming all the food that was fit for human creatures to eat, they fed upon the most unclean animals, horses, asses, dogs, cats, and vermin of all sorts."

The Florentines were fortunate in two respects. On the expulsion of the Medici they had appointed the famous Michael Angelo superintending engineer of their fortifications; he evinced great skill in fortifying the elevated post of San Miniato. The other advantage possessed by the Florentines consisted in the organisation of their militia, according to the system devised by Machiavelli. This extraordinary man had long perceived the danger Florence incurred by employing hireling soldiers, and neglecting military tactics. He was a patriot, loved his native city, wished to behold her independent, and Italy rescued from the grasp of the barbarians. He wrote an essay on the best mode of establishing a national militia in Florence, the doctrines in

which were now carried into practice with signal success. Machiavelli was spared witnessing the final ruin of his country, having died in 1527.

Thus protected by their fortifications, and defended by their militia, the Florentines held out against Pope and emperor for a twelvemonth. Clement, surprised at the pertinacity of their resistance, earnestly besought a conference; the head of the Christian world proposed, with apparent moderation, that the Medici should be received as private citizens, and restored to their paternal estates; but, although reduced to the last extremity, the republicans refused to acknowledge Alessandro as their ruler. Ultimately, the conditions agreed to were — a restoration of the property the Medici had lost; the republic to pay 80,000*l.* to the emperor for the expenses of his army, a general amnesty to be granted and the forms of the constitution to be preserved; an honourable treaty after an obstinate resistance. Florence was not stormed; she opened her gates trusting to the faith of a Pope and a mighty prince. Mark what followed. Soon after the capitulation, these false potentates broke the treaty by which they had obtained possession of Florence, established Alessandro, the half negro, in supreme power, through the medium of a mock parliament put some of the bravest citizens to death, imprisoned a large number, tortured more, and banished others; their inexpiable crime having been an unconquerable love of liberty.

Thus fell Florence, covered with glory. Nor am I aware that Rome's history contains a prouder page than that which truly tells the story of her ruin.

Stubborn virtue, high religious feeling, fortitude, a passion for liberty, with heroic self-devotion marked the character of the last free citizens of Florence. Often have I mused over this affecting narrative, as from the heights of San Miniato I looked down upon the fair city, once the abode of flourishing industry and generous freedom. Her poets, artists, scholars, embodied their conceptions in forms of beauty to be our wonder and delight for ever: but their genius would not survive the era of her liberty. Often in the soft evening of delicious spring, strolling in the beautiful suburbs I have conjured up in my imagination the twelve

Anziani, worthy magistrates, soberly walking in constitutional array — unpaid rulers of a busy State, the joy and pride of the commonwealth.

The history of Florence, as a republic, is now over; but let us hope she may, in better times, regain her freedom under a well-balanced form of constitution.

## CHAP. XIII.

Clement's Exultation. — Marries Catherine de Medicis to the Duke of Orleans. — A French Writer's Character of Catherine. — The Reformation advances. — Death of Clement. — Florence under Alessandro the Negro. — Guicciardini the Historian defends the Tyrant. — Ippolito de Medicis. — The younger Branch of the House of Medicis, their Genealogy and History. — Lorenzino plays the Part of Brutus, and kills Alessandro, and is himself murdered. — Young Cosmo foils Strozzi and the Patriots, and plays Octavius. — Guicciardini's Conduct. — Fate of Strozzi. — Government of Cosmo. — Created First Grand-Duke of Tuscany. — His Sons Giovanni and Garzia. — Cosmo feels Remorse. — Copies the Behaviour of Charles. — Resigns his Crown, and dies.

To pursue our narrative, Clement exulting in all he had done, and pretending to believe he had conferred a blessing on the Catholics of Florence, struck a medal with his effigy on one side, the reverse representing Joseph discovering himself to his brethren, with the Scriptural inscription, "*Ego sum Joseph, frater vester.*" To the citizens certainly, he had been an affectionate brother. About this time, Francis wishing to detach the Pope from the interest of Charles, and perceiving the vehement desire of Clement for the aggrandisement of his family, secretly proposed to the Pope to marry his second son Henry, Duke of Orleans, to Catherine de Medicis, the daughter of that Lorenzo styled Duke of Urbino; the proposal delighted the vain Pontiff, and this marriage, to the amazement of the world, was concluded. Thus was this upstart family connected with the proudest sovereigns in Europe. The infliction of a Catherine de Medicis upon France, is keenly felt by the historical writers of that country.

"Tout par les maudites pratiques de cette Italienne, fléau de Dieu pour nous affliger justement; puisque, notre sottise l'a mise en ce siége d'or, elle nous fouette à son plaisir."*

* "Discours merveilleux de la Vie, Actions, et Deportement de Catherine de Medicis."

Clement being now on friendly terms with Charles, through the medium of Cardinal Compeggio, requested his Majesty to do him a small favour, which was, merely, "*to extirpate the poisonous plant of the Reformation with fire and sword.*" "Begin," said this pious cardinal, "with a sweeping confiscation of all property of these schismatics." Easily said, but not so easily done; the Germans were stout schismatics, and could back their arguments with the sword. Charles had neither the power nor the will; he rather relished some of the doctrines of the Reformers, and proposed instead to the despotic Pope to hold a general council, the very naming of which terrified Clement. All the various plots of these sovereigns favoured the Reformation, which rapidly spread; Clement, however, evaded the council. England revolted; his relations in Florence stained their guilty hands with each other's blood, and Clement, stung by remorse and broken-hearted, died in 1534 at Rome. His pictures and statues which I have seen, represent him as of venerable and majestic appearance; he had talents, learning, and experience of political affairs; yet his was a bitter fate; his darling projects were spoiled, and the church of which he was the head received, in his time, a blow from which it never can recover. The Romans execrated his memory, as having brought upon them the greatest evils they had ever felt.

Let us revert to the fallen city of Florence. Alessandro de Medici was but twenty years of age when he got possession of the State, in July 1531; he was violent and unscrupulous; devoted to the grossest vice. "Cruelty, debauchery, and extortion marked him for public hatred." The Florentines complained to Charles. Guicciardini, the historian, who had been the creature of Clement, and the chief agent of Alessandro in abolishing the popular magistracies, was employed by his profligate master to make his defence before the emperor, and the historian fulfilled his task so ably that Charles gave the unfortunate Florentines no redress—on the contrary, visiting Florence in 1533, he established Alessandro in absolute power, and gave him in marriage the illegitimate daughter already mentioned, although not of an age to become a wife.

Ippolito, or Hyppolito, has been mentioned, a rakish cardinal of the age of twenty, who kept a fine house in Bologna,

and had a retinue of miscreants from all nations. This devout cardinal conceived the idea of blowing up the Duke Alessandro, by the explosion of a mine. The project was discovered, and Alessandro showed equal ingenuity in avenging himself by poison.

Alessandro was proud of his success in this affair, and grew more wicked than before. The Florentines had still some men of virtue left, and they united to overturn the government of this flagitious profligate; but these patriots were spared all trouble by the zeal of a relative of Alessandro, next to be mentioned.

Old Cosmo, called the father of his country, had a younger brother named Lorenzo, a shrewd merchant, who, while Cosmo played the statesman, kept close to business, amassed a fortune, and bequeathed the whole to his son, Pier Francesco. Francesco added to his wealth, and divided it between his two sons, Lorenzo and Giovanni. They were frugal, filled the offices of the commonwealth, and died before they had an opportunity of doing anything particularly wicked. Unfortunately, however, each left a son, a precious legacy to Florence. Lorenzo called his boy Pier Francesco, after his father, I presume; Giovanni named his son after himself. The young Giovanni became a ferocious soldier, insomuch that he was nicknamed "*Il gran Diavolo.*" When not fighting, he fell in love with a fair cousin, Maria Salviati (a child of Lucrezia, who was daughter of the Magnificent Lorenzo), by whom he had a son, Cosmo, who inherited, as will be seen, all the virtues of his family.

Pier Francesco's descendant, Lorenzo, or as he was nicknamed, Lorenzino, is now the hero of our story. He was a very little fellow, but then his spirit was large; he seldom laughed—I should have said a bad symptom in a child—and grew up, as his mother who was a Soderini declared, a prodigy of parts. Lorenzino had two sisters, who married the two sons of Giovanni Baptista Strozzi, surnamed Filippo. Filippo was rich, proud, and patriotic, bent upon restoring the republic, and very likely putting himself at its head if he could. He prided himself on the antiquity of his house, and despised the Medici, who were, he said, mere upstarts, and descended, as all well knew, from an apothecary. Yet this Strozzi aided Alessandro in building a citadel to over-

come the citizens, lent him money, and then quarrelled with him. Lorenzino associated with his new connections, and old Strozzi taught the aspiring youth how to be a patriot. Profiting by his instruction, he vowed he would one day act the part of Brutus, and he certainly kept his word. First, however, he paid a visit to Rome, where Clement received him well, and then (I must say, very properly) threatened to hang him for stealing, or breaking the heads off the statues in the Arch of Constantine, which had escaped the barbarians. But the Medici ever had a taste for collecting curiosities and gems of art, and Lorenzino thought he might do a little in that way while in the Eternal City. Returning to Florence, he attached himself warmly, in appearance, to Alessandro, from whom he received much kindness; in consideration of which he resolved to kill the tyrant, which he accomplished most treacherously with the aid of an assassin in 1537. Thus fell Alessandro, and with him ended the descendants, legitimate and illegitimate, of Cosmo, called the father of his country. Lorenzino returned to Venice, and, having wandered about some years, was in his turn murdered by two assassins, who wished to recommend themselves to his cousin.

We must now revert to his cousin, young Cosmo, who possessed all the cunning and ability of his celebrated ancestor. While Strozzi was collecting together the friends of liberty, to make a last effort for the restoration of the republic, Cosmo, whom Mr. Roscoe judiciously compares to young Octavius, commencing a career of patriotism, ran away from his mother, appeared before a public meeting, and made a speech, proving himself possessed of a surprising elocution. He modestly begged to be made chief of the republic, declared he would preserve freedom, yield obedience to the laws, and be content with the trifling stipend of twelve thousand crowns. Nothing could possibly be fairer than the request, and all confessed that the youth had spoken well. Guicciardini backed the arguments of Cosmo with his influence, saying it would be an excellent thing to have a strong government like that of Venice or Genoa, with the representative of the House of Medici at its head as a kind of doge.

There was a wise old counsellor present, who warned

Guicciardini he was about to do a very silly or a very mischievous act; but Guicciardini was obstinate, and young Cosmo was proclaimed governor of Florence, or chief of the republic. The sagacious friend of Guicciardini was right; Cosmo having secured the favour of Charles V. by proposing to marry his daughter, the widow of Alessandro, quickly threw off the mask, and proved himself a very Octavius. At first he was restrained by the fear of the patriots. Although they had missed their opportunity of marching against Florence, or seizing the government before Cosmo was proclaimed, yet were they not idle, and, having gained the support of Francis I., collected a considerable force, and advanced towards Florence. Strozzi and the most virtuous citizens left to the commonwealth were among this army, as indeed was Lorenzino.

The hostile armies met at Marona: the one anxious to establish despotism—the other burning for liberty and revenge. A furious battle was fought, for a long time with a doubtful issue. At last the fortune of Cosmo, like that of Octavius, prevailed, and the final struggle of Florence for her ancient government was over. Most of the patriots perished: of the prisoners, some were tortured and put to death. The brave but unhappy Strozzi alone survived his companions, and was placed a prisoner in the citadel. He perished by his own hand, with an aspiration to Providence that he might at least find the resting-place of Cato, he subscribed—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

The genius of Cosmo now expanded itself. Guicciardini he very properly dismissed; whereupon the writer composed his history; and, judging of mankind by Cosmo and his contemporaries, he ascribes the actions of all political men to selfishness and dishonesty. Henry VIII. and Charles V. liked Cosmo, and thought him a clever tyrant; assisted by the Emperor, he seized on the principality of Piombino and the island of Elba, and crushed the republic of Sienna.

It is said in one of the books on Tuscany, that Cosmo purchased Leghorn from the Genoese for an inconsiderable sum. This is a mistake, it was bought upwards of a hun-

dred years before, in 1421, by the Florentine republicans. Cosmo is entitled to the praise of having made it a free port; he wished his subjects, like bees, to make honey for his enjoyment. All Tuscany, by one act of rapacity after another, became united under his rule. And therefore, he felt it high time to have the title of Grand-Duke, and applied to his friend Pope Pius V. on the subject.

Cosmo was immoral and wicked;

"But," saith Ranke, "the devotion he manifested to the Holy See, the strict ecclesiastical rules which he introduced into his dominions, were, in the eyes of the Pope, merits which covered all his defects."

The same profound historian writes that Cosmo

"Delivered up Camesechi, one of the literati who had taken part in the first movement towards Protestantism, to the Pope. Neither his personal respectability, nor the reputation of his family, had power to afford him protection; he was delivered up in fetters to the Roman Inquisition, and condemned to perish in the flames."

It appears that Cosmo, to oblige Pius V., also established the Inquisition in his dominions, and that several suffered death under its horrible decrees.

Pius V., in return for Cosmo's services to the Church, conferred on him the title of Grand-Duke of Tuscany, that he might be superior to all dukes and princes, and inferior in rank only to kings. Cosmo was nevertheless wretched in private life; he had by one wife five sons, of whom two were named Giovanni and Garzia. The Pope made Giovanni a cardinal at the age of seventeen, and conferred on him the Archbishopric of Pisa before he was twenty.

Alfieri has employed his vigorous pen in composing a tragedy, "Don Garzia," founded on an uncertain account of the death of these brothers. There is little more to say of Cosmo. Stung by remorse, the tyrant, in poor imitation of his ally and protector the Emperor Charles, retired from the government he had usurped, and resigned it to his son Francesco. He soon after died in the Pitti Palace, 21st April, 1574, haunted by fears of assassination. This man had undoubtedly high political talents, and, like most of his race, professed to encourage learning and the fine arts; but he proved how little beneficial effect such tastes may have on a wicked heart.

## CHAP. XIV.

Francesco Maria, second Grand-Duke of Tuscany.—A Family Murder.—The Fate of Italian Lovers in the Story of Bianca Capello.—A Cardinal poisons skilfully, and wins a Crown, under the title of Ferdinand I.—Proves a clever Usurper, and a Match for Pope Sixtus.—Mary de Medici's Marriage.—Ferdinand saves the Life of James I.—Cosmo II. loves the Fine Arts, and poisons Nobody.—Ferdinand II. makes a Mistake in quarrelling with Cromwell.—Obeys the Church—Delivers Galileo to the Inquisition.—Dies, and has a great Funeral.—Cosmo III.—A silly Devotee.—Becomes a Canon of St. Peter's.—Touches the Holy Handkerchief.—Baffles the Doctors, and lives to a great Age.—His Recreations.—Dies.—Giovanni Gaston, the last of the Medici.—A few Reflections.—The Condition in which the Medici left Tuscany, and how the Kingdom was disposed of, on the Extinction of that Family.

"FRANCESCO MARIA, second Grand-Duke of Tuscany, was born March 25, 1541, and had every advantage that so illustrious, so learned, and so elegant a father could give him."

The above is the first sentence of a biography of Francesco, written, to my astonishment, by an Englishman. Francesco was of mature age when he succeeded to the crown: his title of Grand-Duke was ratified by the then Emperor, and he stood well with the Pope and sovereigns of Europe. He proved himself the worthy son of so "elegant a father." Isabella, his sister, was married to the Duke of Bracciano, a Roman nobleman resident in Florence. He was handsome in person, but corrupt in morals. The younger brother of the Grand Duke (Pietro) was married to a lady named Eleonora, the daughter of the Marquis of Villa Franca. The conduct of both these ladies was shameful. Francesco would have overlooked their immoralities, but he conceived they had entered into a conspiracy against himself. He therefore proposed to their respective husbands that they should put these profligate women to death. Bracciano and Pietro, pleased to have the Grand-Duke's permission, strangled their wives a few days after, spreading the report that Isabella and Eleonora had imprudently eaten

mushrooms, and so were poisoned. Bracciano was afterwards himself supposed to have been poisoned in Milan.

Francesco had married Joanna, niece of the Emperor Maximilian; she now trembled for her fate, wherefore, in the hope of averting it and recovering her husband's affections, she made a pilgrimage to the lady of Loretto, and loaded the sacred image with golden ornaments, but all in vain. She died of a broken heart. Francesco desired to supply Joanna's place with a Venetian woman of great beauty, Bianca Capello. This female was the wife of a man in humble life, and maintained herself by washing linen. One writer says that she was the mistress of Francesco; another, that she was a woman of incorruptible chastity. The husband was enriched by Francesco, and afterwards murdered by the tyrant's command: to the surprise of all, the Grand-Duke then married his mistress, the washerwoman, and delivered himself up to her influence, filling museums with rare objects of art, and spending his life in voluptuous pleasure.

Francesco had a brother, named Ferdinand, a cardinal; his eminence now thought it became him to interfere, lest Bianca might have a son, and so interrupt his succession to the ducal crown; accordingly he invited Bianca and Francesco to a dinner, at the *Palace à Caino*, a few miles from Florence, where, after the chase, the unsuspecting couple sat down to their repast; his eminence had a nice tart prepared for his guests, of which the Grand-Duke and Bianca ate heartily. The cardinal declared his stomach was out of order, and that sweets were unsuited to him. Francesco and Bianca were speedily affected by the poison; the cardinal had them removed with affectionate care to a gloomy apartment, and locked in; there the miserable couple perished, no living creature being permitted to enter until the poison had accomplished its deadly work; then the cardinal opened the door and had the bodies removed, declaring he was very sorry for what had happened; but the fact, he said, was, Bianca had prepared the poisoned tart for him, and, observing her husband partake of it, she in despair ate of it also, preferring death to exposure; and, in accordance with this poor deceit, Francesco's body was buried with splendid pomp, and Bianca's remains were flung ignominiously into a pit. Of

Bianca, one writer says she was innocent, another guilty; one, that she was no less chaste than beautiful, another that she was immoral and cruel; all agree that she met a tragical fate; I believe she possessed considerable talent. Francesco misgoverned Tuscany thirteen years, having been murdered in October, 1587. He proved a munificent patron of the fine arts, and added largely to the museum in Florence; moreover, he was the slave of Philip II., and it is believed that he regularly employed murderers to pursue and destroy, as best they could, the exiled Florentine patriots. The third child of Francesco by Joanna deserves to be mentioned, as undoubtedly she will ever be remembered. Mary de Medicis, born 1575, married in 1600, to Henry IV. of France, died July, 1643; the French have a lively recollection of her virtues.

Ferdinand I. possessed a genius for administration, and having removed all obstacles out of the way, assumed the government, and reigned till the year 1604. Usurpers sometimes atone for the crime of their usurpation by the ability of their rule, and unquestionably the administration of Ferdinand was firm, politic, and judicious. He was a deep hypocrite, but that enabled him to cope with the dissemblers by whom he was surrounded. Having grieved some years, with unaffected sorrow, for his dear brother, he sent in his resignation as cardinal, which Pope Sixtus V. accepted with suitable feelings of regret; making, however, the ex-cardinal lodge two silver statues, weighing sixty pounds each, in the Lateran (which the prudent Pope quietly melted down), in return for acquiring the right of marrying when he pleased. Ferdinand knew the Court of Rome well, and took delight in foiling its plans; and, strange to say, preferred Elizabeth of England to Philip of Spain. When the Spanish bigot and the Pope combined against Henry III. of France, Ferdinand advised the weak French king to seize Avignon, march straight to Rome, and catch the Pope. When Henry III. was assassinated, Ferdinand so befriended Henry IV. that he induced that pleasure-loving monarch to marry his niece, Mary de Medicis—an unhappy alliance. Mary was not handsome nor agreeable, and certainly not amiable, and could not retain the affections of her husband. Ferdinand next helped a remote relative, but a Medici, to the papacy, under the

title of Leo XI.; he had been Archbishop of Florence, his reign lasted twenty-seven days only.

It is curious to observe that Ferdinand, although a cardinal and so connected with Rome, became jealous of its influence, and disliked the great ally of the Church, Philip, King of Spain. There is an anecdote told of this Grand-Duke, which, if true, reflects light on his singular character. Having discovered that a plot was formed in Rome to cut off James VI. of Scotland, and thus to prevent a Protestant sovereign succeeding Elizabeth, the Grand-Duke despatched a Mr. Henry Wotton, a follower of the unfortunate Lord Essex and a refugee in Italy, to warn the Scotch king of his danger. James never forgot this kindness; and afterwards, when sovereign of England, employed Wotton as his ambassador on various occasions to Italy. Thus there was a friendship between the Medici and the Stuarts, whose fortunes were as different as the political abilities of the families. Ferdinand extirpated the banditti which infested Italy from his dominions, allowed justice to be administered between man and man, regulated markets, increased the trade of Leghorn, and kept a private box in which to receive anonymous letters in order to detect conspiracies. On the whole, he was a sagacious tyrant: he favoured of course the fine arts, and erected magnificent buildings; amongst the rest, the costly chapel of San Lorenzo, the most stately burial-place in Europe. It is one of the sights of Florence, erected to commemorate a vicious race, whilst a modest memorial preserves the name of Leopold, descended from an illustrious line of kings, and more illustrious by his virtues. Innumerable statues were made of Ferdinand, and medals struck to his honour. His private amusements consisted in preparing poisons, and discovering their antidotes. He aspired to become both Pope and Grand-Duke, but stout old Sixtus disappointed his expectations, and forced him to marry; so he wedded the devout daughter of Charles Duke of Lorraine, and had by her five sons and four daughters, to whom he bequeathed the rich inheritance of his virtuous life. He died Feb., 1604, having upheld in all things the peculiar reputation of the Medici family.

Cosmo II. was born in 1590, he was therefore, very young when he succeeded to the sovereignty of Tuscany, and he

died in 1621. He patronised the fine arts, wished to be King of Tuscany, and died without poisoning any one that I can discover. The Florentines rather respect his memory. Ferdinand II. succeeded the amiable Cosmo at the age of ten years, his mother, one of the House of Austria, being regent during his minority. This young duke made a mistake, in offending Oliver Cromwell. The Protector sent Blake with a fleet to blow up Leghorn, which catastrophe was only prevented by the payment of 60,000*l.* to the English admiral. Oliver, however, could not persuade the Grand-Duke to allow the English merchants to have a place of Protestant worship in Leghorn; the Pope would not hear of it.

Ferdinand was weak and superstitious. It is said that the improvements made in Leghorn harbour, and in draining the morasses about Pisa, were suggested by an Englishman, Sir Robert Dudley, who coaxed so many English over to Florence that the Grand-Duke granted him a pension. Ferdinand cringed to the Pope, and had the meanness to deliver up the philosopher Galileo to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. His government was severe, and the taxes imposed by him oppressive. Ecclesiastics, monasteries, and nunneries abounded, and consequently the population of the Duchy diminished. He contrived to have two of his brothers made cardinals, who died childless, and thus diminished the chances of successors to the noble House of Medici. His principal amusement was in taking the air with the rest of the Grand-ducal family in carriages, a dull recreation;—he also "spent the season of Lent in Leghorn, because he could have the best fish and at the cheapest rate," and in May, 1670, died of apoplexy. There were 1500 monks and an English horse at his pompous funeral. His wife, who was "beautiful, stately, and austere, outlived Ferdinand but one month." Two sons survived, Cosmo, who succeeded to the crown, and Francesco Maria, of course a cardinal.

Cosmo III., born in August 1642, ought to have been a shaven monk; he was the slave of superstition and avarice. The stupified Florentines were overwhelmed with imposts, for the passion of their bigoted ruler was to amass wealth. He had married a sprightly French princess, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, in 1661; she, naturally

enough, detested her gloomy parsimonious husband. Cosmo grew jealous even of the French servants, and never permitted his wife to appear in public, unless masked, — a severe punishment for a Frenchwoman; at last she escaped to the brilliant Court of Louis XIV. An uniformity of dulness now prevailed in Florence, — every enjoyment was rejected by the contemptible miser; he could be liberal only in the purchase of the hand of a saint or the toe of a confessor; but "the regalia of Tuscany would have been endangered by the offer of a pickled martyr." To the lady of Loretto he presented the richest gifts. Abject bigotry brought him to Rome, his thoughts being bent on laying hands on the sacred handkerchief, which is on great festivals exhibited in St. Peter's above the statue of St. Veronica — here arose a difficulty; none but canons of St. Peter's being allowed this honour, whereupon the ridiculous sovereign besought the Pope to create him an ecclesiastic that he might touch the precious relic. The Pope gratified the princely devotee, so he gained his grand object and crawled on his knees before the Pope. He then got the monks of La Trappe into his duchy, and exhibited his ingenuity by the construction of a machine which turned before him the statue of a saint upon the proper day of its festival, that so, in his palace, he might pay his abject devotions. Thus did this miserable prince spend a long life, having reigned upwards of sixty years. The only matter in which he showed even the craft of his family was in preventing Cività Vecchia from being declared by the Pope a free port, to the injury of Leghorn whence he derived his largest revenues.

The faculty should note how Cosmo III. preserved his longevity by great temperance and moderation in food; nor did he ever approach a fire, his attendants, in defiance of modern sanitary principles, warmed his apartment by breathing in it before his arrival. The intellect of the Medici was evidently approaching idiocy as the family advanced to extinction.

The last of the house of Medici, Giovanni Gaston, brother of Duke Cosmo III., was fifty years old when he succeeded to the throne of Tuscany; he slept away his contemptible existence, ate in bed for many years, seldom

left it, and never dressed himself, had some vile tastes, but was lenient to his subjects; in fact, he could scarce awake himself to punish them, and so he dozed on till the 9th of July, 1737, when he died, and with him the race of the Medici became extinct.

The history of the Medici affords more instances of family assassinations than can be paralleled in any sovereign house of Europe. Yet these superstitious or cruel tyrants were patrons of learning and the fine arts, founders of museums, and collectors of curiosities, the false splendour of which has glossed over the memory of their crimes. Men speak of the Medici as benefactors of mankind; nor is this surprising, when we find a clergyman of the Church of England* concludes his memoirs of "the Illustrious House of Medici," with this extraordinary passage:—

"It must be allowed that their vices always kept pace with their refinements, and that they hid their crimes under some resembling virtue. But as the world have more obligations to the Medici than to any other family that ever appeared, by their restoring and improving knowledge, learning, and elegance, it will in time obliterate their faults; their usurpation, tyranny, pride, their perfidiousness, vindictive cruelty, their parricides and incest, will be remembered no more. *Future ages will forget their atrocious crimes in a fond admiration for, and gratitude to, them.*"

This critique confounds all distinctions between vice and virtue, and asserts the immoral doctrine that shining accomplishments or the successful cultivation of literature and the fine arts may, and ought to efface the recollection of abominable crimes, and of a flagitious violation of the laws of God. Whereas, the possession of political talents and splendid acquirements, of knowledge and of taste, aggravates the guilt of great criminals, who use these gifts to cloak their enormities from the reprobation of mankind.

Modern travellers hastily conclude, as they examine with delight the wonders of art collected by the Medici in Florence, that this celebrated family were benefactors of their country, exalting it by their talents and reforming it by their virtue. The fine arts may embellish a State, whereas wisdom and virtue are essential to promote the

* Rev. Mark Noble.

solid happiness of a people; we have seen by the history of the Medici that a passion for literature and the fine arts is compatible with wickedness and tyranny; moral rectitude and the fear of God can alone control man's conscience, ennoble his character, and direct his actions to glorious purposes.

To what condition, let us now inquire, did the Medici reduce their beautiful country? they found it prosperous, free, and great. But our own Sidney has given us a faithful picture of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of this family in supreme authority.

"Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence and the other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than 150 years, the peaceful reign of the Medici *is thought to have destroyed nine parts out of ten of the people of that province.*"

We have but to add, that, by a treaty amongst the great powers, Tuscany was yielded to the Duke of Lorraine on the extinction of the family of the Medici, in consideration of which, the Duke resigned Alsace to Stanislaus the philosopher, named King of Poland, on whose death Alsace was annexed to France, to whom it now belongs.

## CHAP. XV.

### LIFE OF LEOPOLD, THE REFORMER.

A youthful Reformer, whose History proves how Trade may be revived, Commerce stimulated, Taxes lightened. — The Inquisition repressed. —Priestcraft checked.—An Army dispensed with. — Education encouraged. — A Church reformed. — A Criminal Code rendered consistent and humane. — A ruined State transformed into a flourishing Kingdom.

To procure a history, either in English or Italian, of this extraordinary man I found a difficult matter. Books have been written in profusion to record and magnify the actions of the Medici; yet in Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, or Rome, there was not a copy to be procured of the history of Leopold the Reformer. A friend long resident in Florence found out for me a "Life of Leopold," which I received with no common satisfaction. There is something refreshing, as well as instructive, in perusing a narrative of the virtuous labours for a people's happiness of a sovereign truly great. In Italian history such a narrative is rare. A career of usefulness is often overlooked by the unthinking multitude, who prefer the false renown of the conqueror or the glitter of prodigal and vicious tyrants. The book before me is entitled "*Memorie per servire alla Vita di Leopold II. Imperatore de' Romani già Gran Duca di Toscana.*"

The author suppresses his name, and modestly premises that he intends to publish a simple summary of facts relating to the public actions, the policy and legislation, of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany. A more striking contrast there cannot be than between the memoirs of the great Leopold compiled by an Italian author and Mr. Roscoe's brilliant biographies of the Medici.

Leopold, second son of the celebrated Maria Theresa and of Francis Duke of Lorraine, afterwards emperor

of Germany, was born on 5th May, 1747, and, pursuant to the treaty referred to, became entitled to the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany; but the Court of Spain claiming the Duchy, or at least all the precious personalty of the extinct house of Medici, Maria Theresa resolved to end all cavil by marrying Leopold to the Infanta of Spain. This marriage was assented to by Spain on the express condition that Tuscany should never be united to the empire of Austria, but should constitute a separate independent kingdom. The marriage took place at Innspruck, in the Tyrol, in August, 1765. The splendid ceremony was darkened by the sudden death of the Emperor Francis, who dropped dead in his box at the theatre, on the 18th of August in this year. Leopold immediately departed for Tuscany, of which he assumed the absolute sovereignty. His first public act was the proclamation of a general amnesty, coupled with an invitation to all emigrants to return to their country. He next exhibited his generosity in mitigating a famine then afflicting Florence. Having performed religiously the obsequies of his father, the young sovereign now revolved in his mind great ideas, which formed the basis of his subsequent policy. He examined the condition of the State, and considered how to diminish public misery by augmenting industry, extending commerce, and rendering fruitful and populous the waste and unwholesome Maremma.*

How Leopold proceeded to accomplish his vast projects of benevolence is narrated in the second book, which ends with the year 1780. Fortunately there was universal peace. The historian at the outset of his second book indulges in a reflection. The reign of Leopold could not, he remarks, be renowned, if glory and fame are only to follow the crash of arms or surprising conquests. The originating reforming mind of Leopold opened for himself a different field of triumph. He

* This tract extends along the shore of the Mediterranean from Leghorn to Terracina, and reaches inland as far as the first chain of the Apennines; its length is about 192 miles; its breadth greatest in the Agro Romana, where it is thirty miles. The term *maremma* signifies literally nothing more than the land on the sea-coast, but it is now commonly applied to the large unwholesome tracts of land afflicted by malaria.

discovered in Tuscany a confusion of old and barbarous laws, many evils in the government, an involved system of administration; throughout, inconsistency and absurdity. Leopold put himself to the task of reforming these complicated abuses amidst the congratulations of his subjects.

1766.—Leopold commences by visiting Pisa and Leghorn to see with his own eyes their actual condition; at the latter place he went on board his ships of war, and attended a ball given him with all possible magnificence by the English residents. He then tested the speed of his vessels with those of other countries. After these rejoicings he returned to Florence to be present at the festival of St. John, the patron saint of that city; he then made several journeys through Tuscany, returning to the *Palazzo Pitti* in November. Great practical improvements now began; first, in order to fertilise and people the province of the Maremma, he granted privileges to all those who would undertake its cultivation.

I may here pause a moment to remark that Leopold created no board, issued no commission, but laboured to reclaim and improve these waste unhealthy lands by making it the interest of the people who would undertake the work to succeed, inasmuch as they would reap themselves the fruits of their success,—a simple but successful plan.*

He next remodelled the magisterial departments of the province of Sienna, in which these lands lay, and made the administration depend on the government in Florence, so as to supervise effectually the great work of reclamation. He then forbad the currency of Papal money, and reformed his silver coin; an exemption from all duty on foreign meal was granted for a limited period; a similar exemption for one

* In connection with the reclamation of the Maremma, ought to be mentioned what is termed the Colmata, a curious and ingenious process. The rains bring down immense quantities of earth from the Apennines, insomuch that the discharge of the rivers into the sea is impeded. Torricelli, I believe, first taught the Tuscans to enclose with dykes the marshy ground or Maremma, and force the water to remain stagnant so as to deposit its mud; the water was then let off, and the sediment raised the level of the bottom. This operation, repeated several times in the year, and raising each time the bottom four inches, fertilised vast tracts; the soil thus created proving of the richest fertility. The Val di Chiana affords a remarkable instance of the success of this operation.

year on all native linen cloth, which should be exported from the Duchy by way of Leghorn; the like rule was made as to the earthenware of Tuscany. It was proclaimed that all men were free to bake and sell bread without payment of any tax whatever, which before had been forbidden. In Florence he enlarged and beautified some streets, and ordered the demolition of all the projecting or wretched habitations which encumbered or deformed the public places of the city. He looked into the affairs of certain monasteries, issued economical regulations for them to pursue; finally, edicts were published specifying the control to be exercised over persons in the service of the crown.

Thus did Leopold spend his honeymoon.

1767.—January, Leopold, before twenty-one, became a father. There was a grand festival, combining splendour with charity, 100 poor girls were portioned off in marriage, and other acts of generosity performed. In April the sovereign visits Pisa. I observe that in these visits Leopold generally first attends church, and then goes straight to the theatre. From Pisa he traversed the Maremma district, overseeing the enforcement of his regulations for the reclamation of waste lands and the improvement of canals and harbours. There were great rejoicings in Sienna; a grand spectacle commencing by the entrance into the Piazza of a superb chariot drawn by six horses, in which was placed a figure representing the Felicity of Tuscany, accompanied by the royal virtue of the sovereign. Companies of peasants with flags followed. The Jews also gave a brilliant *fête* in the grand Piazza. Our author observes, it may appear to some that these repeated journeys through the country by the Grand-Duke were merely for entertainment—whereas it was quite the contrary; the sovereign arriving as a stranger in the State felt it to be his duty to see everything. On this principle, Leopold visited every place in Tuscany, striving to win the affections of his people. "*Niente sfuggi all' occhio del sovranno: tutto vede, ed a tutto dette o nuovi ordini o approvazione.*"

Leopold having attended the launching of a new frigate at Leghorn we accompany him to Florence, and consider the principal enactments of this year, omitting those of a temporary nature. Duties were lowered, and monopolies abo-

lished; the laws relating to minors were remodelled; the law of stamps was reformed, and a pardon to all deserters was proclaimed. On the 20th of September appeared one of the most celebrated of his edicts, having in view to encourage the cultivation of lands heretofore neglected. With respect to foreign trade in corn, Leopold established a sliding-scale, permitting its exportation when the price of the sack had not reached fourteen lire, and importation when the price of the home-market exceeded fifteen lire; and under this law fell every description of oatmeal and flour. It conferred many advantages on the farmers, and was preceded by a proclamation by which the Grand-Duke granted to the province of the Maremma district, the privilege for ever of exporting from Tuscany, grain and corn grown in that district.

A committee of the most eminent professors of the University of Pisa, was now appointed to arrange a plan of study for the youth of the country, more consistent with the scientific discoveries of the age. Our reformer abolished trading monopolies, regulated the practice of surgery, and ordained that all the royal farms and possessions should be *leased on rents.* Commerce and agriculture were the centre from which emanated all the laws of Leopold's policy; Tuscany was inundated with books concerning these subjects, which books were placed under the eyes of the agriculturist, merchant, and manufacturer; and premiums were awarded by royal authority, for the best essays on the disputed problems of these great branches of human industry.

The above is an epitome of Leopold's labours during one year; and it is a faithful representation of his whole life. I must confess my astonishment in reading the narrative. Here is a young prince invested with supreme power, surrounded by every temptation to vice, with galleries and museums to fritter away his time, spurning every vain pursuit, and applying his energies with singular judgment and amazing success, to the renovation of a kingdom shattered by long misgovernment, and vexed by absurd fiscal taxations and monopolies. He struck boldly at the feeble or corrupt system of his predecessors, evinced an almost intuitive perception of the subtlest doctrines of political economy, and applied them with unflinching courage to the

condition of his kingdom, at a time when most countries in Europe adhered to a narrow-minded commercial policy.

Leopold's first son was born in the same year that his sister was married to the King of the Two Sicilies. There were great rejoicings in Florence. The interest of money was now regulated, and a law of limitation passed. The farming out the revenue was prevented, and an exemption from duty was granted to all the printers in Florence in foreign types. The Grand-Duke also promoted manufactures in plush and yarn, and pushed on zealously the works for reclamation of land in the Maremma.

1769.—The Emperor Joseph met Leopold at Rome, where they resided some weeks in the villa of the Medici on the Pincian Hill. On the 6th of May Leopold's second son Ferdinand (the sovereign of Tuscany when our author wrote) was born; and on the 19th of May Ganganelli was elected Pope (a memorable fact), under the name of Clement XIV. Leopold then visited various parts of Tuscany, and founded new docks, fountains, &c. In the province of Pisa he published an edict granting, without payment, pieces of land, and of forests to all who would accept them, on condition of reclaiming the soil, and carrying on every operation to render it fruitful, and to expel malaria. He granted many indulgences to foreigners settling there, such as exemptions from duty and right of free trade.

"*In somma non tralasciò alcuna cosa per ridurre all' antico stato quella desolata Provincia.*"

I may remark that the labours of Leopold to have waste lands reclaimed, and thereby their foul exhalations expelled, were constant and successful. Monopolies in the sale of brandy and liquors were now abolished. It appears that the Medici granted monopolies of almost every article, and by the moneys thus squeezed from the people, bought pictures, and got a character for being patrons of the fine arts. Leopold's noble task was to correct all the mischief these polite oppressors had worked to their country. We now arrive at one of Leopold's most remarkable edicts, that enacting *a law of Mortmain* in forty-two clauses, incapacitating all public bodies, colleges, universities of ecclesiastics, and of laymen, from acquiring lands. I would pause here

one instant to point attention to the fact that this great legislator did not, Roman Catholic as he was, believe that he could raise Tuscany to prosperity without a law preventing the corporations named from acquiring fixed property in the State.

Leopold next organised a system of mercantile arbitrations in Leghorn, and, approaching Church reform, swept away nine useless churches, distributing their congregations in neighbouring parishes, and assigning their scattered revenues to one church the income of which he made respectable.

PART II.

1770.—Our active sovereign again visits the Maremma, oversees the improvements, departs for Vienna, and on his return by Verona was entertained with a bull-fight. The reforms of this year related to the suppression of various boards; superintending the different trades; establishing one chamber of commerce, arts, and manufactures; and to the passing of further regulations to insure free trade in cloth and light articles of apparel. The public debt was diminished, and monastic prisons were abolished. I observe Leopold condescends to accomplish something for the museums, and it was worthy of him, viz. the acquisition, and removal from the Villa de Medici in Rome, of the famous Greek group of statues known by the name of the Niobe, to Florence.

It was now ordained, for the cultivation of science and learning, that two libraries in Florence should be united into a large one, and kept daily open to the public. Leopold then wisely encouraged the plantation of mulberries, repealed the tax on sale of cattle, regulated the notaries, laid the legal impositions on newly built houses, and abolished the duty on the transport of oil from one district to another.

1772.—Again our indefatigable reformer visits the Maremma district—*reclamation of waste land proceeds rapidly, and with it the improvement of the climate, the resources and habits of the people.* It seems in the days of the Medici there were numerous court festivals and spectacles. Leopold reduced these silly exhibitions to *three,*

partaking of a sacred character,—New Year's day, Easter day, and St. John's day. The whole population were, by a new law, allowed to hunt and fish in assigned districts. So much for Leopold's game laws.

1773.—The Maremma is again visited, and on December 19th another son was born to this noble-hearted prince. We have arrived at one of the most important measures in Leopold's life, the *suppression of the order of Jesuits.* The details of this matter are thus briefly given by our court chronicler:—"A memorable event happened in this year—the suppression of the famous company of the Jesuits, so long and so warmly accused and defended. The brief, emanating from Clement XIV., was despatched to every court in Europe. The Pontifical decision was instantly acted on in Florence. The brief, by command of Leopold, was immediately read by the archbishop to the College of Jesuits, and the society was forthwith suppressed throughout Tuscany. The government took possession of all their property; twenty scudi were paid to each brother to enable him to purchase a new habit befitting the secular priesthood; a monthly provision was assigned to him; and as Leopold desired to appropriate nothing to the treasury which ought fairly to devolve on another, by proclamation, two months were allowed to all individuals to establish before a magistrate their title, if any such they could show, to the immovable property of the suppressed Order." Be it remembered that in the best-governed Roman Catholic country in Italy (owing to the principles of Leopold), the Jesuits have never been permitted to take root.

Gambling was next put down; burials were regulated by edict. In 1774 a curious law was passed, that all homicides, treasons, assassinations, and other crimes of violence, burnings, &c., should be punished by the tribunals within the limited space of ten years from the commission of the crime. This, it will be remarked, was a law of limitation in criminal causes, a subject on which observation is made in considering the Tuscan code. By another edict the right was granted to every commune in the Florentine district to manage their local affairs through their respective magistrates, without any subordination to the government in Florence. This was, in effect, municipal reform on a liberal scale.

1775.—Police-offices are set up in each quarter of the city, and a day and night watch established; and as Leopold discovered that parents sacrificed the happiness of their children to get rid of them, he ordained that girls should not be placed in the public schools till ten years of age, and that they should not be clothed in the dress of any convent before twenty, and *not professed until liberated from the convent for six months*, and even then not until after strict examination to ascertain their real inclination. Men were not to be admitted into monasteries before the age of twenty-four; and the portion of the nuns was not to exceed twenty-five crowns. Ecclesiastical tithes were next abolished, a suitable provision for the clergy being otherwise secured upon the land; and the taxes were equalised on all colleges, convents, and individuals. Several religious houses were suppressed.

1776.—All the royal patrimonies were subjected to the ordinary law. The whole province of Pisa had next its municipal affairs regulated by edict. Several convents were suppressed. Leopold now commanded the bishops not to permit monks to preach or confess, which duties were to be performed by the secular priests.

1777.—Fees on passports and bribes were abolished; buildings outside the city walls were encouraged; the criminal courts were simplified; many useless tribunals suppressed; the supreme criminal court made to consist of one auditor, three assessors, and one chancellor; executions against the person for debts under thirty lire were interdicted. Concerning matters of ecclesiastical discipline, the law relating to the dead was reformed, in order to repress the vain parade of funerals in Florence; and at the same time to check the custom of exposing the sad remains of mortality to the vulgar gaze. From the profession of the novices of the Conservatorio were taken away all the pomp, forms, and ceremonies, *and it was ordained that a civil judge should be present at the examination of the novice.* Leopold would appear to have dwelt in a nunnery, he had so clear a perception of the impositions practised upon female inexperience. A foreigner who wished to be admitted a nun in Tuscany was required to pay double for entrance, and all foreign priests were interdicted from exercise of cure of

souls. Lastly, by circular of the Secretary of State, Leopold commanded that no *exequatur* should be given to any dispensation from Rome presuming to release the clergy from canonicals to qualify them for preferments. So ended the legislation for this year.

1778.—Permission was granted to all persons to sell stamps. A law declared where proceedings might be taken *personally* against failing debtors on bills of exchange. The post-office system was reformed; weights and measures were regulated; boards of health were remodelled; restraints on the alienation of personal chattels were removed. The manufacture of silk was extended by Leopold into all parts of the state. Four physicians were appointed, one in each quarter of the city, to attend the sick poor, in all cases gratuitously.

The subjects in Tuscany were prohibited from engaging in shops and manufactories in other countries, and the following strange interdict was established: —

"*Rinovò le pene imposte dalle leggi proibente il commercio carnale degli Ebrei con donne Cristiane, e di Cristiani con donne Ebree.*"

The Society *della Misericordia* was exempt from the law of Mortmain, and it was ordained that all acts and proceedings of ecclesiastical tribunals should be sanctioned by the assent and vote of a secular assessor, *and that church censures should be submitted to the State for approval.*

The government required an account of all religious communities subjected to the temporal authority of bishops; ordained that parish priests should have a respectable income, and required an accurate account of all moneys remitted by the convents to Rome. The confessors and directors of monasteries were prohibited from accepting any gift in money or kind. Some convents were abolished, and annuities granted to the monks.

1779.—An office was established for the preservation of public archives. One questionable law, I observe, was passed by Leopold, viz. the interdicting a certain class of nobility from marrying with women of inferior birth. Prisoners for debt were separated in the gaols from criminals. Stage performances were regulated, schools of medicine reformed.

A circular letter was despatched by the Secretary of State, commanding the archbishops and bishops that, in their respective courts, not they, but laymen, should act as chancellors, and requiring a specification of all monasteries in and around Florence, and of the entering and leaving of each nun. All sentences of excommunication were prohibited unless sanctioned by *the royal exequatur*. The forms of proceeding in criminal causes ecclesiastical were prescribed, and the limits between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction were *fixed with precision*.

1780.—Remaining monopolies were abolished; various administrative reforms were effected, and woollen manufactures encouraged; a new canal was conducted through the Real di Chiana, whereby the cultivation of barren ground was increased and malaria expelled. The military force was reorganised. Leopold, having perfect confidence in the affection of his subjects, wished to repose in them the charge of the public safety; with this view *he disbanded the whole garrison and artillery corps of Florence and other troops*, and organised in their stead four companies of civilians, to whom he granted privileges. I may stop to express my astonishment at the boldness of this reformation—a thing unequalled in the history of Europe. A sovereign dispensing with standing armies, and confiding the defence, nay the existence, of his government to the protection of those for whose benefit it existed; but Leopold felt he might confide in the affections of his people. The year was concluded by a warning address to all bishops and abbots, that they should interdict priests and monks from frequenting *cafés*, theatres, billiard-rooms, taverns, and worse places.

We now arrive at the third book of the life of Leopold. Here our author indulges in a few observations:—

"If," he writes, "much has been said, much remains still to say, concerning the wise government of Leopold in Tuscany. The policy of Leopold may be expressed in three words, '*Aboli, soppresse, riforma.*' He was a genius which, shaking off the yoke of prejudice and of custom, wearied himself for the advantage of his people. Assuming the government of Tuscany, he beheld before him a terrible famine which threatened the ruin of his people. He opposed to it his royal right hand, and the impious monster fled; he opened the treasury of his benevolence, and, by his generous

munificence, made fruits to spring up from a barren soil. But the wants of a kingdom are not confined to a season—they are continuous. Leopold comprehended great principles; not content with having repulsed a famine, he found means whereby the poor might have in him a perpetual fountain of living water. Manufactories, public works, the useful arts, the opening of new roads, the construction of churches and towns, engaged numerous hands in maintaining their families; and, on the other part, they added ornament, beauty, and splendour to Tuscany. This garden of Italy, then infected in *la Provincia inferiore di Sienna* from stagnant water, was made fertile by his practical wisdom. Commerce, manufactures and the arts, had been in a state of languor. Wealth succeeded that stagnation. Education had ever been desired by Leopold, wherefore he extended it throughout the duchy. Afflicted humanity he cared for; therefore he established well-conducted hospitals. Agriculture revived; the country bloomed as a garden. Nor was there a corner in Tuscany in which Leopold did not scatter blessings, releasing the cultivators of the ground from the burdens which oppressed them, and affording them ample opportunity of trebling the produce of lands poor or heretofore neglected. And we may say, as to this portion of his labours, that the result has equalled, perhaps surpassed, his royal wishes. He was a genius and the tender parent of his people; two characters combined in his person, which made him the real hero of his age."

"Here," writes our chronicler, "the pen should cease;" but yet he is constrained, by the method he had prescribed, to record the latter events of Leopold's reign.

It will suffice for my purpose to select matter not before touched on. This interval extends from 1781 to 1790:—

"Leopold observing with just concern that the vanity of the Tuscan women exceeded all bounds in their dress, addressed a note to the nobility, beseeching them to induce their wives to give an example to their inferiors, by laying aside costly ornaments. In this affair of dress the reformer failed, the humbler Tuscan women being as fond of gold bracelets and gaudy attire as ever. But Leopold was more successful in his municipal reform,—the deceitful council was abolished in Florence, and the ancient magistracy of the republic revived,—the community being represented by a body consisting of a Gonfalonier, eleven Priori, and of a general elected council, with the title of Councillors."

Leopold evidently meant to qualify his subjects for constitutional freedom.

"Next all ecclesiastical jurisdiction was prevented, unless under the sanction of the government; the bishops were enjoined to yield no obedience to the Pope's legate, and that functionary was reduced to the level of an ordinary ambassador. The Court of Rome resisted this reform, but the Grand-Duke was resolute and prevailed. The great reformer now suppressed more than fifty convents. In those which remained, a female was not henceforward allowed to take the veil till she had reached thirty years of age. Inspectors of convents were appointed, their libraries were examined, and the monks were forbidden to read in their refectories any other books than the sacred scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and they were bound to study theology in books sanctioned by the government. Priests were submitted to a severe examination, not in forms, but in learning, and their income was increased. The most important of all his reforms, however, was that of the suppression of the Tribunal of the Inquisition by a masterly edict, which, expounding the reasons of the erection of that tribunal, and the cases in which kings had been obliged to uproot it, enjoined its utter abolition by the plenitude of the sovereign's authority throughout every part of Tuscany. Leopold took possession of all the property movable and immovable of the Holy Office, and suppressed the churches of the hateful inquisitors."

Let it be remembered that the Medici established the Inquisition in Tuscany, in recompense for which a Pope created one of that family Grand-Duke. I believe it to be in allusion to Leopold that the following anecdote is related by John Bell. An unhappy youth, imprisoned by the inquisitors, and doomed under their execrable system to the torture, contrived to despatch a letter to Leopold, acquainting him with his condition. It was late, yet the sovereign, muffling himself, and attended by a few of his retinue, proceeded straight to the prison of the Inquisition. At midnight the sovereign demanded admission, and found the Dominicans about to apply their instruments of torture to the unhappy youth. The persecuting monks were abashed, their instruments of torture seized, their tribunals abolished, and many convents of Dominicans throughout Tuscany suppressed. The Inquisition maintained its authority in Florence till 1785, and was only then extinguished by force.

Leopold next commanded all sacred images in churches to be uncovered, and those that were silly or profane to be

removed. Priests were subjected as laymen to the civil tribunals. Lotteries were suppressed, the prisons were cleansed, speedy trials enforced, and lastly (in the words of our chronicler), the famous edict, which forms a glorious epoch in Leopold's life, was published, *containing the criminal code*, received by the Tuscans with rapture, and being the admiration of Europe. The sovereign, comprehending that the criminal legislation was severe and barbarous, reformed the entire system in a laudable spirit of mercy. All the articles of this code were wise, just, and equitable; crimes were regarded in their true aspect, and punishments made to correspond to the frailty of human nature. The whole code breathes gentleness and moderation. Judges are reminded of their duty, and the convicted are besought, by the sanctions of religion, to repent—

"*In somma quand' altro fatto non avesse Leopoldo, per questa sola reso si sarebbe immortale.*"

It remains only to add that Leopold succeeded to the empire of Austria, February, 1790, and died in Vienna on the 29th February, 1792, aged forty-four years, nine months, and twenty-four days. Let the chronicler give the character of this beneficent sovereign in his own words:—

"Ed ecco terminate le memorie di Leopoldo II. Sovrano il più illuminato fra quanti siano stati a suo tempo—Principe filosofo, che tentò di svellere i pregiudizi, ed il fanatismo, Padre amorevole e benefico, che niente ommise, e nulla tralasciò, per render felici in qualsivoglia aspetto i popoli, e lo stato. Oggetti vasti, e degni per formare degli immortali veraci encomi."

A deserved eulogium. Exactly as the system of Leopold was departed from, Tuscany retrograded; and exactly as it was adhered to, Tuscany flourished. Would it not be well for kings and statesmen to study his history, and imitate the glorious labours of his life? I have but to add, that the traveller will not often meet with pictures or statues of this virtuous sovereign. The reason is given in the history of his life. When his criminal code was enacted, the Florentine people besought permission to erect a grand equestrian statue to their benefactor; an honour which Leopold refused, declaring he would prefer that their contributions should be

devoted to some work of public utility instead of ministering only to vanity and ostentation,—a modesty characteristic of true greatness.*

* I felt curious to discover who prompted the ecclesiastical reforms of Leopold—that person was Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Pistoja and Prato, who died in 1810: the life of this prelate was published in Brussels, in 1825, by De Potter, in the French. It is drawn from a collection of papers in the archives of the Ricci family at Florence, and a "Biography of Ricci, Bishop of Pistoja." See a review of the "Life of Ricci," in the 4th number of the "Theological Review," published in September, 1826.

## CHAP. XVI.

Criminal Justice of Tuscany.— The Progress of Etruria, Rome, Egypt, and Greece towards a System of Judicial Procedure.—Feudal System and Baronial Justice.—Tuscan Criminal Justice.—Origin of Inquisition.—Justice under the Medici.—Reforms of Leopold.*

THE English are apt to look with contempt upon the legal systems of Continental countries, and more especially in reference to their codes of criminal law. Unquestionably the people of England may feel a laudable pride in the administration of their criminal justice. I believe it to be infinitely purer than that of any other European kingdom. But it is deeply to be regretted that England does not possess that blessing prized by civilised nations,—a criminal code, scientifically prepared, methodically arranged, with correct definitions and accurate divisions. We might profit by what the genius of Leopold or Napoleon has accomplished, and learn to systematise scattered and incoherent dicta. Saith the enlightened author whose book is now before me, "He who loves not the laws of his country, loves not the country itself." My attention was naturally drawn to the consideration of the Tuscan criminal code, and I have derived instruction from the learned work, the title of which is prefixed to the present chapter. As this book contains nearly six hundred pages, it will not be possible to give a full analysis of its contents; but I can explain its order, and touch on some principal points of that celebrated code, which gave a noble precedent to the other nations of Europe. Moreover, the civilisation of a country is properly to be judged of by its laws, rather than by its cultivation of arts, which frequently polish the surface of society, but penetrate no further. *Il Signor Ademollo* mentions twenty-nine famous authors, whose wri-

* "The Criminal Justice of Tuscany according to the Reform of Leopold, in 1838; with Remarks Theoretical and Practical. By Agostino Ademollo." In five books.

tings have assisted his labours, and amongst them are the names of Pothier, Montesquieu, Beccaria, and Bentham. Our author commences with a sound exposition of what he calls *civil liberty;* and comments on the criminal justice of the Etruscans, of the Romans, and on the feudal system of the Middle Ages. This chapter is an interesting historical disquisition on the gradual progress of criminal procedure, from the sudden vengeance of barbarous ignorance to the cautious forms of regulated freedom. Reason is first enlightened, and then becomes subtle. The Jews, Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans passed through these gradations. The system under which justice was administered in these several nations is described.

On the ruins of the noble system of Roman jurisprudence arose the feudal system. To the eloquence of Cicero succeeded the absurd and bloody experiments of the boiling water, heated iron, and the sword. Baronial justice, by degrees, became more formal. In the tenth century a school of civil jurisprudence was opened in Ravenna. Popes and Bishops encouraged regularity of procedure and the maxims of equity, and exercised a wholesome influence upon the European population, immersed in ignorance.

### Part the Second of the First Book.

This division of the work contains an historical account of the criminal justice of Tuscany, from the tenth century to the epoch of its royal government. I may despatch this chapter briefly. A summary is given of the stormy history of the republic. Secret tribunals thus originated. The Popes, to persecute heretics, established the Holy Office, of which, says our author,

"I speak with horror, because it confirmed, by its religious example, the secrecy and usurpations of secular tribunals, or was for them a model to imitate."

He then, in section 100, thus writes:—

"The Grand-Duke Leopold suppressed it on the 5th July, 1785, having discovered its persecuting principles."

It is not possible to read, without indignation, the chapter detailing the horrible crimes practised in Florence by the

Medici, under the mask of administering justice, down to the latter end of the eighteenth century. The reader will understand the description:—

"When the accused appeared before the judge, he believed he saw before him his accuser, and not his judge. The fierceness of his countenance, the fury which glared in his eyes, the bitterness of his gestures, and his threats, compelled the prisoner to read by anticipation in the bent eyebrows of his judge the decree of his condemnation."

Menaces and inducements were held out, to prevail on the accused to *confess;* if he refused, the torture was applied, the several gradations of which, the author states he has described in his little work entitled "*Beatrice Cenci, storia del secolo XVI.*"

We have arrived at the happy epoch, in the history of Tuscany, of Leopold's government. His reform in the criminal law, in 1785, was a great work. The true meaning of the word *inquisition* is now traced from the Latin word *quærere,* thence is derived the word *inquirere,* that is to say, *intus quærere,* to penetrate hidden things; and the right use of the *inquisition* is shown to be, what we understand as a preliminary magisterial investigation, but not matter of condemnation, as perversely employed by the ecclesiastical inquisitors. We have arrived at the end of Book the First.

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## Book II.

Objects of Criminal Jurisprudence.—The true Police System explained.—Proportion between Crime and Punishment.—Statute of Limitations in Criminal Cases.—Its Reasonableness considered.—Simplicity of Tuscan Procedure.—Principle on which Judges should be selected.

In his second book, the learned author specifies three objects, as fixing attention, of this science of criminal jurisprudence: 1st, The security of the social state, which embraces that of the political and civil establishment; 2nd, The security of the citizen in face of the law; 3rd, The security of the citizen in face of the judges intrusted with the execution of the law. Again, if crimes can be repressed by preventive means, the cognisance of these means belongs to

this science. These means have ever been regarded in two great classes: 1st, Means not coercive: and 2nd, Means coercive. The first, *mezzi non coattivi*, are those directed to prevent crime by removing the necessity or the inclination for committing it. This is *the science of police or of good government.*

The second, *mezzi coattivi*, relate, 1st, To those actions which should be prohibited to the citizen; 2nd, As to the degree of severity which should be employed against him who commits or permits the forbidden action; 3rd, The method to be pursued, so that he who has committed a criminal action may be punished with that precise degree of severity which has been assigned by the law. Thus have we the two grand objects of criminal jurisprudence, with their subdivisions. Remarks on crime and on punishment follow. The difficulty of all legislation to proportion exactly the punishment to the crime is next considered.

We now arrive at the consideration of the punishment to be inflicted under the law. Touching this subject of punishment, the Tuscan code of the great Leopold, sections 114 and 115, establishes a law of limitations. All violent crimes are to be prosecuted within ten years from their being attempted or committed, and not after; lesser offences within five years; judicial transgressions within one year after the deposition from his office of the minister of justice. But, although criminal proceedings may not be taken after the period specified for punishment, yet the judges may verify the crime, and entertain a proceeding for civil *reparation* to the party injured.

This limitation is founded on the principle, that the long lapse of time cancels from the human mind the recollection of the crime, and obliterates the offence against the State. The object of the law is twofold, to secure a guarantee for the sincerity of the accusation, and to prevent a delay which might destroy alike the proofs of guilt or innocence. Undoubtedly there is some reason in this law, so contrary to ours. The best principle on which to rest it is the difficulty in which, after a long period, the accused might be placed, from the absence or loss of the evidence essential to prove his innocence. The proceedings consequent on the crime are then considered, and, so far as they relate to public

punishment for the offence against society, they are intrusted to functionaries of the State, clothed with authority to prosecute the accusation. The civil proceedings which claim compensation for a private injury are taken by the individual; but, as both these actions result from the one fact, and may each be prosecuted at the same time, in order not to multiply judicial forms and courts, it is found useful to extend the authority of the criminal judges, and enable them, at the same time that they decide on the public prosecution, to determine the civil action.

This is rational in principle. Nor can I comprehend in reason why a jury impanelled to decide if the assault has been committed in fact should not have power, having heard the circumstances, to assess compensation to the injured party, while they convict the guilty.

The fourth part contains some valuable remarks on the judicial power. With truth the Florentine jurist asserts that when judges are chosen from any other qualification than elevated talents, virtuous character, and austere probity, combined with learning, the people will despise the law which may be unworthily administered.

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## Book III.

Police Administration of Tuscany explained.—Law Officers.—A Crown Prosecution in Florence.—How conducted.—And a Crown Brief how prepared.—The mode of Arrest and Bail.

The third book contains a commentary on police authority. The word *police* he derives from a Greek word, signifying *amministrazione della città*. The right understanding and execution of the important duties included under the word *police* would be an improvement in our own social system. They relate to things inanimate, to the brute creation, to the victims of insanity or intoxication, to the sanitary regulations, to the health, the happiness, and the morals of the people. A prosecution in Tuscany is conducted in a very different fashion from the manner in which such proceedings are conducted with us. A close attention is paid to the case by appointed ministers of justice, *from the first moment the*

*crime has been committed down to the trial.* The law-officers are next described, of whom the chief in Tuscany is *il Regio Procuratore Generale;* his duties are detailed, and qualifications so varied and splendid are required for the office in Florence, that I greatly fear a competent person could scarce be found for such a post in our islands. All the inferior officers of justice are named, and their several duties specified. No arrest (save in cases *di flagrante delitto*) can be made without a written warrant, which is to be shown to the accused, and a copy given on request. Without a warrant the gaoler cannot receive a prisoner. The accused can only be confined in the cases prescribed by law, and never as a means of extorting evidence against him.

The *Judge of Instruction* digests all the information, and systematizes everything bearing on the *material fact of the crime.* The most scrupulous exactness is enjoined as to the identification of the person accused. We have now another functionary, called the *Criminal Notary,* in action. His duty consists in the careful compilation of the *process,* that is, the indictment,—only of a much more full nature than ours. The *process* is next forwarded to *il Regio Procuratore,* and the accused is apprised of this fact, and then must be added any facts or statements the prisoner may wish to make, and the whole document is to be forwarded to the tribunal of the *first instance.*

The *evidence* for the public trial must be got up by the *Judge of Instruction:* the rules are divided into six heads. He is to apply his care — 1st, to the original relation of the crime (*processi verbali*); 2nd, to the time and inspection of the place, and instruments, &c., of the crime; 3rd, to the examination of the witnesses; 4th, to a careful analysis and examination of the documents; 5th, to the statements of the prisoner; 6th, to the identification of the accused. This officer has power to summon all persons, and oblige them to declare what they know of the case. If witnesses voluntarily appear before him, he must make a note of that fact in taking down their statement. With respect to the mode of identification, this officer must introduce the accused amidst several other persons into an apartment, and the accuser is called upon to identify the person he prosecutes; his mode

of doing which must be carefully noted by the official in the process. This *Judge of Instruction* is authorised by law to issue his warrant against the accused, not only to appear before him for interrogation, but also to secure his person, when not before done, for future trial. The cases are serious in which imprisonment before trial is warranted. Immediately on the arrest, a brief examination is had, to ascertain that a wrong person has not been seized, and a formal warrant must be produced. A rational system of bail is established; and in awarding punishment, the time during which the accused may have been imprisoned previous to the trial is taken into account.

I may here remark, that the pains taken to prepare the case for trial, and insure punishment of guilt, far exceed the system prevailing among us. We in England have excellent laws; but the guilty constantly escape the punishment of their crimes by the careless manner in which the preliminary inquiries and preparations for the trial are made. If coercive laws are to be shunned, the existing laws should be carefully and vigorously enforced.

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## Book IV.

Camera di Accuse.—Public Trial.—Camera di Consiglio.—Votes of Judges.—Exclusion of Evidence by Tuscan Code, based on the Law of Nature.—Its Reasonableness considered.—Punishment of Death still exists.—How and in what Cases inflicted.—The Appeal by the Criminal Code.—Crime of Heresy, how punishable in Florence.—Reflections.—Results of the Tuscan Code exhibited in a Table of Crime.—Concluding Observations.

The fourth book explains the administration of the general justice of the country by superior judges, into whose hands the cause has now passed from the inferior authorities. The crimes of lesser magnitude are tried before the Court *di Prima Istanza*. Serious crimes are dealt with before the *Tribunale della Corte Regia*. The police authorities have a jurisdiction in trifling cases, where the punishment does not exceed eight days' imprisonment. A curious tribunal intervenes between the accused and his public trial, named *la Camera di Accuse;* before this court the whole process and result of the preliminary inquiries are laid, to

decide whether a reasonable cause of trial has been established, and a legal crime has been committed. Should the court, by a plurality of voices, decide that the case is not sufficient to put the accused on trial, he is instantly liberated. This tribunal must decide within three days from the receiving of the process. If the law-officer is not satisfied with the decision of the *Camera di Accuse*, he may appeal to the Court of Cassation to revise it. We have the case, at last, before the Court *di Prima Istanza*. The trial is public; all the witnesses on both sides are in attendance, and the advocate for the prisoner has the last word, after which the tribunal pronounces judgment, which is to be according to the *moral conviction* of the judge on the merits of the case, as established by legal proof. Absent witnesses are fined; witnesses present, should there be an adjournment, are detained; the oath administered is exactly according to the English form; questions may be suggested by any judge, or by the advocates on either side, but must always be put through the president,—a vicious practice. The previous examinations are referred to only for the purpose of contradiction. When the court withdraws to deliberate privately *in Camera di Consiglio*, it cannot separate until final judgment is given. The accused, if acquitted, cannot be tried a second time. Should an equal number of judges declare for a different measure of punishment, the lesser must be inflicted. There is no appeal from this court, by either side, except to the Court of Cassation. This last and highest court, established in 1838, consists of five judges, a majority of whom decide; and its jurisdiction relates to the right application of the law, to forms, and clashing of jurisdiction, but it does not decide upon the merits in fact. The forms are precise in proceedings for great crimes before the *Corte Regia*. The accused may select his advocate from amongst the number attached to that court; if he does not, or cannot, an advocate will be assigned to defend him.

In the second chapter of this book, the author discusses the nature of trial by jury, describes the advantages of our English system, and rejects the idea of its inapplicability to the social state of Tuscany; but concludes by confessing that the necessity for trial by jury depends essentially on the form of the government, and thus a poli-

tical question arises, inadmissible in his book. The Court of Cassation consists of a president, five councillors, and a chancellor who registers and preserves the decrees and orders of the court in due form. The code declares the accused is to be considered innocent till proved guilty, and the judges are enjoined scrupulously to avoid all threats and invectives towards the prisoner. But the president has the right of interrogating the accused: this I consider a grand error, and, from what I have seen in Italy, a mischievous practice; it is either a temptation to falsehood or an instrument of torture. Evidence of informers is received, under nearly similar precautions as in England.

A very interesting subject for consideration arises in considering the propriety of the Tuscan rule, which excludes the evidence of—1st, Parents against their children and children against parents; 2nd, Husband against wife, or the reverse; 3rd, Step-fathers and mothers against their step-children, and the converse; 4th, Fathers-in-law against their sons and daughters-in-law, if living under the same roof, and the converse; 5th, Brothers against sisters, and the reverse; 6th, Relations of an equal degree to that of brother, if living under the same roof. The Tuscan jurists rest this portion of their law of evidence on the *law of nature*, which forbids a parent to aid in the destruction of his child; and, they argue, this superior law of nature ought not to be violated by municipal law. This does not appear to be the opinion of Beccaria, in his chapter *de Testimonio*. However, necessity compels our Italian brethren to introduce an exception to their principle of exclusion, which limits materially its application,—namely, that relatives, in the degrees specified, may be examined in cases of serious premeditated crimes, and in all cases of homicide, if one has injured some other member of the family, *and it be not possible to procure evidence elsewhere*. Whether this practice be not superior to ours may be questionable.

The law of evidence is discussed skilfully in this fourth book. The proper behaviour for judges to exhibit in court is dwelt on, and next the task and duty of the advocates who defend accused men are well stated and enforced: they ought not to break out into philippics against opposite parties, or indulge in assertions hurtful to the feelings of

others, unless the necessity of their defence imperatively requires it; and in these exceptive cases they should be fortified well with written instructions from their clients. The deliberations and votes of the judges are secret; the result of the sentence must be given in public.

We now arrive at the provision made by the Tuscan law regarding the punishment of death. This is settled by article 231 of the reformed code of 1838. The punishment of death cannot be inflicted unless by the unanimous vote of the bench. If only the majority concur in the propriety of the capital punishment, then that punishment which is next in the scale to the sentence of death shall be awarded. Thus the capital punishment is preserved in theory, but, as one judge almost always dissents, it is rarely inflicted. However, it has been inflicted within the last few years twice, and the people, by their behaviour, showed how much they abhorred it. An appeal to the sovereign for pardon or mitigation of the sentence suspends its execution.

Before I conclude the subject, I ought to draw attention to the state of the criminal law in Tuscany relating to the crime of *heresy*. It is highly essential to know accurately what progress has been made in the happiest part of Italy in the great principles of religious toleration. Who will be so bold as to deny that a searching reform is not here required? A question was put by me, in writing, to an eminent advocate in Florence in these words:—"What species of liberty, as regards religion, exists in Tuscany?—may a Tuscan change his religion and continue to dwell in his native country, and occupy any situation which he may have before held under the government?" The answer, formally drawn up, is highly interesting:—"The Catholic religion is the *predominant* religion in Tuscany. Preaching against this religion, seeking to sow sects, and to separate the faithful from the Church, is a crime which, according to circumstances, may be punished either *with exile or with capital punishment*. (Law of the 5th July, 1782; law of 30th Nov., 1786, article 60; law of 30th Aug., 1795, article 9.) Our law, however, includes principally in *heresy* the disturbance of social order. Hence, with us, there cannot exist presumed heresy for non-observance of religious forms; nor may the *private opinion* of an individual as regards religion

be inquired into. Therefore a person cannot be reputed a heretic from outward signs, except he obstinately maintain heretical propositions and refuse to submit to the judgment of the Church. Much less can any civil law be applied to injure the temporal interests of heretics, except it be formally declared that the person against whom such application of law is demanded is guilty of heresy. It is certain, however, that Tuscans born Catholics are not permitted to abjure the Catholic religion and profess another. If this took place, *the criminal punishment could not exceed exile.* Apostates would be excluded from offices requiring particularly a Roman Catholic; consequently they could not practise the law, or be judges, or wear the religious habit of St. Stephen. They might, however, fill every other office; but, in civil affairs, the laws of common right relative to heretics would be applicable. Capital punishment prescribed by the law of 1795 appears to be only applicable to *heresiarchs,* a class of people almost imaginary according to our present customs. Therefore the laws are framed rather *in terrorem* than to be executed. In fact, there is no law in Tuscany that punishes *private opinion;* but, at the same time, we have no law that permits a Catholic openly to profess a different religion."

It is manifest this intolerant code has been framed with a view to prevent open dissent, and preserve outwardly an universal conformity with the religion established by the State. But it is equally manifest, should another Savonarola appear to preach what he believed to be scriptural truth, he might, as an *heresiarch,* be decapitated in the streets of Florence. I entertain, however, a strong hope that when the laymen of Tuscany obtain the power of freely expressing their thoughts, this remnant of the Inquisition will share the fate of that terrible tribunal.

A picture of the above code would be imperfect without presenting a statement of its results upon the morals of the people. This I am enabled to give from the work "*Della Condizione d'Italia,*" by Professor Mittermaier. This writer accurately investigated the effects produced by the code upon the morals of the people. He gives the criminal statistics of Tuscany from 1830 to 1838, whence it appears there has been a considerable increase in crime during that period,

—the number of offences in 1830 being 5803, and those in 1838 being 7650. Respecting the character of the offences, the greatest number of homicides *con rapina* in any one year was 5; of premeditated murder, 11; of what is called simple voluntary homicide, 51; involuntary homicide, 36; parricide, 4; of murder of wife by husband, 5; of murder of husband by wife, 1; of poisoning, 7; of infanticide, 8; of attempted murder, 7; of attempted suicide, 13; injuries by fire-arms, 106; serious wounds, 169; of lesser wounds, 382; injuries in quarrels, 237; horse-stealing, 210; of assassination, 24,—which last occurred in the year 1830. The greatest number of cases of qualified theft in the same year was 1472; of simple theft in the year 1838, 3202,—being a regular increase for the last eight years; of incendiarism, 184; of incest, 9; of rape, 9; of nameless offences, 22.

Most undoubtedly the humanity of the code does not appear to have stayed the progress of crime; perhaps this may be ascribed to other causes, such as a lamentable want of education amongst the people. The laws seem to be most defective in protecting property. In the course of the period referred to, 10,300 persons were sentenced to fine or imprisonment; 36 to the galleys for life; 958 to the public works for a given period; and 3 were condemned to death, up to 1833. In May, 1840, a prisoner was condemned to death, but the Grand Duke would not execute the sentence. I must add, that the mode in which the criminals are punished by condemnation to the public works appears to me to be carried out in a censurable manner. I have seen walking through the streets of Leghorn, to and fro as their labour required, convicts with the crime of murder printed in large letters on their backs, chains on their legs, and attended by a guard with loaded fire-arms, ready to shoot the convict if he attempted to escape or to resist. This presents a very revolting spectacle to the eyes of the stranger, familiarises the people to the punishment, and lessens its severity with respect to the criminal himself.

## CHAP. XVII.

A Farewell to Florence.—The Routes to Rome compared.—The Sienna Road.—The ancient Cities of Etruria.—Gigantic Labours of the Etruscans.—Their Skill in the Arts.—Origin and Language of the Etruscans.—Niebuhr's Opinion.—Sienna described.—Approach to the Papal Frontier.—Buonconvento.—La Scala.—Fording a River.—Radicofani.—Acquapendente.—Bolsena.—Deceitful Aspect of the Country.—Afflicted by Malaria.—Viterbo.—Ronciglione.—Le Sette Vene.—Mr. Mathews's Description of Italian Country Inns disputed.—Their Luxuries detailed.

We have lingered long in Florence, but her attractions bind the traveller in their spell. Moreover, by gaining a clear insight into the manners, laws, and politics of Tuscany, we are the better able to comprehend the general history of Italy, and her present condition. But it is time to wend our way to the Eternal City. Which road shall we select? and what are the chief objects of curiosity and interest to detain us on the passage? Our natural desire would be to annihilate space and alight at once in Rome.

The traveller might well exclaim, after Florence and the charming Val d' Arno, what can the district between it and Rome possess to interest the mind or the eye which, by dwelling on the choicest scenes of nature and productions of art, have become fastidious? The attractions of Italy are various and boundless. Whichever of the great routes we select, we have mountain scenery, rapid rivers, lakes, cascades, singular natural phenomena, cities older than Rome — exhibiting remains of a remote antiquity or of the peculiar architecture of the Middle Ages. The invalid may, if requisite, proceed by railway to Leghorn; and thence take the steamer to Cività Vecchia, and so, avoid-

ing any object of novelty or interest, reach Rome in thirty-six hours with little fatigue. But he who desires to see Italy will assuredly explore the principal routes from Florence to Rome, namely, those by Sienna or Perugia.

Quitting Florence for Sienna, we pass through a well-cultivated country for some miles, but it rather loses interest as we advance. The convent of Certosa, the villa of Macchiavelli, are left behind as we reach the unclassically-named town of Poggibonsi. There we rested for the night, having accomplished much about the same distance Horace did as he journeyed to Brundusium. Not far from this place was the residence of Boccaccio, called from it *da Certaldo*. Born to be a merchant, a walk near Naples by the tomb of Virgil, with the presence and conversation of Petrarch, instigated his natural inclination, and he became a poet. His fame rests not, however, on his poems, but his prose, the style of which is said to be *simplex munditiis*. The "Decameron" possesses an European fame.

We are near some of the most ancient of the Etruscan cities. The Etruscans possessed twelve cities north of the Apennines, and twelve cities south of that mountain range. Among the former are reckoned Verona and Mantua, of which we have spoken; of the cities to the south the names of eight only are, I believe, mentioned by Livy; and we have Clusium, Porsenna's capital, Perusia, Arretium, Tarquinii, Volaterræ, Russellæ, little changed in their modern names. It is probable that Veii was included in the number of the twelve, and Cortona, but it is not certain that Fæsulæ was. I have just left this last-named Etruscan city under the name of Fiesole. Having visited several of these Etruscan cities, it is, in my opinion, from Tarquinii, the modern Corneto, that most instruction is to be derived. All are built on the summit of lofty hills or steep rocks; all were surrounded by walls, constructed of large blocks of polygonal stones, which still subsist in imperishable solidity.

The works of the Etruscans astonish us in their ruins; and it is supposed, from their prodigious size and Cyclopean style, compared with the small extent of the States, that those labours must have been effected by slaves. We do not find that the Etruscans squandered their energies in erecting pyramids, or obelisks, or splendid temples: their

works were of public utility or for national defence; walls, houses, cities, and colossal buildings constructed to endure for ever. They drained marshes on a vast scale, emptied lakes, pierced mountains with tunnels, and thus drew off the water lodged in the craters of extinct volcanoes. The rich valley of the Arno, which we now behold with so much pleasure, was anciently a lake and a swamp: the Etruscans drained it by means of a cut through Mount Gonfalina, which then blocked up the valley, but which was made to afford a passage for the water towards Pisa. It is said the arms by which the Po discharged itself were also excavated or directed by the Etruscans, and that its Delta was the fruit of their labours; nay, in the neighbourhood of Perugia are traces of lakes dried up by tunnels, which, though now unknown and never cleared out, still drain off the water as before. These astonishing labours are enough to convince us of the skill and industry of the Etruscans; as their vases, adorned with curious drawings, and their works in bronze and clay, prove their progress in the arts, and shed light on their habits and civilisation.

What is most curious about the Etruscans is, that their origin and history puzzled the ancients as much as it has perplexed the moderns, and the combined researches and conjectures of both parties have left the subject in obscurity. Humboldt, Müller, Niebuhr, have exhausted their talents in endeavouring to trace the origin of this wonderful people. Niebuhr says, the Etruscans spoke a language which bore no affinity to any other known form of speech; and then, in his usual confident manner, adds, that the language of the people of Groeden in the Tyrol may have claims to be considered as a relic of the ancient Etruscan. No scholar, by any effort of etymological skill, has been able to decipher the extant Etruscan inscriptions: and these curious monuments, which have baffled the most ingenious minds, will probably remain for ever unknown, unless a key shall be accidentally furnished for their interpretation, by the discovery of a bilingual inscription. It is most extraordinary that the Etruscan alphabet is almost deciphered, while the language remains unintelligible.

The bond of union amongst the Etruscan cities was federal; the government of each was independent and oligar-

chical, and the people serfs; hence, although successful under Porsenna, they ultimately failed in their struggle with Rome.

Let the traveller who has time to spare, and inclination to explore the antiquities of Etruria, now hasten to Volterra from Poggibonsi, or, if he will not repress his impatience to reach the Eternal City, Sienna must be his resting-place. We have here a city which once rivalled Florence, and flourished in the Middle Ages, a brilliant and powerful republic. It is surrounded with walls, but the view on the side towards Florence is not to be compared with that on the side towards Rome: massive palaces, numerous churches, an immense cathedral three hundred and thirty feet in length, capped by a cupola, and adorned like the churches with beautiful paintings and frescoes, invite our inspection. An university existed here; a school of painting, called after the city, sprang up and prospered, and was celebrated for the deep devotional feeling which pervaded its style. But the glory of Sienna has faded; her scanty population of 24,000 affords a sad contrast to those bright days when 100,000 men rushed through her gates to battle.

Sienna is one of the cheapest, and, I might add, the dullest cities in Tuscany to reside in. Sir J. Clarke asserts, that there is not any place in the north of Italy superior in point of climate as a summer residence for invalids not disposed to pulmonary disease. Sienna is built on a height, and its streets are irregular and steep; it is the chief town of a department, the seat of an archbishop, and of the supreme courts of law under the Tuscan administration.

We are on the road again, and approaching the Papal frontier, traversing a district so bare and waste, as to excite surprise by the contrast with the richly cultivated valleys near Florence. Nature has protected the fair city by a barrier of sterile mountains; the country around, destitute of vegetation, seems as if it had been ruined by a volcanic eruption. Buonconvento received us with moderate hospitality, but I conclude it to be improved since some of our guide-books have been written.

From this place we traversed dreary and steep hills to La Scala, and thence through a scene of wildest desolation,

worked our weary way to Radicofani. Before reaching this last-named place perched upon a mountain, we had an adventure not at all agreeable. A stream from the hills, which ordinarily crosses the road at a shallow depth, swollen by the rains, now dashed along a torrent, and presented a formidable barrier to further progress. While our post-boys anxiously considered what should be done, a sickly-looking peasant appeared on the opposite side, made signs, then, nearly stripped, waded across the stream twice to show how and where the horses could safely pass: an ingenious mode of gaining a few pauls. Following our guide, we ventured into the water, which was three feet deep and ran with extreme violence; the bottom was composed of big loose stones, and the carriage rocked like a boat at sea; however, we struggled through famously. When we reached the other side, the Italians shouted in triumph, cracked their whips, and galloped up the steep ascent merrily.

I liked Radicofani. A gloomy castle (converted into an hotel) on a desolate mountain, affords a suitable resting-place for the romantic traveller. The old woman who attended reminded me of one of Macbeth's witches; soon however a blazing wood fire cheered our hearts, and made us almost enjoy the storm which raged without. The hills surrounding Radicofani are volcanic. We have entered the Papal frontier; soon after, I heard the first compliment paid to the administrative capacity of Pope Gregory. Inquiring from one of his subjects why his holiness did not mend his roads, the man answered, "The Pope does nothing but eat and sleep." And, certainly, as we struggled onwards our prepossessions towards the Papacy were not favourable: bad roads, cheerless inns, a dreary neglected country. However, we toiled along the frontier to Acquapendente, a picturesque old town perched upon a steep hill, in the midst of trees, an agreeable situation to rest in, but a repulsive hotel induced us to push on by Bolsena to Montefiascone.

Bolsena, probably Volsinii, one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan league, is full of objects of antiquarian interest. Everybody has heard of the miracle of the wafer in Bolsena. There are many representations of it through Italy, but its chief picture is by Raphael, which, under the name of the

"Mass of Bolsena," adorns the walls of the Vatican, removing all doubts from the minds of the sceptical.

We next passed near the Lake of Bolsena by a road commanding every variety of prospect. The hills, covered with vegetation, run down to the edge of the lake, and its bright waters cover an expanse of nearly thirty miles; yet are there no boats, no dwellings, no smiling villages in view, although the soil is rich and skilfully cultivated, and the scenery around of singular beauty; the curse of malaria visits the land, and no man dare sleep in this district, so fair to look upon. Ascending another hill, we rested at Montefiascone, the hotel of which place has been refitted, and is tolerably clean; thence, crossing another dreary district, we reached Viterbo, a considerable town. It lies at the base of the mountains, and is surrounded with old walls and towers, has broad streets paved with lava, some good buildings, and valuable pictures, by Piombino. The cultivation of this province appears careless and indolent. A few miles from Viterbo is the immense Necropolis of Voltumna, in the vale of Castel d' Asso.

Ronciglione is a filthy place, nothing should induce the traveller to sleep in its abominable inn, which combines everything repulsive to the senses. Le Sette Vene was our last resting-place, on the Sienna road to Rome. It is too highly praised in the guide-books. Being in a situation exempt from malaria, it is preferred as a sleeping-place, and is consequently much frequented by travellers; there were one hundred and nine persons in the house one night I slept there, and our accommodation was very inferior. I was exceedingly entertained at the way in which the Italian travellers were disposed of. I saw a waiter lock up a whole family, consisting of five individuals — then a monk, next a priest, and lastly, two dogs, in a small closet! Right glad were we, in the freshness of the morning air, to emerge on the Campagna of Rome.

Mr. Mathews, in his popular book, "The Diary of an Invalid," thus speaks of the Italian inns on this route: —

"Whatever may be said of the roast-beef of Old England, I think we might learn much from our neighbours in the science of good living. The inns in Italy are generally better than those of an equal class in England. What can a traveller hope to find at a

country inn in England but the choice of a beef-steak, a mutton-chop, or a veal-cutlet?—for one of these, with some bad beer, or worse wine, he will be charged more than he will pay in Italy for an abundance and variety of dishes. The wines of the country are light, pleasant, and wholesome. And in that great article of a traveller's comfort, his bed, Italy has again the advantage. Instead of the suffocating feather-bed of England, you find everywhere an elastic refreshing mattress, which will conduce to ensure a good night's sleep, in spite of the dreary unfurnished room in which it is placed."

I object to this passage, except partially as to the beds. I think the second-rate country inns of England incomparably superior to the same class of hotels in Italy; and on the very ground that the traveller will have the choice of a beef-steak, mutton-chop, or veal-cutlet, any of which, with cleanliness, would suffice for one not an epicure. Surely Mr. Mathews did not mean to represent to the English invalid, that he is better provided in the small towns of Italy, than in the rural parts of his own happy country; if so, a greater mistake was never committed. Now, once for all, to dismiss the subject of hotels, this is the result of my experience of the fare in the inns of second-rate Italian towns through the peninsula. Mutton execrable, buffalo beef, veal tolerable, fowl stringy, bread dark and sour, butter and milk scarce and bad, wine acid, beds generally good, dirt triumphant; the enjoyment of travelling, nevertheless, greatly predominating over discomfort.

## CHAP. XVIII.

Perugian Route to be preferred.—Views of Florence, Incisa; Arezzo. —Birthplace of Mæcenas and Petrarch.—Cortona.—Lake of Thrasymenus and its Scenery.—The Battle between Hannibal and the Romans.—The Country described.—Ascent of Perugia.—Account of that Etruscan City.—Its modern School of Art.—Perugino and his Pupil Raffaelle.—Umbria.—Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli.—Assisi, its Churches and Paintings.—Foligno.—Clitumnus, its River and Temple.—Spoleto and its Roman Aqueduct.—Valley of the Nera.—The Falls of Terni.—Narni.—Bridge of Augustus.—Descent into the Valley of the Tiber.—Cività Castellana.—Nepi.—The Cassian Way.—The Campagna.—Approach to Rome.—Milvian Bridge.—The Flaminian Gate.—Reflections on entering the City.

I HAVE another route to describe from Florence to Rome, by Perugia.

There cannot be made in any of the romantic countries of Europe, an excursion of ten days, presenting such a succession and variety of interesting objects of art and natural beauty, with classical and historical associations. Let no man be induced, whether he visits Rome in winter or in spring, if he has but one journey to make, although it be considerably longer than that already described, to omit this route. Quitting Florence by the Porta St. Nicola, the road continues for some distance by the banks of the Arno, yielding from every ascent striking examples of that scenery which surrounds the favoured city, and from time to time rewarding the lingering eye of the traveller with views of the town, ever changing and always beautiful. About four miles from the gate, the last and most delightful view of the valley in which Florence stands breaks suddenly upon the horizon: the winding river, the proud city, the richly cultivated foreground, far away the striking outline of the Carrara Mountains, form a combination not easily to be equalled. Looking forward, we have a view of the upper valley of the Arno, the beauty of the scenery increasing

each step, until within a few miles of Incisa, when the road by a sudden turn affords a series of landscapes, which might excite the genius of a Claude or a Poussin.

Incisa, a small town on the banks of the Arno, stands in a picturesque position, and from the opposite side of the river forms with its ancient bridge, towers, and mills, a very pleasing object, but it is not a place to rest in for a night; thence, to Arezzo, the character of the scenery becomes that of luxuriant fertility, varied by small towns. Arezzo stands on the site of the ancient Aretium, and, as we have already remarked, is an Etruscan city, the old walls of which are in parts still visible. The position of this town is commanding, built rather on the declivity of a range of hills which overlooks the neighbouring plains; the modern streets are broad, paved, and clean; indeed, Arezzo is one of the neatest towns in Tuscany. The churches are adorned with admirable paintings; the cathedral is a noble building, in the style of what is called the Italian-Gothic, with painted windows, sculpture, and pictures of great value. This provincial town, with 9000 inhabitants, contains treasures in ancient and modern art, which might well occupy the scholar for a week. As the birth-place of Mæcenas, of Petrarch, and a host of famous men, Arezzo must deserve, even on this score, something beyond a passing visit. Moreover, it produces a pleasant red wine, and has an excellent hotel.

Camuscia may detain the gallant traveller who desires a bad dinner, but served by a whole family of pretty damsels, in short petticoats and black velvet boddices. We are now within sight of Cortona, high up the mountain, its massive walls being nearly as perfect as when their solid foundations were laid thousands of years ago. Museums, paintings, and, above all, ancient tombs, will reward him who turns aside from the beaten track, to visit this undoubtedly Etruscan city. We approach one of the chief attractions of this road, the Lake Thrasymenus, celebrated no less for its beauty than for the memories it recalls. This sheet of water, forty miles in circumference, is studded with islands, and has its outlet into the Tiber at Passignano. Coming from Rome, woods and defiles lead to the lake, and abrupt heights shut it in as a basin; vineyards now cover the flat and formerly

marshy ground, stretching towards the water's edge on the side next Arezzo — a fit theatre for the bloody tragedy there acted. It is not possible for the traveller to appreciate the surprising natural beauty of the scene before and around him, unless he walks over the ground at least two miles.

Standing on the eminence near the Tuscan frontier, facing the lake, one can comprehend the craft of Hannibal and the impetuous folly of Flaminius. You have the Gualandra range of mountains, in a semicircular form, enclosing a vale which is open only on the side next the lake. It is believed that Hannibal drew out his heavy-armed troops near a village called Torre. In the vale below you can see a round tower named Borghetto, close to the edge of the lake, at a considerable distance from our present road; here are hillocks covered with wood, and marshes: In this spot Hannibal concealed his horse; and near it, between the lake and the existing road, was the passage through which Flaminius and his army had to enter the valley thus encompassed.

As he advanced, the pass behind was blocked up by the Carthaginian horse. Immediately on the right of the Romans was the lake, on the left the Gualandra range of hills and the army of Hannibal, and before them, the mountain range extends into the water, there being round its base but a very narrow road, also occupied by the light troops of the wily Carthaginian. Flaminius, when he marched into the vale by Borghetto, which he did blindly confident and in the early morn, was completely surrounded by his opponents, and routed with a terrible slaughter. So eagerly was their attention occupied by the fight, that the combatants perceived not a great earthquake, which at the time overthrew large portions of many cities of Italy, turned rivers out of their courses, carried up the sea into the rivers, and levelled mountains.

We have reached Passignano; a wretched village in a picturesque situation jutting into the lake; and now we rest from our labours, overlooking the lovely expanse of waters before us. When we speak of mountains surrounding "Il Lago Thrasimene," it must not be supposed they are bare or lofty; they are of fine form, but of no great altitude, and the banks of the lake are no less luxuriant than

beautiful, and nowhere does the vine flourish in greater perfection.

From the lofty hill of Torricella, we enjoyed a last view of the lake, and reluctantly pursued our journey to Magione up a hill, on whose summit stands a venerable tower, reminding the traveller of bygone days. The rich valley of the Caina is separated from that of the Tiber by a mountain range; having toiled up by the help of stout oxen, which assist the traveller in most of the mountain passes in Italy, we find ourselves in the very picturesque Etruscan city of Perusia, now designated Perugia. With respect to the character of the district we had passed through, the road is exceedingly good, though hilly; and the country on each side exhibits every variety of scenery, richly-cultivated valleys, wide plains irrigated by shining streams, bounded by magnificent ranges of mountains, and adorned by fine trees; while towns, placed in every imaginable position on the steep sides of mountains, or crowning conical hills, with broken arches, and ruined towers, give it a character peculiar to itself, and lend an additional charm to all that constitutes beautiful scenery in other lands.

Perugia, celebrated alike in early history, and in the annals of modern art, is now the capital of a province in the Papal States, and forms part of the ancient Umbria. It is surrounded by ancient walls, boasts of its cathedrals adorned with the pencil of Perugino and of Raffaelle, contains twenty-four monasteries, twenty-five nunneries, a university, learned societies, a fine theatre, and pleasing promenades. The population is said by some to be 60,000, while others calculate it as low as 30,000.

I sauntered up and down the steep streets of this singularly-built city, visiting churches, palaces and museums, till wearied with sight-seeing. The number of churches at Perugia, nearly a hundred, is out of all proportion to the size or population of the place; they are adorned with pictures by masters of a peculiar school, called the Umbrian, and characterised by a profound religious feeling. The name identified with Perugia is that of the artist Pietro Vanucci, (called Perugino, from the place where he established himself,) whose pupil was the divine Raffaelle. Pietro flourished from 1446 to 1524, and Perugia is full of his

works, pleasing no doubt and soft, but monotonous in design, and often unequal in execution. Exactly opposite the hotel, on the walls of the Old Exchange, may be seen a series of frescoes by him, wherein he represents sibyls and saints, prophets, philosophers, soldiers, and the famous men of ancient Rome. It is asserted that Raffaelle exercised his youthful genius on these frescoes, and especially in drawing the head of our Saviour in the Transfiguration — the great subject in the delineation of which he subsequently established an eternal fame.

In the palace of Count Staffa, is a picture of the Madonna and Child, said to be the earliest of Raffaelle's works. The Virgin is represented reading, and the Child is peeping into the book. "It is a miniature painting of inexpressibly delicate and beautiful execution." There is no doubt of its authenticity.

The traveller should visit the Academy of Fine Arts, to see several curious pictures by Pinturicchio; and also the Benedictine Monastery of San Pietro, which is a gallery in itself; the museum is filled with memorials of Etruscan art, found in and around Perugia. We must now descend towards the valley of the classic Tiber, and we depart from "the city seated on a hill" with a profound respect for its ancient inhabitants. There are some small manufactures of silks and velvets in Perugia, and the best sheep and oxen sent to Rome are from the healthy heights surrounding this antique town. Having reached the base of the mountains in safety, we take our leave of Etruria, and, crossing the Tiber, enter Umbria, where the aborigines of Italy are said to have dwelt. I beheld the Tiber, for the first time, with veneration.

The country we now traverse is no less fertile than beautiful. The spacious church of S. Maria degli Angeli, at the distance of ten miles, attracts our notice; it was damaged by an earthquake some fifteen years since, but has been repaired, and well deserves a visit, were it only to listen to the fabulous stories of the Franciscan monk who conducts the traveller over the church where St. Francis worshipped, and the apartments in which the Saint dwelt.

S. Maria degli Angeli is much frequented by devotees at a particular season of the year, in order to obtain indulgences. This church and the neighbouring city of Assisi,

are celebrated all over Italy; thousands of pilgrims flock annually to Assisi to receive consolation at the tomb of the great founder of the Franciscan order. Assisi contains twenty churches, twelve monasterics for begging friars, and about four thousand people; who, as if to demonstrate the blessings imparted by monastic institutions, are either beggars, or dependent for subsistence on the saintly devotees who flock to their town in the appointed season. To the lover of ancient Italian art, Assisi has a peculiar interest because it contains much of the labours of Cimabue. Here may be seen well-preserved specimens of his vigorous colouring, and colossal but ill-proportioned figures. There are also in Assisi frescoes and paintings by Giotto, the father of painting, the friend of Dante, and the greatest artist of his age.

We proceed on our route. A capital road conducts us to Foligno, named in ancient times Fulginium, a busy little town of some 15,000 inhabitants, in the delegation of Perugia. It was shattered in 1832 by such an earthquake as that already described to have devastated Tuscany in 1846. This small place contains no less than eight churches, twelve monasteries, eight nunneries, and a museum of antiquities. The inhabitants, to their credit, employ themselves in woollen manufactures, and in making paper, and bleaching wax. These however, are not attractions to detain the traveller, and therefore he hastens towards the delightful valley of Clitumnus, a name celebrated alike by the genius of Virgil and of Byron. Clitumnus in ancient geography was a river of Umbria; according to Pliny it was a fountain consisting of several springs, situated between Hespellum and Spoletium, which swelled into a navigable river, running into the Tinia, and both together into the Tiber. Its banks were and are famous for milk-white flocks and herds. The god of the river was called Clitumnus. "*Hic ver assiduum*," and truly the climate and the scene are alike exhilarating and delicious.

> "There flows *Clitumnus* through the flowery plain
> Whose waves for triumphs after prosperous war
> The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare."

I recollect passing through a fair near this classical spot,

and I had the opportunity of seeing some hundreds of milk-white steers; they are the same breed as described by the poets, sleek, perfectly clean, and in high condition. These oxen perform all the work of the farmer, and constitute the greater portion of his wealth. Nor must we forget the temple of small and elegant proportions, standing on the "mild declivity of hill," supposed to be that dedicated to the river-god Clitumnus; its antiquity has been doubted by Mr. Forsyth, and maintained by Hobhouse in his ingenious illustrations of Childe Harold; but whether it be or be not the shrine described by Pliny, there can be no question about its elegance and beauty. It is of the Corinthian order; four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are carved in spiral lines, and in forms to represent the scales of fishes. The bases too are richly sculptured. The temple fronts the river.

"Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If thro' the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his, and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clear
With nature's baptism, 'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

A drive of ten miles through a rich country, abounding in picturesque ruins, conducts us to Spoleto, anciently Spoletium. This is the capital of a delegation, and is built in a romantic situation at the foot of a hill. It has about 7000 inhabitants, and is the seat of a bishop. I inquired into the number of monastic institutions and churches, and learned it contained a cathedral, twenty-two parish churches, twenty-two monasteries, with other places of devotion. What an enormous church establishment for so small a town! The streets are narrow, and the houses dilapidated, but there are many interesting ruins of antiquity in and about it, dating from the time of Hannibal. The magnificent aqueduct which spans a chasm is asserted to be the work of the famous Theodoric.

We are now ascending the Monte Somma, in our way to

the Falls of Terni. Quitting a rich and fruitful country, the variety afforded by something of a wild mountain-pass is agreeable. The Via Flaminia is our road.

The Count de Tournon gives an admirable description of the valley of Velino and of the Nera, which we now traverse. The fertile plain of Rieti, it appears, was partly reclaimed from the waters of a lake which once occupied its now smiling surface; it may well be compared with the richest part of Lombardy. The Turano and the Velino re-unite in the centre of it, forming one rapid river, crossed by a bridge of wood.

Terni stands between two branches of the Nera, in a delightful valley surrounded with olive, mulberry and other fruit-trees. It is the seat of a bishop, has five monasteries, several churches, with but 5000 inhabitants. There are to be seen remains of an amphitheatre and of a Temple of the Sun. The classical name of the river Velino is the Velinus, —"*Rosea rura Velini.*" Below its conflux with the Nar, or Nera, Terni is situated, on the site of the ancient Umbrian city of Interamna. The cascade of the Marmora, a few miles from Terni, has made it famous through Europe; the river Velino, by three successive falls of three hundred feet each, empties its water into the Nera. Leaving Terni to visit the falls, three miles distance, we ascend by the vale of the Nera to a considerable height, and approach the Velino, which has passed through an artificial canal.

This immense mass of water, at first winds slowly, then rolls with frightful rapidity over a bed of rock, and reaching the edge of the rocky platform, it precipitates itself into a gulf in the midst of clouds of vapour. At an immense depth lies a beautiful valley, watered by the Nera, and sheltered by an amphitheatre of mountains: in the distance appears the magnificent plain of Terni. From the summit of a projecting rock suspended over the abyss we first enjoy this sublime spectacle; then descending over slippery rocks, formed by the concretions of several ages, covered with a green turf of the most refreshing colour, we reach a little pavilion called La Specola, built in 1780 by order of Pius VI., upon a ledge of rock boldly projecting over the abyss.

The fairest trees crown the crest of the mountain; and from the midst of a bed of verdure the rapid waters of the

Velino rush out in two great branches, which soon re-unite in one majestic sheet of water. The waves seem like moving curves of snow, and the entire cascade dashes over the rock in one immense arch of foam. At the side of the principal fall, a hundred little threads of water form a silvery network over the green turf. A tremendous noise resounds incessantly, and the promontory suspended over the abyss trembles from the redoubled action of the turbid waters.

At Narni, eight miles on his road, the traveller must stop to admire the magnificent remains of Imperial Rome. Narni occupies the site of Narnia, or Nequinum. The modern town is clean, with but 5000 inhabitants, yet it possesses a bishop, a cathedral, five parish churches, seven monasteries, and five nunneries.

The great attraction, however, of Narni, is its stately Roman bridge, called after Augustus, across which the Flaminian way traversed the Nar, and of which such stupendous ruins still remain. Nothing can be more picturesque than the appearance of this huge structure, or more romantic than the surrounding country.

We descend at last from the Apennines into the broad basin of the valley of the Tiber. A natural impatience here impels the traveller to quicken his speed towards the "Eternal City." Through a well-wooded country we reach Otricoli, anciently Otriculum, and catch a glimpse of the celebrated Mount Soracte, — in the language of our day Monte di Silvestro.

> Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
> Soracte,—

On reaching Cività Castellana, we again entered the ancient Etruria. There is a viaduct here, which, at the height of one hundred and thirty feet, crosses the valley. The citadel, which might be the strongest fortress in Italy, now converted into a prison, is perched above us, and the day I first passed this state-prison of Pope Gregory, it was crowded with political offenders. Another striking view of the castle of Nepi, surrounded by magnificent timber, gratifies the eye of the traveller, but will not detain him. Quitting the fresh and pleasant groves around him, he enters the Cassian way at Baccano, and a few miles further emerges

on the Campagna, and strains his longing eyes to catch a view of Rome. His heart beats with expectation, and he beholds every worthless fragment with classical veneration.

From La Storta, a village on a hill, the Campagna of Rome develops at each step more distinctly the solemn stillness of its immense plains—the vast circle of its surrounding mountains. The monotonous grandeur of this scene elevates our thoughts, we feel a melancholy pleasure in gazing on desolation, a sight which seems to prepare us for beholding the stately shadow of Ancient Rome.

I stood on the Campagna the moment it was possible, to behold the dome of St. Peter's. The view of some broken monument was interrupted by the strange outline of the Italian shepherd, clad in sheep-skin, tending his flock; or the stranger figure of the mounted peasant, muffled in his cloak, and with pointless spear driving the buffaloes before him. I passed the site of ancient Veii, and near those fields which Cincinnatus cultivated with his victorious hands. It seemed as if I traversed a plain still showing traces of a civilisation and grandeur which had been swept away by a whirlwind, or scattered by an earthquake. Surely this approach to Rome teaches the most awful lesson of the vicissitude of human things.

At the Milvian Bridge I gaze with reverence on the yellow Tiber, here a noble river, rolling through gardens and plantations. I remembered the historic associations connected with the spot,—Cicero, Cataline, and the victory of Constantine over Maxentius establishing Christianity in the world. In such a place, a crowd of great events rush at once into the mind, and agitate the soul with various and conflicting feelings. I look up, and behold upon the mighty dome of St. Peter's, the cross triumphant over the power of the Cæsars. Crossing the Tiber, a spacious road passing through imposing suburbs, conducts us in a straight line of two miles to the Flaminian Gate.

Poets, patriots, heroes, conquerors of the world, have trod this path. Their power, but not their glory, has passed away, for their history is written in characters ineffaceable.

> "Still to the remnants of their splendour past,
> Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng."

Still are we taught by their wisdom, animated by their eloquence, exalted by their courage, educated in their learning, and fired by their genius. I stop before the walls of Rome—they tell a wondrous history. I enter "the City of the Soul," forgetful of what passes around me—burning thoughts will here inflame the coldest heart; I people the streets with the famous men of the republic, and fancy I behold a race of heroes. Coriolanus, haughty Scipio, stern Brutus, the eloquent Gracchi, great Pompey, "triumphant Sylla," and their various fortunes are vividly before me. Here Tully and Hortensius strove for fame, here Cato struggled for freedom—Cæsar thirsted for power. Their spirits may hover around the scenes of their glory—let me exult! I am on the theatre of their immortal actions—let me fly to behold localities consecrated alike by their greatness and their genius!

## CHAP. XIX.

### ROME AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

WHATEVER unpleasant feelings a fatiguing journey may excite in the mind of an invalid, they quickly subside in Rome, and sensations of a more agreeable character succeed. Prudently avoiding the cheerless streets of the modern city, keeping on the sunny heights, and breathing the air of a charming climate, I enjoyed the delights of the place. No professional labours here distract the thoughts or disturb the temper, no political wrangling interrupts reflection: we have no parliament, no newspapers, no railways. A delicious tranquillity steals over the mind, which the external aspect of things helps to maintain; a solemn stillness reigns over a great portion of the city; even where people may be seen, their manner is grave, and their scanty business transacted with a quietness unknown to the bustling inhabitants of the North. The ministers of religion move about with a noiseless step and a sombre air, and their various degrees and classifications are distinguished by a corresponding variety of costume. The monks in coarsest stuff and sandals, the cardinals shining in crimson, bear a serious aspect, and exhibit outwardly an admirable propriety of behaviour. Then, whether at early morn or bright mid-day, or when the evening shades have covered the shrines of martyrs, the solemn tolling of the bell warns the unthinking votary of pleasure that this is not man's abiding place, and that a preparation for death ought to form an important part of the business of life.

In such a residence our moral sense is schooled, our intellectual nature is improved, for "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Pleasing thoughts arise almost involuntarily. The poetic story of Rome's foundation, the inspiring history of "The Commonwealth of Kings, the men of Rome," the decline of an uni-

versal empire, the rise of Christianity, its progress and blessed influences upon the world: — there, indeed, we have a record of great events to contemplate, of wise laws and free institutions to study and admire — an amazing revelation to receive and bless. Undoubtedly it is the associations connected with a great antiquity which overmaster for a time every other impression of Rome — the Via Sacra — the Capitol — the Forum, what memories do they not recall! But the bright pictures of Livy — the terrible history of Sallust, the racy effusions of Horace, and enchanting verses of Virgil, teach not so forcibly as a view of the spot where Cæsar, Cicero, Hortensius, and Cato spoke, where her patriots perished in a blaze of glory which still illumines the world. What abundant food for the mind is here spread before us. In prose — antiquities, jurisprudence, history, oratory, travels; in poetry, what matchless verse! Wonderful city! which, even in "her ruin, past redemption's skill," has animated the labours, and stimulated the genius, of the greatest intellects; amidst a host have we not Niebuhr, Gibbon, Shakspeare, Addison, De Staël, Mitford and Shelley; the graceful poetry of Rogers — Byron's immortal verse? What a vast and splendid genius was *his* — in Rome the enthusiasm of his soul reached its height, and poured itself forth in those noble stanzas which must live for ever: we may imagine his lofty admiration for the Eternal City from what he has recorded of his first impressions.

"I have been some days in Rome the wonderful! I am delighted with Rome as a whole, ancient and modern; it beats Greece, Constantinople, *everything*, at least, that I have ever seen."

From the seventy-eighth to the concluding stanzas of Childe Harold, there was never penned so poetical, and, at the same time, graphic a description, of the famous characters which have figured in her stirring history, and of some of the choicest antiquities in Rome itself. The poem of Mr. Rogers is no doubt elegant and graceful; all his reflections in prose or verse are charitable and improving: but his lines on Rome are tame, when read after the sublime stanzas of Childe Harold. How delightful to possess such guides as Corinne, Byron, and Rogers; they raise our contemplations above the level to which the dull details

of commonplace descriptions would inevitably sink them. Nor should we be forgetful of what we owe to Lord Broughton for his masterly illustrations of one of the grandest poems in our language. Shelley and Mitford in what they have done have shown a lofty genius: while Forsyth and Bell force us to regret that their critical skill, and discriminating taste, were not more fully expanded in the vast field of Roman antiquities and literature. Let us enjoy the intellectual feast and be grateful.

But we find in Rome additional attractions; an universal courtesy prevails—this invariable civility of demeanour is very pleasing, and effaces the memory of little inconveniences. The Italians have a natural graciousness of manner, most agreeable to strangers, and when understood, a frankness and gentleness accompanied frequently with a nobleness of sentiment which induce us to believe they would be worthy of freedom. The enjoyments of Rome are not coarse, her aristocracy, if proud, are not churlish. There is not a palace or villa in or near this extraordinary city, although stocked with gems of art, that is not flung open to the stranger at seasonable hours. It affords pleasure to the noble proprietors to give pleasure to others. Marvels of art, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raffaelle, Da Vinci, and of their celebrated successors, tempt the frequent visits of the traveller, and are arranged so as to be seen with ease and advantage; all public collections are open on stated days free of expense; the *facchino* drops his bundle of faggots to gaze on the works of Raffaelle, which he too can relish. Private museums are easily accessible to the inspection of the stranger; while the spacious grounds of the villas outside the city are available for exercise and recreation.

These gratifications, within the reach of all, tend to humanise and civilise the Roman people, and may have a higher and more wholesome effect, in mitigating the evils of arbitrary laws, and in qualifying men for the attainment and possession of better. My residence of two winters in Rome, will be ever remembered as a bright episode in my existence.

# CHAP. XX.

## MODERN ROME.

Brief Topographical Description and general Aspect of the City. — Tables of the Population. — The Seven Hills described.

MINUTE descriptions of great towns are proverbially tedious, — of Rome they may be thought superfluous; an outline however of the famous city, its topography and general aspect, will perhaps be acceptable, if not entertaining. The impatient traveller enters within the walls of Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and quickly catches the chief features of the scene. A church on his left hand, two more guarding the Corso at the opposite extremity of a spacious piazza, an Egyptian obelisk raising its tall graceful proportions to the skies, ancient even when Cæsar Augustus tore it from Heliopolis to adorn the Imperial City; a sparkling fountain at its base, the bright waters gushing into an ample basin through the mouths of four marble lions couchant, — two smaller fountains, one at either side of the broad piazza, glistening in the sun. Statues decorate the front of the terraces leading by a winding road, which turns close from the church of S. Maria del Popolo up to the Pincian Hill, crowned by a platform commanding an extensive view of the city and its monuments. Hastening onwards through the fine street named the Corso, adorned with many noble edifices, the traveller will pass churches, palaces, Aurelian's column, and almost by a straight line will arrive at the Forum and the chief wonders of Old Rome. The yellow Tiber flows near to the spot from whence our traveller started in the Piazza del Popolo, but it is obscured from view by the Via Ripetta, which runs close by the banks of the river in a south-westerly direction. The bulk of the inhabitants dwell in the space between the Corso and Old Tiber, and are closely packed, a few in fine palaces, the many in cheerless dwell-

ings. A third street, running from the same starting-point in a south-easterly direction, leads to the Piazza di Spagna, where another fountain cools the air, and the huge building called the Propaganda blocks up all further view; but the traveller will meet with other fountains, and massive palaces, and churches, and piazze, interspersed with venerable ruins. Whithersoever he turns his eager steps, he is alternately delighted and disgusted: the majestic remains of a great antiquity he wishes to examine with critical accuracy, but he stands in the midst of inconceivable filth. He turns to the churches, sacred in the eyes of Christians, —but often not safe from defilement in the City of Churches. He notes on the map numerous piazze which he imagines to be fine squares, clean, if not splendid; he observes, with some few exceptions, that they resemble waste-ground reserved for the rubbish of a great city. Persevering in his walk through Modern Rome, he finds himself more severely fagged in one hour than he would have been in London in three; for the streets are generally narrow and gloomy, seldom clean, the pavement sharp and broken, there being no flagging, with the exception of the Corso, where it is three feet broad and of so rugged a material, that little knobs of stone rise up in the flags and almost penetrate the stoutest boot.

The Ghetto startles him, but the Jews flourish under adverse circumstances everywhere. The shops he discovers are generally poor, their contents, if useful, the produce of London or Paris. A principal source of business is the imitating in bronze the classic monuments, and at every corner is an artist's studio. He remarks no substantial houses building for a respectable middle-class, but several old ones plastered with white cement to attract tenants in the English quarter; fifty dwellings are inspected before he meets one congenial to his English taste, for if an invalid, he wants sunshine, and does not want malaria. He desires wholesome air, and spacious apartments, with a good look-out; he finds excellent apartments looking into a yard or court covered with wet or filth. He thus learns that there never was a real opulent middle-class in Modern Rome, and that cardinals and bishops cannot, even with their fine palaces, make a flourishing city. He

observes the people have a cheerless gloomy air, incompatible with a happy political condition; that there is no symptom of extensive business, lucrative traffic, or commerce of any kind. Miserable shelties, dragging the Campagna wine-wagons or faggots, dispute the way with his eminence the cardinal's gilded coach. But still does he ever find, to his inexpressible delight, that into no quarter of the once Imperial City, into no palace, church, building, or studio, can he put his head without meeting with some object of interest or of art, novel, beautiful and wonderful. He forgets all inconveniences, forgives the government and the Pope, and rejoices in his visit to the Eternal City.*

To comprehend the topographical plan of Modern Rome, the stranger should procure the excellent map prepared by Letarouilly, Paris, embellished with engravings of the chief public buildings and monuments, ancient or modern, of the city; and supplied with lists of them on the margin, referring to their site on the map. Then standing in the Piazza del Popolo with his map before him, the traveller makes the circuit of Modern Rome, fixing clearly in his mind the physical divisions, or ground-plan, of the city.

On his right, but across the Tiber, rises the Monte Vaticano, where proudly sits St. Peter's, "the most magnificent temple ever consecrated to the purposes of religion." Beyond the mighty dome the Monte Janicolo appears, ornamented usefully, with a fantastic fountain, whose refreshing waters fall in cascades into a huge basin. The view from this spot is by far the most extensive and striking, not only over Rome, but the Campagna: the two elevations just mentioned are within the walls.

* Modern Rome occupies a triangular space, each side of which is nearly two miles long. The greater part of the city lies low, about forty feet above the level of the sea, although but sixteen miles distant from it. The Tiber where it enters Rome is but twenty feet above the sea. In 1831, the population had increased to 150,666. De Tournon gives tables calculating in decennial periods, from 1709 to 1829; the births and deaths, from which this curious fact appears—that, while the population increases, the deaths exceed the births. But this phenomenon, which no other great town in Europe presents, is thus explained, that the city of Rome receives every year a considerable importation of strangers, and a considerable number of the labourers who come from thirty miles around to work in the Campagna die in the hospitals. The population, it is asserted, reached in the year 1847, 170,000.

Farther on, and across the river, is a most unclassic elevation, called Monte Testaccio, being composed of broken earthen vessels; it is within the ancient walls, and near to the solitary burial-ground of the Protestants. Returning again towards the city, and at some distance from the walls, is the deserted Monte Aventino, surmounted by a melancholy convent, whence the tourist looks down upon the Tiber, and the city stretched out before him. The Monte Palatino, where stood Nero's golden house, is separated from the Aventine Mount by the valley of the Circus Maximus, and is nearly in a right line drawn from the Porta del Popolo.

The famous Capitoline Mount is almost in the same line with the Palatine, and nearer the Porta del Popolo; it is the smallest but most celebrated of the ancient hills of Rome. To catch the outline of the Seven Hills, and their position relative to each other, the traveller should ascend the tower of the Capitol, and the person in charge of this building will point out and explain the site of the Seven Hills, and the edifices now erected on their summits. The Monte Cœlio, the most southerly of the Seven Hills, once crowned with temples and buildings, is now distinguished for the church of St. Stefano Rotundo, of which Mr. Dickens has drawn a ludicrous description.

The Esquiline has two summits, one crowned with the famous Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the other with the remarkable church of San Pietro in Vincoli. The Monte Viminale we next endeavour to find, tracing our returning path to the Quirinal hill, once adorned by the magnificent Temple of the Sun, and now by the summer palace of the Pope. The Quirinal continues healthy, and is thickly inhabited. The Monte Pinciano, with its pleasant promenade, completes our circuit of the city; by its terraces you may descend to the Porta del Popolo, our original position.

Thus we perceive, that, although the Roman Empire has passed away, the physical divisions of the ground on which the city was built are still plainly traceable and obvious. And how excellent the site! The Seven Hills were separately places of defence, their summits were healthful, their position commanding.

Thus a large tract of land was naturally enclosed as it were for the early Romans; they were not cooped up in a

narrow spot or upon a single hill, and they had the Tiber flowing by them to facilitate commerce. The localities of the Seven Hills may have had a considerable influence in forming the robust character of the Roman people. They profited by their natural advantages, extended their city, guarded it by their valour, and became by degrees a renowned and mighty nation.*

* The height of the principal hills above the sea is here given:—The Capitoline, 160 feet; Palatine, 170; Aventine, 148; Cœlian, 146; Esquiline, 180; Quirinal, 150; Pincian, 206. The Palatine Mount is nearly a mile and a half in circumference, and almost square. The Capitoline contains 16 acres, is about 500 yards long, and 185 broad. The Esquiline is the most extensive of the Seven Hills.

## CHAP. XXI.

Pompey's Statue.—Gardens of Sallust.—A Word on the Historians and the Men who flourished in the latter Days of the Republic.

THE associations connected with a great antiquity, prevail over every other during our early residence in Rome. Standing before the severe statue of Pompey in the Spada Palace, I felt carried back to the age in which the friend of Tully struggled for the Commonwealth. This figure of an old Roman fully equalled my previous conception of what it ought to be. The attitude is imposing, one arm stretched out grasps a globe, the aspect is grave and dignified, the face that of a stern man. Gazing upon the whole statue, even if ignorant of its history, one would be tempted to exclaim, "What hero of the Republic is before us?" Gibbon tells us,—

"The discovery of a statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a law-suit. It had been found under a partition wall. The equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claim of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed, if the intercession of a cardinal and the liberality of a pope had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen."

Hobhouse rightly observes, "The face accords much better with the *hominem integrum et castum et gravem*, than with any of the busts of Augustus," "and is too stern for him who was beautiful," says Suetonius, "at all periods of his life." I have seen many busts of Augustus Cæsar, and nothing can be more absurd than the assertion that the statue of Pompey could ever have been meant for the Emperor: *his* busts and the statue have not the slightest resemblance. The traits of the statue resemble the medals of Pompey, a fact which removes all reasonable doubt as to the person for whom it was intended. It has been suffered

to stand in gloomy grandeur in an old baronial hall of the Spada Palace, the proprietors of which have not crossed its threshold for twenty-five years. It is impossible to behold the statue of great Pompey and not desire to review his history and that of the closing days of the republic in which he flourished.

Things wholly distinct in themselves are often, almost unconsciously, associated in our thoughts; and thus, the gardens of Sallust became somehow connected in my mind with this memorial of the Commonwealth. By whom have the most fearful passages in Rome's history been so graphically narrated as by Sallust? His luxurious villa was consumed by fire. "Its ruins remained," writes Gibbon, "in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration." Our historian, by a note in his fifth volume, sketches the character of Sallust, and marks the site of his gardens.*

Gardens amongst the luxurious republicans of the time were not what may be now popularly supposed. The Roman garden was in fact, a large suburban villa; Sallust's was crowded with statues, ornamented with porticoes, supplied with fountains, and whatever could minister to an Epicurean taste. The gardens of the Villa Ludovisi, bounded on one side by the venerable walls of old Rome, now occupy a portion of what must have been the splendid retreat of the historian. There are here casinos containing much to interest the lover of art—classical busts and statues; amongst them the huge colossal head of Juno, and in the smaller casino is the famous fresco by Guercino, representing Aurora in her chariot dispelling the shades of night, and shedding flowers in her bright career. This was not, however, my principal attraction in the gardens of Sallust, which I felt compelled frequently to visit. Cicero, Cæsar, Cato, with their famous contemporaries, may have trod with a lofty step the ground over which I then walked. What heroic thoughts swelled within their breasts, and what must have

* "The historian Sallust, who usefully practised the vices which he had so eloquently censured, employed the plunder of Numidia to adorn his palace and gardens on the Quirinal hill. The spot where the house stood is now marked by the Church of St. Susanna, separated only by a street from the baths of Diocletian, not far from the Salarian gate."

been their fears and forebodings at the terrible epoch of Catiline's conspiracy.

To comprehend Catiline and his times is to understand the most extraordinary history in the world; moreover, it teaches the true cause of the downfall of the Republic, for Sallust seems, if corrupt, to have been very impartial. The narrative of the conspiracy must satisfy the sternest republican that such was the fearful corruption of morals in Rome, that, as Niebuhr has expressed it, "an angel out of heaven could not then have saved it." Niebuhr's account of this epoch must be studied with attention. Gibbon is stately and grand; Niebuhr writes as if he had been a looker-on of the business he describes, and in a vigorous style, and often by apparently small facts which have escaped other men, stamps on the mind a vivid impression of the events and characters he sketches. His wish was to finish where Gibbon commenced. I know not a more agreeable, or (in Rome) a more useful, book than Niebuhr.* The remark of Niebuhr, that Cicero was unacquainted with Roman history, is very entertaining.

He is angry at the charge made against Cicero of vanity, and warmly defends him:

"It always grieves me to hear such expressions which we meet with even among the ancients themselves, for I love Cicero as if I had known him, and I judge of him as I would judge of a near relation who had committed a folly. Cicero was a man of a sensitive nature, but of great firmness and resolution.

"What makes Cicero appear weak is his sensitive nature. Where Milton makes God say to Adam—

> "A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
> Thou to thyself proposest—"

he makes me think of that class of men to which Cicero belonged."

Cæsar's character is very favourably drawn, and, from all we can learn, apart from his ambition, we may feel disposed to admit the great Julius to have been the most complete character of antiquity. Niebuhr has no high opinion of Pompey's capacity and vigour; before the last great struggle he says:—

* Of course I except from this panegyric Horace, which the traveller will require for constant reference in Rome.

"Pompey had become old and dull, and made enormous pretensions which he had lost the power to justify."

At Pharsalus he was defeated, and shortly after murdered. Cæsar wept over the head of his great rival when presented to him. There is, relating to Pompey's tomb, a genuine ancient epigram, which Niebuhr pronounces to be one of the most beautiful that have come down to us:—

"Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse deos?
Saxa premunt Licinum, levat altum fama Catonem,
Pompeium tituli. Credimus esse deos."*

Cato retreats to Utica; he had never smiled since the civil war broke out; firm in republican virtue he lived and died:—

"Thou hast seen Mount Atlas,
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet;
It stands unmoved, and glorious in its height:
Such is that haughty man, his towering soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar."

Pompey was avenged; at the base of his statue the bloody Cæsar lay. Although Cæsar thought Brutus the fittest man to succeed him, he could scarcely have repaired the republic: laws would have been of no avail — all public morals were gone —

"Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt."

The young Octavius exhibited a cool perfidy, and having massacred his enemies, rivals, and benefactors, affected moderation with a love for poetry, and applied himself to the restoration of the city and the settlement of the empire. The boast of this crafty tyrant was, that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble.

Having reviewed this eventful period of history, I resolved to examine the plan of Ancient Rome methodically,

* The Licinus here mentioned was an upstart who became very rich, and had a magnificent monument erected to himself.

and afterwards the vicissitudes of the city. In order to disencumber this work of topographical descriptions I have placed the Topography of Ancient Rome, derived from Canina's work, illustrated by notes, in a separate volume, referring thereto occasionally in the subsequent chapters of this book: the reader can do the same, if so disposed.

## CHAP. XXII.

### MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Delights of Spring.—Piazza della Trinità de' Monti, and the Landscape Painters of Italy.—A Word on the Sculptors. The Church, and Daniele da Volterra's Picture. Palace of the Medici.—The Pincian Hill: its Attractions.—Italian Schoolboys, Soldiers, and Convicts. Dr. Arnold's Criticism on Italian Character. Nero's Ashes and Family Burial-place.—The Church of Santa Maria del Popolo.—A Voice from the Obelisk.

THE soft air of spring, to us Northerns like gentle summer, tempts even the invalid to walk forth, seeking health and enjoyment. Business has not yet begun, the churches are open, few people are stirring. We may learn much in passing along the streets of Rome; few are the districts destitute of interest in this region of art and classic story. We begin the morning as we commence the race of life—fresh and hopeful; and though often to be disappointed in our expectations, yet do we sometimes fulfil, occasionally exceed, them. The sun shines brightly; the sound of the wakeful convent bell has summoned the pious from their slumber, reminding them of the duty they owe to God. Striking up the Via Gregoriana, I ascend to the Piazza della Trinità de' Monti—an open space, in the centre of which stands an Egyptian obelisk, opposite the spacious flight of stone steps leading down to the Piazza di Spagna and its sparkling fountain. I read, inscribed on the curious column, the tall sides of which are covered with hieroglyphics, these words:—

PIVS VI . PONT . MAX .
OBELISCVM . SALLVSTIANVM .
QVEM . PROLAPSIONE . DIFFRACTVM
SVPERIOR[illegible]ETAS .
IACENTEM [illegible]RELIQVERAT .
COLLI [illegible]HORTVLORVM
IN [illegible]SVBSIDE[illegible]TIC[illegible] . VIARV[illegible] .
PROSPECTV . IMPOSITVM
TROPE[illegible] .
CRVCIS . PRAEFIXO .
TRINITATI . AVGVSTAE .
DEDICAVIT.

Thus is the cross everywhere in Rome made to triumph over the proud memorials of a heathen antiquity. This obelisk is judiciously placed so as to be seen from several points of view with effect: found in the Circus of Sallust the historian, the interesting monument was removed in the Pontificate of Pius VI., and now adorns its present site, looking as if destined to "flourish in immortal youth."

There are a few dwelling-houses on two sides of the Piazza. Facing the west there are no buildings to obscure the view. This spot was the chosen residence of the great landscape painters of Italy,—Claude, the Poussins, Salvator Rosa, here exercised and proved their genius. They looked over the cupolas, the pillars, and lofty domes of the Eternal City, and beheld the sun of Italy setting in evening splendour illuminating the heavens with golden light. They could quickly escape into the wide Campagna, and sketch its natural beauties, or majestic ruins. Their ambition was inflamed, their taste cultivated, and their imagination fed by what they beheld, whether of art, nature, or antiquity, in and around Rome. It is however curious, that but one of these celebrated artists was an Italian. Rome attracted the others, but they were not her sons, although she appropriates their fame. Passing the house where Claude dwelt, we naturally think of his bright productions. His name is associated with the great masters of the school of landscape painting, if indeed he be not its founder. His habits of life ensured success: wandering over the Campagna he sketched the sunrise, and every curious object, ruin, dell, lake, or mountain, which he saw before him, and then returned to

complete his labours in his studio on the Pincian Hill. There is a peculiar fascination in his pictures: the general composition it is which fastens our attention; a soft and perfect beauty pervades the whole work. There is nothing unusual or startling in his paintings — no terrible convulsion of nature: nature in repose he loved to delineate.

But, having examined many of his choicest pictures, if I were asked, had I ever actually seen such a landscape in Italy as Claude has represented, I should answer, certainly not. I may have seen sunsets as gorgeous, but assuredly neither I, nor any other mortal, have ever observed the whole of his sketch realised in nature. Yet Claude is confessed to be the prince of landscape-painters. How is this, if his drawings are not consistent with that nature he proposes to represent? The answer is to be found in the criticism of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"Many painters take a particular spot, and sketch it to perfection; but Claude was convinced that taking nature as he found it, seldom produced beauty. Neither did he like exhibiting in his pictures accidents of nature. He professed to portray the style of general nature, and so his pictures were a composition of the various draughts which he had previously made from beautiful scenes and prospects."

Thus Claude belonged in reality to the Eclectic school; and his system reminds me of what I have seen in the studios of landscape-painters in Rome — namely, sketches of cascades, ruins, forests, sunsets and sunrise, storms, &c., all suspended separately against the wall, and ready for insertion in a composition when required. Still, as Claude built his fame on the correct delineation of general nature, and triumphed, the works of his pencil will live for ever. He flourished in the seventeenth century, from 1600 to 1682.

Nicolas and Gaspar Poussin were remarkable men, but very distinct in their style. The first came from France, and settled in Rome about 1624, and studied the art of landscape-painting in oil scientifically. He was poor and not known, and attached himself to no master. Rome was his school, and his models were chosen amongst the galleries of ancient art; and how could he have learned the rules of proportion better than by constant observation of the match-

less Greek statues of the Vatican? This unusual manner of studying affected his style. He preferred old things and loved to dwell upon them, and to introduce Greek vases, arches, and pillars, into his learned paintings. His taste acquired a finish which common artists cannot attain. He aimed at perfection: Leonardo da Vinci was his favourite, nor could he, in the annals of his art, have found a purer model. Philosophical and inventive, like his great predecessor, Poussin was a scholar.

Those who desire to comprehend his style will find his pictures in the Barberini Palace, in the Vatican, and at the Capitol. In the curious, yet grand and imposing old church, called San Martino a i Monti, built according to Canina on the Baths of Trajan, are some frescoes of Nicolas Poussin. But the picture most celebrated is his copy of the antique Greek painting called "Nozze Aldobrandini." The original, was found in the Baths of Titus on the Esquiline, and belonged to Cardinal Aldobrandini, of which family Clement VIII. was a member; it may be seen in a small apartment of the Vatican. Having examined the original, the traveller will hasten to the Doria Palace, and feast on the copy by N. Poussin: a more classical representation exists not. It suited the genius of Poussin,—the antique cast of whose mind enabled him, in making this copy, to exhibit his peculiar powers in perfection. The composition consists of ten figures, and is believed to represent a Greek marriage. This is one of the two pictures criticised by John Bell while in Rome. The accuracy and elegance with which he has pointed out the beauties of the "Nozze Aldobrandini" make us regret that he did not continue his masterly criticisms.

The discovery of this old painting enabled Poussin to catch the style, drapery, and graceful dignity of the Greek figures. His favourite subjects were ancient fables. He resided forty years on the Pincian Hill, and lived from 1594 to 1665.

Gaspar Poussin's real name was Dughet; his father was a French emigrant, who generously received Nicolas Poussin, and the latter having married the daughter of his benefactor, Gaspar became the pupil of his brother-in-law, whose name he eventually assumed; and emulated his master as a painter of Italian landscapes. It seems he had so quick a

hand that he could dash off a landscape in a day. If so, he must have had a large ready-made stock of cypress and pine trees, fountains, temples, sunsets, arches, and pyramids, with an occasional storm and whirlwind. He painted whatever he saw at Tivoli, Frescati, &c., in and around Rome, and composed imaginary landscapes, putting into one piece whatsoever struck his fancy as most beautiful in nature. Many of his landscapes may be seen and studied in the Corsini and Doria Palaces. He lived from 1613 to 1675.

Salvator Rosa, the most extraordinary individual of his time, dwelt, for many years, nearly opposite the house of Poussin. Wherever he appeared the finger of curiosity was pointed at him. From the moment that the delicious spring of the Roman climate burst into its sudden bloom, till the intolerable heats and fatal *malaria* of autumn emptied its public walks and thinned its Corso, the appearance of Salvator Rosa and his followers on the Monte Pincio, to which he confined his evening walks, never failed to produce a general sensation, and to draw all the professed disciples of the *far niente* from the embowering shades and gardens of the Villa Medici.

"The Monte Pincio was then, as now, the fashionable *passeggio*, or lounge, of Rome. Among the strolling parties of monks and friars, cardinals and prelates, Roman princesses and English peers, Spanish grandees and French cavaliers, which then crowded the Pincio, there appeared two groups which never failed to interest and fix the attention of the beholders. The leader of one of these singular parties was the venerable Nicolas Poussin; the air of antiquity which breathed over all his works seemed to have infected even his person and his features; soberly clad, and sagely accompanied by some learned antiquarian or pious churchman, and by a few of his deferential disciples, he gave out his trite axioms in measured phrase and emphatic accent.

In striking contrast to these academic figures appeared never-failingly, on the Pincio, after sunset, a group of a different stamp and character, led on by one who, in his flashing eye, mobile brow, and rapid movement — all fire, feeling, and perception — was the very personification of genius itself. This group consisted of Salvator Rosa, gallantly if not splendidly habited, accompanied by the most eminent virtuosi, poets, musicians, and cavaliers in Rome, all anxious to draw him out on a variety of subjects, when air, exercise, the desire of pleasing, and the consciousness of success, had wound him up to the highest pitch of excitement.

From the Pincio, Salvator Rosa was generally accompanied home by the most distinguished persons; and while the penurious Poussin was lighting out some reverend prelate or antiquarian with one sorry taper, Salvator, the prodigal Salvator, was passing the evening in his elegant gallery, in the midst of princes, nobles, and men of wit and science, where he made new claims on their admiration, both as an artist and as an *improvisatore*."

A graphic portraiture by Lady Morgan of the habits and manners of the satirist, scholar, improvisatore, patriot, and artist. His landscapes tell his history. An early life spent amidst mountains and forests, the wild scenes and grand productions of nature, and with banditti and outlaws, gave him a power of delineating the scenes so few had beheld as he did. The least pleasing elements of nature he preferred.

Salvator aimed at the fame of an universal painter, and affected to despise the clever little landscapes, his *quadretti*, which the world admired. He was a Neapolitan, seems to have lived forty years in Rome, and died March 1673. He is buried in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, designed by Buonarotti, on the site of the Baths of Diocletian.

The Doria, Corsini, Colonna palaces, and the Capitol, contain his pictures; but several are in Florence, and many in England. I may add, that the celebrated landscape painter, Paul Brill, who painted for some time in Rome, was also a foreigner, being a native of Antwerp. The artists lavish encomiums on his landscapes in the Sciarra Palace. Another eminent individual in his branch of art, dwelt at a later period on this Piazza del Trinità de' Monti—Thorwaldsen, the Dane, who contests with Canova the palm in sculpture, and, comparing such of their works as I have seen, I think Thorwaldsen shows more severe judgment and exact taste; his style is less adorned, less voluptuous, than that of his celebrated rival. The stern dignity of the North is here opposed to the tender elegance of the South.

But I have lingered too long on the spot where the landscape painters of Italy earned their fame; yet, ere I depart, as the door of the church of Trinità de' Monti is open, let me in the quiet morning enter the edifice, which is devoted to the use of a convent of nuns. A priest is celebrating the mass to a congregation of four people; the sisters are not

visible. I stop at the first small chapel on the left, and gaze on what Poussin pronounced to be the third greatest picture in the world — the Descent from the Cross, by Daniele de Volterra, the ablest pupil of Michael Angelo. The Transfiguration, by Raffaelle, is the greatest picture, the Communion of St. Jerome the second, and this performance of Volterra's the third. Often as I have stood before it, I seldom was interrupted by the presence of any other spectator, yet the church is open only in the morning, and occasionally for vespers, when the nuns sing sweetly. There are fourteen figures in the piece; our Saviour's body has just been removed, but not yet taken down; there are four ladders resting against the cross, and figures variously occupied on each; the Virgin has fainted, and lies prostrate, while two females minister to her; the beloved disciple beholds, with eyes of faith, the countenance, pale in death, of his divine Master. Lanzi asserts, that without Michael Angelo's assistance, Volterra never could have painted such a picture, which gives to it an additional interest, as having received the touch of that sublime master.

Issuing from the church, I find my path blocked up by wine-wagons, depositing barrels of the invigorating juice of the grape at the convent gate. Where we are now standing, the notorious beggar, Uncle Beppo, of the *Improvisatore*, has just arrived, descended from his ass, gathered his withered legs under his muscular body, and reminded my friend, the chaplain, of a promised charity; our kind-hearted pastor admits the claim, but declares he has nothing less than a dollar in his pocket; Uncle Beppo composedly takes out his purse, changes the dollar, deducts the gift, and, with his usual crafty smile, whines, "*Buon giorno, Eccellenza.*" So much for the poverty of a successful Roman beggar.

Passing along a walk lined with trees, I arrive at the famous palace of the Medici, once inhabited by Leo X. It is in a fine situation; there are trees and a fountain towards the city, in which direction stands the back of the palace; it has spacious gardens, but curiously laid out in straight walks, lined with tall hedges of box, with a statue at the end of each avenue. Facing this garden, which is more elevated than the road below, forming a kind of platform, is

the *façade* and highly ornamented front of the palace, built for the luxurious Medici. It must have been very splendid, when adorned with those statues which now form the chief boast of the Florentine gallery, the Venus de Medici, Apollo, and Niobe; these precious gems, with many pieces of sculpture of less fame, stood in front of the palace, in the open air, amidst fountains and shrubs.

In this palace met two remarkable men, Leopold of Tuscany, and the Emperor Joseph, in 1769, when they visited Rome, to see its curiosities and wonders. The palace became afterwards the property of the sovereigns of France, who converted it into a school for the encouragement of French artists. Pupils in Paris who give promise of talent are provided with means to visit Rome, and are lodged and maintained in this noble palace for a given period, to enable them to study the great masters in their immortal works. English artists must fight their way through every difficulty; but their native energy overcomes obstacles, and by the very effort they are schooled.

I now find myself in the open, sunny walk leading from the palace to the Pincian Hill; here may be met that amusing sight—Italian schoolboys taking the air. Headed by their master, they walk two by two slowly and gravely, dressed in white cravats and black clothes, like little men; they never run, nor jump, nor venture to engage in athletic exercises. Cricket would kill them! In a melancholy train they move leisurely along. Whether they have ever been seen to laugh I cannot affirm. I am on the hill—how fresh the air, and bright the sun. From this promenade, what a view of St. Peter's and of Monte Mario! willingly do we turn to glance over Rome, and search out the Pantheon, the Capitol, and the famous buildings of the ancient and modern city. We have here a broad space to walk, ride, or drive round. I meet four gentlemen, two of them my English friends: on the summit are some neat little gardens—we enter, and find at the upper end of one, a marble statue of Raffaelle, on a pedestal, a pencil in one hand, the other rests on his easel, and he appears to be looking towards St. Peter's, the scene of his glory. Passing round the hill, there is right in the centre another small Egyptian obelisk, and on it an inscription:—

PIUS. PONT. MAX.
OBELISCUM . AURELIANUM
QUI . UNUS . SUPERERAT
TEMPORUM . INJURIA . DIFFRACTUM
DENIQUE . OBLITUM.
IN . PRISTINAM . FACIEM . RESTITUIT
ATQUE . HOC . IN . LOCO . ERIGI . JUSSIT
UT . AMŒNA . PINCII . SPATIA
CIVIBUS . AD . APRICANDUM . APERTA
EXIMII . GENERIS . MONUMENTI
DECORARET.

The judgment with which this column is placed, shows how thoroughly the good old Pope appreciated these inimitable monuments of a remote antiquity. The young timber is beginning to afford a friendly shade on this elevation, which is much exposed to the rays of the sun; but an ignorant official, by way of pruning, lops off the finest branches. I have not noticed the rest of my morning company on the Pincian; having gone round the hill, and paused opposite St. Peter's, there are seen lounging on a bench half a dozen old men clad as soldiers. Their muskets rest against the trees; a fire has been lighted of some faggots, around which they crouch; some smoke, others feast on bread and acid wine: these are Roman soldiers — impossible to look at them and preserve gravity — fit inmates of an old man's hospital. What can they have to do here?

The appearance of these successors to the legionaries reminds me of Dr. Arnold's sarcastic description of certain classes in this country:—

"When you see a soldier here you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile, when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now in England we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest."

But these old invalids are admirably adapted for the business confided to them, watching their friends the convicts, who, pleasantly occupied in gardening on the Pincian

Hill, have not the least disposition to run away. Every morning in Rome the gaols are emptied of certain classes of prisoners; in the time of Pope Gregory a numerous and melancholy body. Chains hang on their legs to prevent them from stepping beyond a certain distance. Some are handcuffed; in this condition they are marched through the public streets to the place appointed for their daily labour, for example, to the Pincian Mount.

Arrived at their destination the convicts disperse over the hill, fiddling with rakes, sweeping walks, or gardening. The old soldiers lounge about as I have described, and so the day passes. At four o'clock a few dragoons gallop up and draw their swords in a valiant fashion, the convicts are collected, the old soldiers shoulder arms, and totter down the hill after their prisoners, who are preceded by the dragoons. The friends of the convicts supply them with bread and vegetables as they pass along the streets, and speak words of encouragement. Such an exhibition of prison discipline in Rome is very edifying. Punishment this is not, and if useful labour were desired, the Appian way invites its application; but then the distance would be too great for the old soldiers to march; and for appearance sake it would not be wise to allow the prisoners to go by themselves.

The Pincian Mount has an historical character. It was the burial-place of the Domitian family. When the monster Nero destroyed himself as related by Suetonius, his nurse and mistress obtained permission to burn his body and inter his ashes in the family sepulchre on the Pincian Hill. Hither the base populace of Rome flocked to hang garlands over the tomb of their favourite, who pampered their vices and gratified their depraved tastes.

But in better times, the pleasant spot where now we seek recreation and health was held in abhorrence, for the ashes of Nero were discovered and scattered, and his troubled spirit haunted the place, and terrified the pious. Whereupon to banish the angry ghost and restore confidence in believing hearts, the church and convent we now look upon were built on one side of the hill, and with the happiest success; Nero's spirit fled, and the victorious monks dwelt in peace in their new abode. I descend by the winding terrace, enter their church Santa Maria del Popolo, and find

it full of interesting and curious things, pictures, and frescoes, and painted windows (rare in Rome), and mosaics, and beautiful tombs recording the virtues of good men gone to their everlasting rest. The peculiar attraction of this quiet church is the statue of Jonah seated on a whale, said to have been sculptured by Raffaelle; like his illustrious contemporary Michael Angelo, his was an universal genius, although not so greatly soaring. Raffaelle had a passion for architecture, and in sculpture this monument is said to be the workmanship of his hands. These lights of a glorious age scorned the idea, that to be great the individual must be tied down to one pursuit, and follow closely the division of labour congenial to little minds.

I walk out in the midst of the broad Piazza del Popolo, and gaze again and again on the venerable obelisk, the loftiest and most perfect in Rome; its hieroglyphics are enigmatical to me, but while I examine them, a voice seems to issue from the obelisk and narrate its wonderful history:

Lament not, O stranger, the fall of Rome, that proud but now humbled city. Thebes is fallen, that far more glorious city. As for my age, I cannot pretend to any great antiquity, being hardly more than 2,500 years old. Yet short as my experience hath been, my history may be instructive. I was born in the dregs of time; it was in the reign of Amasis, co-eval with some of the first kings of Rome, that I came from the ancient cavern of the granite rocky Syene. As soon as my sides were adorned with these sacred characters, that still remain so fresh, I was floated down the Nile from the Cataracts, to the level meadows of Heliopolis. There I stood before the Temple of the Sun no more than seven centuries, having been removed thence to Rome, where I have been now scarce 1800 years. The storms which laid waste the Roman empire from the North, have swept over my head; Goth, Vandal, and Christian, devastated this city before my eyes. In these repeated hurricanes, we, the Egyptian obelisks, bowed our venerable heads in the dust. We lay buried, and arts, and science, and learning with us, for 1000 years. Replaced by Sixtus Quintus, I thought the Augustan age of science and learning was restored; little have I witnessed since to verify my expectation. How long I may be permitted to stand here

erect, I know not. Perhaps, by a future generation, I shall be removed from my present basis and embarked on a voyage to the shores of that western world of which I have heard, to adorn the streets of some stately city, the foundations of which are not yet laid.

Amazed at what I heard, or seemed to hear, I walked slowly home, ruminating, like the learned Poggius, on the vicissitudes of fortune.

# CHAP. XXIII.

## MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Jesuits' College and Church.—The Propaganda.—Its Exhibition in Honour of the Holy Magi.—Discipline of the Novitiates.—Walk by the Porta Pia to the Mons Sacer.—Menenius Agrippa's Apologue.—Life in a Tomb.—A Cardinal exercising.—Return by the Muro Torto through the Flaminian Gate to the Propaganda.—The Buffaloes.—Singular History of Father Ryllo.—A Suggestion to the Heads of the English Church.

"Theirs is a wondrous spell!"

I WAS invited by a friend, who had obtained an order of admission, to visit with him the Jesuit establishment. Gladly assenting, we set out at an early hour to examine the abode of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. It is impossible to reflect on the singular part the Jesuits have acted on the theatre of the world, without feeling a deep though painful interest in their system of life and discipline. A sensation of awe pervades the mind of a Protestant as he crosses the threshold of the vast building occupied by the indefatigable enemies of his faith. The site of this Jesuit establishment is convenient and central. To reach it you proceed straight by the Corso, admiring the fine palaces which adorn either side of this street of business and fashion, pass the Piazza Colonna, round which are grouped churches, the Post-office (the best modern edifice in Rome, its colonnade resting on pillars of marble brought from Veii), the courts of justice, the Palazzo della Camera Apostolica; the centre of the piazza being adorned with the celebrated Antonine Column of Marcus Aurelius, and containing a wide basin of water, supplied from a sparkling and unfailing fountain. Remembering Gibbon's character of the philosophical emperor, as we gaze on the column which records his virtues and achievements, we proceed on our way, and soon arrive

at the Piazza di Venezia, fronted by a vast gloomy edifice, a fortress where Popes once dwelt, which afterwards passed to the famous Republic of Venice, and which at present belongs to the government of Austria, and is the residence of its ambassador. We are now at the extremity of the Corso, and turning into the Via del Gesù, are soon standing before the Jesuits' establishment.

Quickly admitted, we lounged through the long galleries, until a gentleman arrived to guide us over the house. He proved to be Mr. Glover, an elderly Englishman, who has been twenty years in this college, possessing, it is said, an influence second only to that of the general himself. This accomplished Jesuit must have been in high favour with Pope Gregory, as he was chosen censor over books published in two languages, English, and I believe Latin. We were fortunate in our guide, who possessed an intelligent countenance, a mild agreeable manner, and gentle voice. He took us over the institution. The dress of the Jesuits in their college is a black cloth coat, which from the waist falls round the person like a woman's garment, and a black skull-cap. Cleanliness and coolness pervaded the vast building. Our guide remarked, that the inmates enjoyed perfect health in the heat of summer. These Jesuits have no parishes, but affixed to the walls in one gallery we saw a kind of ticket-case, where was labelled the name of a brother, and his district in the city for that day.

The sphere of daily duty is thus arranged every morning, so there is no conflict or confusion amongst the brethren; each man has his work allotted to him, it may be presumed, according to his capacity. A report is made to the general by each brother of his daily labours; what their duties may be, I know not, for these Jesuits have no parochial functions. Here then exists a skilful police in vigorous daily action over the entire City of Rome, each officer having no larger district than he can attend to. We were conducted through halls, refectories, and to the quarter most respected, namely, where are the treasured relics of Ignatius Loyola, his chapel, and the room in which he died. There is a picture of Ignatius, and an autograph of his handwriting shown here. How amazing the influence his stern

principles produced on a section of the human race! I gazed on his countenance with as much, although a somewhat different interest, as that with which I should contemplate a Cromwell, or a Napoleon.

We had spent two hours in the establishment, having been received with the utmost courtesy. I think the number of members is one hundred and forty. Their control over the press in Rome is said to be complete. The Jesuit himself submits to a double censorship, that is, first to the censor of the order, that nothing may be printed not acceptable to the general, and secondly to the censor, who is appointed by the State. We now entered the vast church of the Jesuits, Gesù, objectionable from the profusion of decoration with which the walls, ceiling, altar, tribune, and side-chapels are loaded, consisting of marbles of the most rare and costly description, lapis lazuli, verde antique, frescoes, paintings, and marble groups of allegorical representations. Here lies the body of Saint Ignatius himself, buried under a load of precious stones. Verily these sagacious men understand poor human nature well; they captivate the reason through the medium of the senses. The fabric of the church is, I think, in bad taste; of enormous size, and as I have said, loaded with gorgeous decorations.

Following the Jesuits, let us direct our steps towards the Propaganda in the Piazza di Spagna, which possesses a higher degree of architectural beauty than the building we have quitted. It was founded for the express purpose of training Italians and foreigners to act as missionaries in other countries. I regard the Propaganda as one of the most remarkable of the papal institutions. A considerable number of youths are here taught languages, theology, casuistry, and whatever else may be necessary to fit them for spreading the religion of Rome in remote quarters of the world. In the same building, accommodation is reserved for distinguished apostates, who are received with peculiar favour.

To-day I had a ticket to witness an academical exhibition of the pupils of this singular college, in honour of the Holy Magi. This exhibition consisted in the delivering of short orations, dialogues, and exhortations, in verse,

in fifty-one languages. The printed paper handed about, specified the name and nation of the speaker, and the style of address he was to make. The room was circular, and the pupils ranged on seats rising above each other, opposite the spectators. The Cardinal Mezzofanté presided. There were Chinese and Japanese, and youths of different complexions. In several languages, however, there were no declaimers. The Scotch disciple shouted lustily in verse, that Caledonia once belonged to Rome, and would soon return to the mother who loved her. The party personating an Englishman had pretty much the same theme; he said the greatness of England would be complete if she returned to the Church she had deserted; and he intimated plainly that there was now a happy prospect of her embracing the truth. I thought the accent of the gentleman who spoke English was peculiar; inquiring from a priest who stood near, I was answered, that the youth was an American.

This institution is wholly under the management of the Jesuits, as is the Collegio Romano; add the establishment before described to their other sources of authority, to their control over the press, and it may be well conceived that the influence of the Jesuits in Rome under Gregory XVI. was great. The training of the youths in the Propaganda is not merely scholastic; while the mind is tutored, their bodies are inured to vigorous exercises. Let us follow the brethren in their favourite walk through the Porta Pia into the Campagna; they set out in parties of three, disputing points of casuistry, and they darken the road in their well-known costume. An agreeable ascent conducts them to the ancient Porta Nomentana; thence the disciples of Loyola prolong their walk to the Mons Sacer, three miles beyond the gate. While we observe their habits, we may note the objects of interest on the road, which affords the most agreeable walking excursion out of Rome. Issuing from the Porta Nomentana, we proceed by an elevated pathway marvellously clean, straight into the Campagna, we catch quickly a view of the distant mountains, and feel braced already to emulation with the novitiates. On our left, at a short distance, we have the Villa Albani, which reflects the highest credit on the Cardinal by whom it was

built and embellished; it is of exquisite design, and was planned by a profound antiquary.

The statuary, porticoes, and grounds, deserve a visit, but we can at present only admire its structure as the noble palace shines in the sun. We soon pass on our right a cockney villa of the Prince Torlonia, lately finished, and adorned with new broken arches, young columns, little pillars, and all kinds of modern ruins. Let us hasten onwards; the blue sky above cheering our spirits, while the wide Campagna, bounded by the distant hills, on which Albano, Frescati, Tibur are proudly seated, is opening to our view. The Novitiates are in advance. We may overtake them in pious meditation at the old church on our left, called *S. Agnese fuori le Mure*, built it is said by Constantine, on the spot where the body of St. Agnes was discovered. I never could remain in the church above five minutes; a deadly chill pervades the interior, for it is subterranean, at least twenty-five feet below the surface of the soil, and you descend into it by a long flight of steps. But the edifice, resembling the old basilica, and the strange assemblage of marble columns torn from ancient temples, of various colours and shape, well deserve examination. Of thirty-two antique columns, some are of the rarest marble in Rome.

In this church may be witnessed the strangest ceremony acted in any temple of Christian worship on the face of the earth; that of blessing the lambs. On the 21st (I think) of January, two living animals, which have been carefully fed and cleaned, are brought into the church and blessed: their wool is, I was informed, used for the Pallia which the Pope sends to archbishops on their consecration. The flesh of these lambs is feasted on by the Pope at Easter.

We now descend gradually to the old picturesque bridge over the Anio, the river described by Horace in an unfinished yet felicitous ode.

On the other side of the river is the Mons Sacer, the limit of our walk; crossing the bridge, roofed in part, which must have been a little fortress in the Middle Ages, and ascending through the fields the elevation on the right, we stand on the Mons Sacer, being reminded of Menenius Agrippa, and his sagacious speech to the discontented

citizens who had emigrated to this spot to deliberate upon their wrongs.

Leisurely walking over the mount, solemn recollections are awakened. A vast expanse of lonely waste is before us; yet all we see is stamped with a classic renown. The ruins we behold standing up here and there through the Campagna, tell the history of a famous commonwealth passed away, yet living in the pages of her poets and historians. We have here what the world cannot elsewhere exhibit, a populous city in the midst of a wilderness.

But what picturesque ruin is that I see before me, just above the road, patched with a modern door? It is evidently an ancient tomb, converted into a habitation for the miserable peasant of the Campagna. The description in the "Improvisatore" is here verified to the life: —

"My home was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready."

We take another glance over the melancholy waste and at the herds of buffaloes grazing around us; and then descending, pursue the robust novitiates returning to the Propaganda. Within a mile of the gate we meet that phenomenon, a cardinal exercising. I can distinguish in the distance his red hat and scarlet cloak; the novitiates quit the pathway, salute his eminence with deep obeisance, pausing to regard a future Pope. It should be understood that a cardinal seldom sets foot to the ground in the streets of Rome. This would be considered a departure from propriety, so the meek churchman drives in his big coach, attended invariably by his chaplain and three footmen, to a sunny outlet, such as the road leading to the Mons Sacer. There his eminence descends from the carriage, as do the chaplain and the three footmen. The cardinal and priest walk slowly along the pathway, the three footmen follow close behind, dressed in jack-boots, cocked hats, huge box cloaks of faded blue cloth, edged with a silver lace, or a variegated binding, and carrying huge Italian umbrellas.

A walk of half a mile will satisfy a cardinal. Instead of entering Rome by the Porta Pia, we may agreeably vary the route by turning to our right, and walking round the walls of Rome to the Porta del Popolo.

Perfect silence, nay, a gloomy stillness, reigns unbroken as we move along in the deep shadow cast forth by these venerable walls; the scene is favourable to serious meditation; but our musings are interrupted by the sudden approach of a herd of buffaloes. These ferocious beasts are driven by peasants mounted on black shelties, armed with long wooden spears, and dressed in sheep-skin breeches and loose cloaks. It would be extremely perilous to meet these brutes in a place where no escape could be made; accordingly there are placed strong barriers of wood at intervals along the walls which admit the passenger to intrench himself in safety until the danger is past. We have passed the Porta Salara, through which is the direct road to the Villa Albani, and have reached the Muro Torto. We here behold the walls of Rome for a length of more than forty feet leaning out of the perpendicular, as they leaned in the days of the Emperor Aurelian. They have not fallen, being under the special protection of St. Peter.

We pass the Borghese Gardens on our right, and are now opposite the English Church, which is outside the City-gate, close to the Swine-market, and *abattoir*, where these animals are killed in a second, by an instrument thrust into the heart. This district is generally filthy; but we must not grumble after so agreeable an excursion; and picking our steps we turn into the city by the Porta del Popolo, and pursue the Jesuits into the Propaganda. But what has become of the head of the Propaganda, the indefatigable Father Ryllo? He had been long the leader of the novitiates, not merely in their mental but bodily exercises, sometimes conducting them so far as Tivoli and the neighbouring mountains, returning with his zealous pupils to the college by midnight. He trained the novitiates to endure fatigue, and fitted them for action in seasons of emergency or peril. Father Ryllo, I understood, had travelled in remote countries as a missionary himself; ultimately nominated President of the Propaganda, he discharged his duties with remarkable ability, while enjoying the society of a

polite and learned capital. Malta is a stronghold of Jesuitism. A mercantile traveller from Africa chanced to communicate to the Bishop of Malta, that a kingdom heretofore unknown had been discovered in the interior of that continent, the natives of which were idolaters, but might possibly be converted if missionaries were despatched to make the bold attempt. The man offered himself to return to Africa on this hazardous mission, provided a competent missionary accompanied him. The bishop wrote to Pope Gregory, requesting his holiness to send a suitable person to undertake the mission. The Pope summoned the General of the Order of the Jesuits, and informing him of this communication, required him to name a fit man for the dangerous duty. The General considered, then declared he knew of no person at that time in Rome fit for a mission to the interior of Africa, and withdrew. However, he quickly returned, and acquainted the Pope, that on further consideration he had found in Father Ryllo a suitable person for the undertaking. Father Ryllo, head of the Propaganda, was commanded to proceed to Africa. The Jesuit instantly obeyed, and quitted Rome on his dangerous enterprise.* How amazing the discipline of this Order, when such a man could be summarily sent on such a mission! To doubt the sincerity or the zeal of these Jesuits seems to me impossible. Hypocrites seldom sacrifice happiness or life to uphold what they believe to be imposture.

What system does the Church of England adopt, answerable to the compact and perfect discipline of the Propaganda? Where in England are there youths from remote quarters of the globe, in training under able masters, to return in due season to their own kingdoms, and convert their countrymen? Where is there any institution in England to be compared with the Propaganda in Rome? Let the bishops of the Church of England bestir themselves in this great and pressing matter, and turn their attention towards accomplishing a comprehensive work. Why not

* Authentic accounts of Father Ryllo's death, from fever and fatigue, on the banks of the Blue River (a branch of the Nile), near a place called Cartim, have been received by the head of the mission, Monsignor Casolani, late of Malta. Father Ryllo was a Jesuit missionary of the old school, as full of zeal as of deep and varied learning.

resolve on the foundation, upon scriptural principles, of such a college as the Propaganda, to be built in some healthy district of England?

The English people for a noble purpose, wisely undertaken by the bishops of the church, will supply the means; able masters and disciplinarians may be scarce, but they are not impossible to find. Let the bishops pick out in each diocese energetic youths adapted to missionary life, for the purpose of training in such a college. A select number of foreigners might be imported and usefully instructed in the reformed faith, and then returned to their own country to teach their fellow-countrymen as natives only can teach. Languages should be systematically taught, and some knowledge of the art of medicine. Nor do I see why religious artisans and agriculturists might not be valuable helps to the success of missions. The system propagated by the Jesuits has had partial success, but it never can take root in human nature. The doctrines of the Reformation might be expected to spread more rapidly throughout the world, had we such an establishment as suggested, whence fit, because well-trained men, could be sent to all corners of the earth, prepared to conquer ignorance by the help of truth, and by the irresistible power of the word of God.*

* Since my return home I have learned that a new Missionary Institution has been opened at Canterbury, which is calculated to produce the best effects.

## CHAP. XXIV.

### MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Quirinal.—Palazzo Pontificio.—Monte Cavallo and its Ornaments.—The Pope in Conclave.—The Swiss Harlequins.—The Old and the New Cardinals.—Rospigliosi Palace.—Guido's Aurora.—Summits of the Esquiline.—Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore.—San Pietro in Vincoli.—Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli.—Baths of Diocletian.—Origin of Cardinals, their Number, Titles, and Dress.—The Title of Pope.—Father Paul, a good Antiquary.

> "Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved
> A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
> Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
> And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
> The free immortal spirit? Were they not
> Mighty magicians!"

ASCENDING from the Piazza Barberini, I reach the street, called Le Quattre Fontane, and very appropriately, because there are no less than four fountains, one at each corner of four streets, which shoot out their waters and supply the people abundantly. From this spot I have a striking view —before me is the renowned Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, seated on the Esquiline hill, and the Egyptian Obelisk, which once adorned the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus, now, by the piety of Pope Sixtus, surmounted with the cross. If I turn round, the prospect of the Piazza Barberini, and the Via Felice meets the eye; on my left, a pleasant walk would conduct me to the Porta Pia, and the Campagna. But it would be disrespectful to Pope Gregory not to pay homage to his Holiness as he sits in state in his huge palace, on the Quirinal hill; so I turn to the right and walk along the Via del Quirinale, in compliment to the Papacy surprisingly clean, and in a few minutes I am standing in the wide Piazza, or what is called Monte Cavallo, without any question the best site for a palace in Rome. Here is placed the Palazzo Pontificio, pleasantly called the

Pope's country house — the Vatican being his town residence. Exactly over the entrance is the balcony, from which his Holiness gives his benediction, and where the new Pope is joyfully announced. Right opposite this balcony stands another Egyptian Obelisk, the fellow of that at Santa Maria Maggiore, and which had also adorned the same Mausoleum, but it is without hieroglyphics and patched up; we have here also a fountain, the water flowing from an ancient granite basin found in the old Forum, and removed to this hill. To give a finish to the decorations, beside the Obelisk are placed the two marble horses, with their attendant figures commonly called Castor and Pollux.

The horses and men are Greek, and eminently deserving our admiration. The style in which the ornaments of this Piazza or Monte Cavallo* are arranged, is an example of the good taste in which the public places of the city are laid out and adorned, and forms a singular contrast to the bad taste prevalent in private buildings.

But while I muse o'er the artistic fame of Greece — the gilded coaches of the cardinals are rattling through the Piazza, and I find there is a conclave to introduce a new member, who may himself hereafter succeed St. Peter. Being suitably attired, I cross the spacious court of the pontifical palace, and ascend the grand staircase. The Swiss guards are in their holiday costume, and certainly Michael Angelo must have been in a merry mood when he designed their motley dress. How comical to behold fifty harlequins guarding the gravest functionary of the infallible church, yet complete harlequins in costume and appearance are they. It is very amusing to stand near the door of the grand chapel, and look at the cardinals as they enter one by one; accompanied by a chaplain in full black clerical costume, followed by an attendant in russet brown with a bag, and their footmen in bright liveries.

The party draw up in the outer hall to settle the tail of his eminence; the bag is opened, the robe taken out and adjusted, and let down so as to sweep the ground in a long, graceful train. The dress of a cardinal on such state occasions is not only rich and splendid, but peculiarly elegant

* So called from the group of statuary described.

and becoming. The colours on certain festivals vary; red, purple, white. Sometimes during a religious ceremony the tippet is removed and laid aside; why, I never could find out. This . would regret, as it looks beautiful enough, yet I am consoled by observing that what is underneath is even finer still. But I must enter to see what a cardinal does when he struts in so proudly. He sweeps along between files of obsequious Swiss; the noble guard receive him as a prince of the blood. The moment his eminence crosses the threshold of the sacred enclosure he drops gently on his knees; while engaged in pious meditations, the fine gentlemen of the palace (who wait on the Pope in black court-dress, lace ruffles, and sword), not to lose time, settle the dress about the shoulders of the cardinal and pull out the tail properly. When his eminence rises all is arranged, and he may move on, which he does with solemn dignity; not, however, to his seat, but to salute his holiness the Pope, who sits apart in solitary grandeur under a canopy, with two priests at each side to fold and unfold his robe, and take off his mitre and put it on again, and hold the book, with a pair of huge wax-candles lighted in broad day, to enable his holiness at intervals of the service to read.

One might suspect the Pope had neither arms nor hands, for he never touches anything, except when a cardinal kneels before him, when he graciously extends his robe, on which a cross is embroidered, to the devout man to kiss, which when the cardinal (who never kisses the Pope's slipper) has done, he rises, makes a profound obeisance, and then gravely moves to his place on one of the cushioned benches which surround the enclosure. Here a difficulty would arise as to what should be done with his long tail, which looked so beautiful as he strutted along the floor. This is guarded against by a prudent arrangement. There is a lower bench, on which is seated the attendant in russet who carries his master's bag; this practitioner rises, adjusts the cardinal's robe, enables him conveniently to sit down, and then seats himself, ready for any emergency, at the feet of his eminence. Occasionally the members of the Sacred College, during such a ceremony, rise and descend to the floor; the men in russet are on the alert, watch the tails

and untwist them, so that not the least discomposure happens. The new cardinal was now introduced by two of his brethren. How fine he was! His crimson stockings, and scarlet robes, and shining buckles, and sparkling diamond ring delighted me exceedingly. He went through all the ceremonies admirably, and grew quickly into a pillar of the church. Sometimes the whole company of cardinals stood up and with much formality bowed to each other, as, if for the first time making acquaintance. Again they whispered confidentially; but when the new cardinal was made, they had all severally to embrace him — a serious business to get through.

I confess my admiration for the Sacred College; they are the best dressed men I ever saw; and they look so stately and grand, they quite fascinate me. I pondered what might the thoughts of these grave men be. Are their breasts torn by avarice, ambition, and lust of power? Do they prize or despise the glittering baubles of this world? The picture drawn by Ranke of the Roman Court in the sixteenth century is not pleasing — the outward mask of piety put on to hide a dissimulating, grasping spirit, and a profound selfishness. Let me hope better things of the churchmen seated in stately array around.

Those who visit Rome when the Pope is at the Vatican, may see the interior of this summer-palace; good pictures and frescoes adorn its walls. One I greatly liked, of Horatius Cocles manfully defending the bridge "in the brave days of old."

Emerging from the crowd of splendid ecclesiastics, I cross the Piazza and enter the grounds of the Rospigliosi Palace. Here the old Romans once bathed; and many fine busts and statues were discovered amidst the ruins of the baths of Constantine. My object is not to see the palace, but to get admission to the garden and the *casino*, and enjoy a view of the well-known "Aurora" of Guido. The colours are still fresh and brilliant as when laid on by the pencil of that famous master. It is one of the few frescoes that has perfectly withstood the wasting effects of time. Apollo guides the fiery steeds. Aurora scatters flowers before the chariot of the Sun, and beautiful female figures around the car, represent the advance of the Hours. The critics

dispute learnedly whether Guido's or Guercino's "Aurora" excels. Forsyth says:—

"In allegorising Nature, Guercino imitates the deep shades of night, the twilight grey, and the irradiations of morning, with all the magic of *chiaroscuro;* but his figures are too mortal for the region where they move. The work of Guido is more poetic, and luminous, and soft, and harmonious. Cupid, Aurora, Phœbus form a climax of beauty, and the Hours seem as light as the clouds on which they dance."

Leaving the Quirinal, I turn to the Esquiline Hill, because I wish to visit the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore. Its exterior disappoints, but the interior is imposing. The ceiling of the nave is rather low, divided into compartments, and richly gilded; its chief attraction consists of two rows of Ionic columns of white marble, thirty-six in number, and supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Juno Lucina.* The church is nearly three hundred feet in length, and, at the upper end, is the tribune adorned with mosaics. The altar is an urn of porphyry, and the four supporting columns of the baldacchino are of the same material, entwined with gilt palm-leaves. When illuminated on Christmas eve, this basilica presents a brilliant appearance. It has two side-chapels, one opposite the other, which contest the palm as to the absurd waste of money, in the erection of senseless decorations to record the fame and virtues of two dead men. One was erected by Sixtus V., and, I believe, contains his body, together with the sacred cradle; the other, and by far the richest, being the most gorgeous in Rome, was erected by a Borghese, Paul V., and is called the Borghese Chapel. Agates, lapis lazuli, oriental jasper, with every variety of rare marble, are lavished on the walls and altar, and what may be considered by the faithful as even more valuable, there is here a painting of the "Madonna," announced by a Papal bull to be the workmanship of St. Luke himself. This fabric preserves admirably the form of the ancient basilica. In describing the locality I ought not to omit the tall Corinthian column standing in isolated grandeur in front of the church. From what classical edifice originally

* Refer to Canina, Region V., for the description of this temple.

taken I know not. It is a perfect gem, nearly fifty feet in height, perfectly white, fluted, and unbroken. If one may judge of the architecture of the Imperial city from this single column, it must have been unrivalled on earth. The column is on the summit of the Esquiline, consecrated in the usual manner by an ugly bronze statue of the Virgin, which is perched upon the top, whence it is called "Colonna della Vergine."

There is another summit to the Esquiline Hill, and on it, in a situation removed from the bustle of Rome, is built the church called S. Pietro in Vincoli. This name is given to it because the chain which bound St. Peter at Jerusalem is alleged to be carefully preserved here. The genuine relic of Michael Angelo, his statue of "Moses," has a higher charm for me; the sculptors say, with many faults, it partakes of the sublime. It is in a sitting posture; and is executed in a style of severe grandeur. Some critics affect to ridicule it: "One compares his head to a goat's; another his dress to a galley-slave's; but the true sublime resists all ridicule; the offended Lawgiver frowns on undepressed, and awes you with inherent authority."

The readers of John Bell's book on Italy will remember that he selects this church as being in his opinion, of surpassing excellence in structure and architecture. It has a wide and lofty nave and two side aisles, and some twenty Grecian marble columns of the Doric order supporting the roof, and it is, in sober truth, a noble edifice.

Returning from the Esquiline, we may conclude our excursion by a visit to the celebrated church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where Salvator Rosa was buried. Referring to Canina, Region VI., the reader has the description of the baths of Diocletian, on the site of which this splendid edifice now stands. It is singular that this church is not one of those selected by many critics for commendation, yet in form I prefer it to St. Peter's; it is the work of Michael Angelo. Canina informs us, that the great hall of Diocletian's baths was, in the pontificate of Pius IV., converted into the present church, according to the design of the famous architect. The form is that of the Greek cross, peculiarly favourable for displaying at one view the whole interior of the building; and, when fully examined and

compared with St. Peter's, which is in the shape of the Latin cross, the superiority of the Greek cross is evident. There is a striking simplicity in the design and execution of this fabric, and our admiration is heightened by the certainty that we have under our eye a part of a great work of antiquity erected by a tyrant and persecutor, now converted into a sublime temple for Christian worship. The oriental granite columns are of large proportions, forty-three feet in height, of a single block, and eight out of sixteen are ancient, remaining as they stood in the days of the emperor. The hall of Diocletian, being the transept, is three hundred and ten feet long, seventy-six wide, and eighty-four high; the length of the nave is three hundred and forty from the entrance to the altar. There is attached to the church a convent, which one of the monks will show to a male visitor: no female will be permitted to enter. I walked in a cloister, the portico of which is upheld by one hundred columns. Here are four corridors running around a garden, in the centre of which Michael Angelo planted a cypress when he built the cloisters. The traveller must repeat his visits to this church, and the more he examines its shape, interior, and proportions, the more heartily will he admire it and the immortal genius of its architect. We have prolonged our walk, and need repose.

While resting from the morning's pleasant labours, I feel curious to discover when cardinals and their fanciful costume came into existence and fashion; when, or how, did the title of cardinal originate? Father Paul, author of the "History of the Council of Trent," has explained this.

"Where churchmen of merit happened, by the calamities of war, to be driven from their ministry, they fled to Rome and Ravenna, being the richest churches, where they were maintained out of the common purse, in the same manner with the clergy of the place. When any vacancy happened, it was filled by some one of the strange clergy, who, being thus provided for, was called '*incardinatus*;' and he who stepped into a ministry, having had none before, was called '*ordinatus*.' This usage began in Italy before 600, when many bishops and other clergymen were driven from their cures by the ravages of the Lombards, and were thus replaced in other churches as ministries became vacant. The bishops were called '*episcopi cardinales*,' and the priests '*presbyteri cardinales*.'"

"Now, the greatest part of these who were so driven from their own churches, betaking themselves to those of Rome and Ravenna, which had most employments to give, and these strangers finding a welcome reception there, it rarely happened that any of their own people were ordained, and this was the reason why in these two churches all who had any ministry were called '*cardinales*,' — a name which still remains in the Church of Rome but not in Ravenna. Thus, the name of 'cardinal,' which at first derived itself from a very low and abject condition, is, by a change of signification, become a title so elevated that cardinals are now said to be *quasi cardines omnium terrarum*. Until the time of Pope Innocent IV. the cardinals wore no habit, nor any mark of distinction. He gave them the red hat on Christmas Eve in the year 1244. Paul II. added the red cap; and Urban VIII. gave them the title of 'eminence,' by a solemn bull. 'We have thought a short deduction of this splendid Order, from the original, necessary, as it concerns so eminent a dignity, which at this day holds the second place in the church, *and for which the world seems not to afford titles pompous enough.*'"

Father Paul was an excellent scholar, and seems to me to have been a very honest man, with a little inclination towards sarcasm. Whence came the title "pontifex?" He tells us, —

"As for the name of '*pontifex*,' it was and is a name common to all bishops; and there are some canons still extant, wherein all bishops are styled '*summi pontifices*.' And even the name of '*papa*,' which seems to be a title most peculiar to the *Pontifex Romanus*, was given indifferently TO ALL BISHOPS. St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, is called '*papa*;' St. Jerome gives this title to St. Augustine; and in later times, Sidonius Apollinaris, and many of the bishops, style one another by the name of 'popes.' Gregory VII. was the first who, in the year 1076, decreed that the name of 'pope,' should be peculiar to him and his successors, and be ascribed to none but the *Roman Papa*."

This is fatal to any pre-eminence in the title of Pope, appropriated exclusively by Gregory VII. And how was the Pope himself chosen, and when did his Holiness appoint absolutely to bishops, or how? The same Roman Catholic writer says,—

"The Pope was always chosen by the people, and confirmed by the Emperor before consecration, and the other bishops of Italy were never consecrated *until the Emperor had first approved them.*

And this was yet more strictly observed in France and Germany. When the Pope would favour any man's pretensions to a bishoprick neighbouring to Rome, *he applied to the Emperor to desire his nomination. And, if it happened that the Pope were applied to for his consecration of a person who had not the imperial letters of licence, he refused consecration till he obtained it.* But, the posterity of Charlemagne having been driven out of Italy in the year 884, Pope Hadrian III. ordained, 'That the Popes should, for the future, be consecrated without applying to the Emperor at all.'

Thus did subsequent Popes improve upon the practice of their predecessors, and usurp an authority which they did not originally possess. According to Gibbon, the right of electing a Pope by the nobles, people, and inferior clergy, was abolished by Alexander III., who defines the right of election in the sole College of Cardinals.

"They were robed in purple, the symbol of martyrdom or royalty; they claimed a proud equality with kings, and their dignity was enhanced by the smallness of their numbers, which, till the reign of Leo X., seldom exceeded twenty or twenty-five persons."

We find in the history of Sixtus V., by Ranke, this sentence:—

"He fixed the number of cardinals at seventy. 'As Moses,' says he, 'chose seventy elders out of all the people to take counsel with.'"

And now I must conclude these inquiries, which some may deem not a little presumptuous; but my curiosity will be pardoned, considering it is highly interesting to know, why the Bishop of Rome is named "the Pope," and why a cardinal wears red stockings, and is called "Your Eminence."

## CHAP. XXV.

### MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Piazza Barberini. — The Fountain. — Capuchin Convent and Church. — Picture of the Archangel Michael. — The varied Occupants of a Palace in Rome. — Palazzo Barberini. — Guido's famous Portrait of Beatrice Cenci. — Shelley's Tragedy. — The true Story of Beatrice Cenci.

THERE are four convents and four churches within a few minutes' walk of my residence. This bright morning I saunter forth, and bend my steps through the Via Felice, into the wide Piazza Barberini. In the centre, a grotesque fountain spouts up water, and Italian peasants men and women in their peculiar costume, sit lounging, laughing, and eating, or removing the little insects which tease them. A great part of the business of life in Italy is transacted out of doors: privacy is a thing not relished nor practised.

This district is the favoured resort of sculptors, and artists. The old Capuchin convent stands on a healthy elevation, stretching up from the Piazza, and the avenue is protected by two rows of trees, which afford a pleasant shade — I like this quarter of Rome: it is familiar to me; and I like it even better since I read the Improvisatore. In the Via Felice the Improvisatore was born. Fra Martino, his mother's confessor the Capuchin, was his friend; and it was here the innocent woman inquired of the monk whether the foreigner, the young artist she lodged, would certainly be condemned to hell.

"He and many other foreigners also" she said, "are indeed very honest people, who never do anything wicked — they are good to the poor, pay exactly, and at the fixed time; nay, it actually often seems to me that they are not such great sinners as many of us."

"Yes," replied Fra Martino, "that is very true. They are often good people; but do you know how that happens? You see, the devil knows that the heretics will some time belong to him; so he never tempts them. Therefore, they can easily be honest— easily resist sin. On the contrary, a good Catholic Christian is a child of God; and therefore the devil sets his temptations in array against him, and we weak creatures are subjected. But a heretic is tempted neither of the flesh nor the devil!"

The convent church of *Santa Maria della Concezione* is open, and the Capuchins are chanting. I can tempt Fra Martino with a paul to allow me to feast my heretical eyes on Guido's celebrated picture of the "Archangel Michael victorious over Satan." The good-natured monk draws aside the curtain, and I behold the angel, his countenance animated with divine indignation; a flaming sword is in his right hand; while the Evil spirit is fearfully, but not absurdly depicted, crushed beneath his foot. This great painting is one of those copied in mosaic, and deemed worthy a place in St. Peter's; and here in this convent church the original rests, having been presented by one of the Barberini family to the Capuchins, and by them concealed when the emissaries of Napoleon plundered Rome of her rarest paintings. Critics dispute about the excellence of this painting; it is one of those I desired never to forget, and therefore often visited. There are several other pictures in this church; but I make it a rule not to disturb my recollections of a great work of art like Guido's, by distracting my attention with those of lesser worth — I therefore direct my steps towards the immense palace of the Barberini, right opposite the convent. This prodigious building resembles a vast barrack in size, and, as it was erected out of the plunder of the Colosseum, I will not applaud its architecture. The wealth of a family which could uphold such a palace in suitable splendour, must have been immense — Cardinals and prelates have certainly improved on Scripture, when they think it necessary to teach the simple doctrines of Christianity from palaces fit for kings.

However, such is the general vacancy of Rome, that, according to the calculations of some, the palaces with all

their appurtenances, cover more ground than the private habitations of the city. This I think doubtful. Nevertheless in one way, these big palaces are useful, enabling all the members, direct and collateral of an Italian family, to dwell together in a patriarchal fashion; thus, in this Barberini palace resides an old prince; in a second division the young prince with his family; in another division the cardinal and his retinue; and I believe a considerable compartment was lately let furnished to one of our English aristocracy. The whole of an Italian family for three generations will reside in this manner in the same building; and however repugnant such a custom may seem to our sulky humours, it shows in the Italians either great poverty or great affection. Having heard that the view of the dome of the Pantheon was peculiarly striking when seen from the summit of the Giustiniani Palace, I ascended the staircase to the very top, and discovered an odd medley of inhabitants. On the *primo piano* resided the Russian ambassador; above were the abodes of retired gentlemen; next of nondescript characters; then, of washerwomen, and lastly, a young artist, in a vast garret; he was engaged on a picture of large dimensions, and in his elevated abode had ample space for exercise. Of the famous Colonna Palace, the prince lives in one wing, the French ambassador and a retired advocate of fortune in another. Thus frequently in Rome a moderate portion of the palace is reserved by the noble proprietor, the remainder let out in compartments, the rent of which enables the prince to live, and drive a gilded coach.—Perhaps not more than ten Roman families of distinction are enabled wholly to occupy their spacious dwellings.

To revert to the Barberini Palace, I have crossed the piece of waste ground called an avenue, the gateway being a gap between broken walls, and finding the old custode who is very willing to attend an Inglese, a little side-door in the staircase is unlocked, and I am in a small gallery seated before Guido's portrait of "Beatrice Cenci." I never before felt how completely a picture may tell a history. The painter has but a moment to exhibit a character, or to narrate the story of a life; how wonderful the touch of that pencil which can seize the opportunity, and give it truly.

That artist must indeed have transcendent talents, who can faithfully describe not merely the face and figure, but the emotions which disturb and agitate the human soul. Here is the portrait of a young girl, presenting the strongest combination of beauty, grief, suffering, resignation, innocence, with extreme sensibility and tenderness, yet, at the same time, pervaded by an intellectual expression, the representation of a firm and resolute character.

The dress of this young female is unusual; her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which a few ringlets of hair escape, and fall about her neck. Why has this portrait, amongst the Roman population and the foreign visitors, ever awakened an interest, deep and universal? It arises not merely from the peculiar excellence of the picture, but from the terrible history of the subject,—"Beatrice Cenci." That fearful narrative afforded scope for the fine genius of Shelley, and he has accordingly moulded it into a tragedy of remarkable ability and vigour.

In reading the commentary by Agostino Ademollo, on the criminal laws of Tuscany, I met with an allusion to the horrid system of torture which prevailed in Italy in the sixteenth century, as described in a tract entitled "Beatrice Cenci." I then commissioned a resident in Florence to make search for the book, and was gratified by receiving it in Rome some six weeks after. It is entitled thus, "*Beatrice Cenci Romana, Storia del Secolo XVI., Raccontata dal D.A.A. Firenze.*" I understand A.A. to mean Agostino Ademollo. Shelley misapprehended her true character. I therefore feel it will be not unattractive to present to the reader, in connection with Guido's wonderful picture, the story of Beatrice Cenci, translated from the Italian book, and now appearing for the first time in an *English dress.*

## BEATRICE CENCI.

Francesco Cenci, the father of the beautiful but ill-fated Beatrice, was the representative of this ancient and wealthy family, in the year 1585. He was endowed by nature with great sagacity and personal advantages, but with

passions so ungovernable, and a heart so depraved, that he hesitated not at the commission of any species of crime. His father, Monsignore Cenci, held under Pope Pius V. the lucrative office of chief of the treasury. That Pontiff, wholly engrossed in the extirpation of heresy, took no share in the temporal administration of the State, so that Cenci amassed great wealth for his son, which enabled the possessor in those days to commit any crime with impunity.

Francesco Cenci commenced his career of vice by amours carried on by means the most original. Frequently assisted in his evil practices by the assassins and banditti which then overspread the country, he in return, treacherously betrayed them to the government, secretly receiving from it a large remuneration. One of those adventures (which, in the sequel, brought him to an untimely end) occurred near his Castle of Petrella, situated on the Sabine hills. Meeting one morning at an early hour, a young girl of surpassing beauty who was drawing water from a well, he suddenly accosted her, making overtures which she indignantly rejected. Not many days however had elapsed, when, returning at sunset to her accustomed occupation, she was suddenly seized by two ruffians, who, tying a bandage across her mouth and eyes, carried her off to the Castle of Petrella, where she found herself to her horror in the presence of Francesco, who believed he had only now to accomplish his infamous purpose. But the courageous girl resisted, and threatened him with the vengeance of her lover, one of the banditti in this very district. A few days after at daybreak, the body of the unfortunate girl was found lying under an oak tree by some of the band who were in the habit of assembling at this spot, to worship an image of the Virgin suspended from its branches. The body had a knife thrust through the heart. The banditti, on first viewing the corpse, were struck with horror—instantly recognising it to be that of Annetta, the betrothed of one of their body, named Marzio. This Marzio had once possessed a good patrimony—had dissipated it, and to escape his creditors, turned brigand; he passionately loved the faithful girl whom all his companions respected, and, with one voice, they vowed vengeance on the head of him who had so cruelly deprived her of life and honour. Their suspicions falling on Count Cenci, they immediately

attacked his castle. Finding he had fled (his servant Olimpio having warned him to do so) they sacked it; but Marzio secretly resolved on further vengeance, which at a later period, he fearfully executed.

This deed gives a faint idea of the character of a man who had also made himself notorious by the cruelties he exercised over his own family, then residing in the palace of the Cenci, near to the Ghetto in Rome. Early in life he had married a lovely woman, one of the Santa Croce family; and by her had six children, four sons and two daughters; the youngest, the subject of our story, resembled her mother, as well in the extreme beauty of her person as in the rare qualities of her mind and heart. Three of his sons, Giacomo, Cristofero, and Rocco, he sent to study at Salamanca. When there he refused to allow them money, or means of procuring food or clothing. They returned in despair to Rome, but soon found hat misery and starvation at Salamanca were more bearable than the daily persecutions of their own home.

Unable to endure their wretched existence, they petitioned Clement VIII., the reigning Pope, stating the unnatural conduct of their father, and their despair of any change without the intervention of his Holiness. Their entreaties were disregarded; the Pope dismissed them abruptly from his presence as rebels against that power to which all children should unhesitatingly submit.

It was about this period that Count Cenci conceived a violent passion for a very beautiful woman called Lucrezia Petroni, the gardens of whose house adjoined his own. She repelled his advances, and piqued by her indifference, he resolved to win her by any means. Perhaps Lucrezia might have yielded to the entreaties of Francesco had his wife not been alive. This obstacle was quickly removed. Not long after, the excellent but unhappy woman, whose very virtues made her distasteful to her husband, suddenly died. No one had heard of any illness; and, although affliction had insensibly consumed her, there seemed no immediate cause for her sudden dissolution. Various surmises arose; the eldest daughter remembered that her father, one day at dinner, having presented her mother with a glass of wine, she exclaimed on drinking it, "How bitter it is!" that he assured her this was mere fancy; that she said not another word,

and that, if at the time conscious it contained poison, she had carried her conviction with her to the grave. The recollection so alarmed Marguerite, that she secretly determined to fly from the power of so iniquitous a father; and, although Cenci, after the death of his wife, prevented all communication between his children and their relatives and friends, she contrived to send a petition to Pope Clement, to which he listened more favourably than on a former occasion when appealed to by her injured brothers. She besought his Holiness either to place her in some convent, or give her in marriage to any one he might select. The poor girl's prayer was heard; a husband in the person of Signor Gabrielli was chosen for her, and a sum of one thousand crowns allotted for her dower. Francesco knew he had no course left but to submit without a murmur to the decree of the Pope; he determined, however, as this daughter had escaped his tyranny, that he would treat the remaining one with greater severity.

Beatrice, therefore, was immediately separated from the rest of the family, and confined in a solitary apartment in a remote part of the palace. Francesco brought her all her meals with his own hands, frequently leaving her food unchanged for days, and whenever he heard the slightest murmur of complaint, severely punished her. Not long after, Francesco Cenci overcame the scruples of Lucrezia Petroni, made her his wife, and for a short time peace seemed to reign in the palace of the Cenci. But the wickedness of so depraved a heart speedily prevailed; Francesco, tired of Lucrezia, returned with greater zest to his vicious practices.

An event occurred about this time which might have subdued even the callous heart of Francesco Cenci. Cristofero and Rocco, two of his sons, whom he had before sent to Salamanca, were assassinated in the neighbourhood of Rome, from what cause, or by whom, was never discovered. When the news of this sad event reached the palace, Count Cenci expressed the utmost joy at their removal; declared no money of his should purchase masses for the repose of their souls, and that he himself could have no peace until his wife and every child he had were in their graves.

Beatrice Cenci, the heroine of our story, had now reached

the age of fourteen. In person she was lovely: her finely chiselled features, soft expressive eyes, and exquisitely formed mouth, bore the impress of a character of no ordinary stamp. Nature, lavish of her gifts, had also endowed her with an intelligence, penetration, and depth of thought that far surpassed her years. She had a surprising firmness of character, combined with the gentleness and sweetness of her mother; and though familiarised from childhood with scenes and tales of bloodshed and crime, they produced no other effect than to imbue her mind with a courage superior to her years, whilst they coloured her imagination with a tinge of superstition. Sometimes the natural tendencies of her heart shed over her countenance a serenity that was almost angelic; but when fearful images filled her mind, her animated features assumed a threatening aspect, and her dark eyes flashed with almost supernatural lustre.

Francesco Cenci insensibly fixed his attention on the extraordinary beauty of his child, and gradually relaxed the severity with which he had treated her. At first this was attributed to the effect which the disposition of one so guileless might naturally produce on a father, even the most wicked; but in the heart of Cenci was concealed a far different cause for this apparent gentleness. The only crime from which Francesco had been free;—one that for the sake of human nature we almost shrink from breathing,—was engendered by the absence of pure paternal love.

Beatrice's apartment was at the top of the palace; separated from all the rest of the family, with but one attendant, and debarred from all communication with strangers, she was nevertheless often cheerful and happy. But the visits of her father by degrees became most painful, as with Satanic art he tried to warp her pure mind. A thousand agonising thoughts racked her brain, and she could form no distinct idea of the reality of the misfortunes that threatened her. She looked to the past, and her mind was bewildered in a maze of troubled fancies. When alone, her untainted conscience would again whisper comfort, and bursting into tears, she would cast her streaming eyes towards the church of S. Maria del Pianta (close to the palace), thanking the Virgin with fervent prayers that it bore a name so suited to her destinies. These outpourings soothed her agitated

spirit, and inspired her with a faith which at times raised her above the misfortunes with which she was encompassed.

Lucrezia Petroni suspected the iniquitous project of her husband. She knew the firm character of the girl; but how might she escape the arts and violence to which she would be subjected? Not so much from compassion (being jealous of the extreme beauty of Beatrice) as from the hatred she felt to Cenci, who had treated her with contempt, she revolved every means of rescuing Beatrice, and revenging herself on Cenci. She recollected that the eldest daughter had applied to the Pope, and a husband had been provided for her, and she determined to try if in a similar manner she could not aid Beatrice, and also rid herself of a rival of whom she was jealous. She thought of a Signor Guerra, an intimate friend of the Cenci family, handsome in person, and accomplished in manners; he had early attached himself to Beatrice, and in the absence of Francesco had contrived to convince her of his affection. He had long watched Cenci's conduct, and cordially hated him. Assured of the sentiments of Guerra, Lucrezia took advantage of an hour when Cenci was absent, to steal up to the solitary chamber of Beatrice, and open to her the project she had conceived, to which the girl readily assented, believing her fervent prayers were heard, and a way opened to escape the abyss yawning to receive her. Alas! how deceitful were the hopes of the ill-fated Beatrice. Francesco was warned of the plot. He had at this time in his palace two faithful domestics (as he believed), Olimpio and Marzio, whom the reader will remember in connection with the murder of Annetta, at the Castle of Petrella. Olimpio, though serving Cenci, always hated him; he had assisted his master in many of his reckless deeds, gaining his confidence while serving his own interests. Cenci, requiring a second domestic at the head of his household, found a willing assistant in Marzio, who only awaited the moment in which to avenge himself for the murder of Annetta. These two had the sole guardianship of the palace when Cenci was absent, and Olimpio received special orders that no one should approach the apartment of the forlorn Beatrice. Lucrezia, and Guerra, had together drawn up a petition to the Pope, praying his Holiness to liberate the girl from the snares of her remorseless parent,

and permit her marriage with Guerra. This memorial, as was afterwards proved, never reached the Pope. It was supposed to have been intercepted by Cenci himself, who, discovering that Guerra had been admitted in his absence, secretly resolved on a plan to rid himself of Guerra and also of Olimpio, whom he suspected of being accessory to the plot.

On the pretext of quitting Rome, on account of the infected air prevailing during the great heat of summer, Cenci suddenly announced his intention of going to the country. On the same evening a carriage was seen passing through the Porta San Giovanni, containing Lucrezia, Beatrice, her youngest brother, and one attendant, escorted on horseback by Francesco Cenci, Marzio, and two servants. To Marzio only had been entrusted the secret of their destination, which was to Petrella, one of the most wild and desolate spots on the Neapolitan frontiers. Olimpio, who discovered it a few hours before their departure, at once guessed from his being left in Rome, that Cenci would not scruple to have him and Guerra both assassinated, as he invariably did those who marred his plots. Accordingly he warned the latter, who, furious at the loss of Beatrice, went in search of the eldest brother Giacomo, to concoct with him and Olimpio a plan which might relieve all from the tyranny of this fiend.

They agreed to hire a troop of the banditti in the Sabine Hills, who were to attack the party on their journey, carry off Francesco, but liberate the women, on condition of their paying a ransom for Cenci within a certain time. This ransom Guerra would delay sending; Cenci would be thus at the mercy of the outlaws, and all suspicion removed from them. The plot however failed, Olimpio not being in time to get all arranged before the arrival of Cenci at the Castle of Petrella, and meanwhile Guerra was summoned to accompany the Pope with his court to Ferrara.

It was towards sunset when Beatrice Cenci with her brother and step-mother, arrived at the fortress of Petrella. This castle, once in the possession of the Colonna family, had for two centuries been the scene of many a fearful crime. It was situated on the confines of the Roman and Neapolitan States, and surrounded by gloomy forests, filled with banditti, who then overspread the country to an alarming extent.

Its construction was irregular; a large square tower, the

most ancient portion of the building, built of huge blocks of stone broken by time and overgrown with moss and ivy, supported a later structure gloomy in appearance. The interior did not present a more inviting aspect; there were numerous apartments, but the furniture evidenced the destructive work of time and neglect. The entire building had the appearance of a dreadful prison, ready to close for ever on its miserable victims.

The first day of his arrival at the castle, Cenci maintained a sullen silence. Each member of the family he placed so that they could hold no conversation except in his presence. Beatrice remonstrated, upon which he removed her to one of the subterranean apartments, giving to Marzio the key of the chamber where she was to be incarcerated. How shall I describe the treatment to which Beatrice was now subjected, or the anguish she endured in that abode of darkness and of terror! To aggravate it still more, Cenci made her believe that Guerra had fallen by the sword of an assassin, and that no one now could release her from her fate; he believed so himself, as he had hired assassins to rid him both of Guerra and Olimpio, but in this project he failed, as we shall afterwards see.

It would be impossible, as it would be painful, minutely to relate the revolting means resorted to by Cenci to overcome the purity of his child. The recital shocked all listeners when revealed on the trial!

The diabolical cruelty to which Marzio was a witness now roused him to avenge the death of his Annetta, (murdered perhaps on this very spot,) and at the same time to liberate Beatrice, who, in the solitude of her dark prison, drooped, and languished. Her misery was augmented in the night, by a thousand dim fancies. Sometimes the shade of Guerra appeared to pass before her—the phantom, wrapped in a white sheet, seemed to extend towards her its arms, and beckon her to follow. To this succeeded another and more horrible apparition. The phantom disappeared, a real corpse seemed to meet her gaze, and the belief that she was actually in a charnel-house seized upon her mind. Thus passed the nights of the forlorn girl: the days that succeeded brought no peace, each finding her more terrified, through dread of these supernatural appearances. On one of these nights in which

she screamed, either through delirium or fear, Marzio was roused from sleep; he listened, and hearing her lamentations, leaped out of bed, and descending into the subterranean passage, opened the door into her apartment. Terrified and trembling, she started from her couch, and placed herself in an attitude of defence; but Marzio reassured her, and relating the sad story of Annetta, perhaps murdered in this very subterranean chamber by the brutality of Cenci, he told her that the spirit of Annetta had appeared to him, upbraiding him for his cruel indifference to his master's child, and imploring him to protect her: that whether it was a dream or reality he knew not, but he was shaken by the hand, and awoke; when he heard her cries, and thinking she required his aid, had hastened to save her. The unhappy girl, believing him to be a messenger sent from heaven, burst into a flood of tears, which relieved her oppressed heart. She implored Marzio to procure her some writing materials. This he did, keeping watch in the upper porch, and promising to warn her by a pistol-shot if her father approached. The morning dawned, and still Marzio stood, feigning to clean his pistols as a pretext to discharge one if necessary. In haste he returned to Beatrice, and received from her two letters. The following day, when Francesco Cenci descended into the apartment of his daughter, his countenance wore a most diabolical aspect. Marzio was on the watch, concealed his pistols, and taking a dagger, he approached—stooped—listened—heard a struggle—a threat—a prayer—a groan. Bursting open the door, he rushed upon his master, and, dealing a terrible thrust with the dagger on his neck, exclaimed, "I murder thee, assassin of thy own blood!"

Beatrice uttered a scream and fainted. Cenci placed himself in an attitude of defence and turned on his assailant, but Marzio had fled, believing that a demon only could avert such a blow. No one knew that Cenci, to save himself from similar assaults, carried under his vestments a coat of mail covering his entire body, which had, from habit, become so necessary, that he even wore it in bed. On many occasions it had saved his life, so that a report was current that Cenci had sold himself, soul and body, to the devil. Pursuing Marzio, but finding it impossible to overtake him, he returned to the castle just at the moment when Beatrice recovered her

consciousness, and was attempting to fly from her prison. In his fury he cursed her, called her a parricide, an accomplice of Marzio, and took advantage of this to treat her with increased cruelty. Every hope now fled; a violent convulsion shook her whole frame. She cried out in agony, "Is there no one to save me? Am I utterly deserted? Am I lost for ever?" Thus exclaiming, she threw herself violently against the wall, with her head bent forward, hoping thus to end her life. She fell senseless on the ground. In about an hour she came to herself. Oh, how did she mourn to find she still lived! Soon a fearful headache and a burning fever deprived her of consciousness; and on Cenci's return with food, he found her in a state of delirium. The miserable girl fixed her wandering looks upon him as he approached; then fled before him, uttering death-like cries. Cenci, alarmed by her desperation, tried to tranquillise her, and, a transient sentiment of humanity rising in his heart, he resolved to remove her to better air. Taken to a room at the top of the great tower, still far from the household, Cenci himself attended her, making use of such restoratives as were within his reach. Eight days passed ere the fever subsided. The strength of Beatrice returned, but, alas! not her reason; the faculties of her mind became suspended, and she seemed deprived of all power of thought or motion. Marzio in the meantime hastened to Rome, and finding that Guerra had just returned from Ferrara, he took him the letter which Beatrice had written to her brother. They then sought Giacomo, who, on opening the letter, found it contained a petition to the Pope. She implored her brother, in the belief of Guerra's death, to send it without a moment's delay.

The contents of these pages, written in the agony of despair, and covered with tears, lacerated the very soul of Guerra. Knowing the uncertainty of any appeal to the Pope, Guerra grew furious at the state to which Beatrice was reduced. Giacomo, weary of the life of privation which his father had forced him to lead, and Marzio, eager for revenge, seized on any means to rid Beatrice and all the family of the tyranny of Cenci. They agreed to call Olimpio into their counsels; he and Marzio proposed to despatch Cenci, on condition of receiving a large sum of money, one half of which was to be paid on the commission of the crime, and the other half

subsequently, as expressed in a letter from Guerra to Lucrezia, who, with Bernardo, they hoped would aid in the plot, wearied as they must be by the life they were leading at Petrella. Thus instructed, the assassins departed. Lucrezia at this time had permission to walk through the castle, on condition of holding no conversation with any of the household. No one dared disobey Cenci's orders, as at the most unexpected moments, he appeared on different points of the Rocca.

Walking one evening towards sunset to the terrace of the old tower, and meditating some project of revenge upon a man who had treated her so basely, she saw waving among the trees a small white handkerchief, and near it two men, whom she at once recognised as Marzio and Olimpio. The latter crept towards the castle, and Lucrezia, venturing down, heard the plot, and assented to it as the only means of security to all. He gave her a key sent by Marzio, to liberate Beatrice; this was however rendered useless by her removal to the tower. They then arranged that Lucrezia should administer to Cenci an opiate which they brought, in his wine, and during the night admit them into the castle. At two o'clock in the morning, Cenci being in a deep sleep, Lucrezia took from his room the keys of the apartments of Bernardo and Beatrice. The former she brought into the hall, then went to Beatrice, whom she found in a kind of stupefaction, which had succeeded to a violent burst of tears, with which her cheeks were bathed. She endeavoured to rouse her, signifying that the moment of escape had arrived, and conducted her into the hall. Beatrice showed no symptoms of surprise at the announcement, or at the visit of her step-mother at that strange hour; she asked not how they had opened her door, nor how her liberty had been acquired. When all were assembled in the hall, Lucrezia told them the project, and asked their aid. Bernardo at first hesitated, but Lucrezia roused him by every argument she could urge, and obtained his consent.

Beatrice made no reply to the cruel proposal of her step-mother, who introduced the two assassins into the hall of the castle, and assured that Cenci was still sleeping, she took them to his chamber, returning herself to the hall. The appearance of the two murderers produced no effect on

Beatrice; she stood transfixed to the spot where her mother had left her. Suddenly the assassins entered the hall, with faces pale as death. "Holy Virgin!" they exclaimed, "it is a shame to murder this man in his sleep; humanity forbids the crime." *

Lucrezia†, enraged at their cowardice, asked how could they despatch him if awake. Already they had received a portion of their bribe, and if the deed were not consummated by them she vowed she would herself effect it. Excited by these reproaches, and fearing the loss of the promised reward, they threw aside all scruples and returned to the room of Cenci. Marzio at the door turned round and observed Beatrice run in a threatening manner towards them. Believing that she was encouraging them, and recalling the memory of Annetta, he disappeared with Olimpio. Lucrezia held back Beatrice, looking fixedly in her face, and conscious that the girl was not in her senses, conducted her back to the hall. Meanwhile the assassins re-entered the chamber where Cenci lay. Marzio placed a large nail or iron bolt upon the right eye of their victim, which Olimpio, with one blow of a hammer, drove straight

* "To violate the sacred doors of sleep;
To cheat kind nature of the placid death
Which she prepares for overwearied age;
To drag from heaven an unrepentant soul,
Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers
A life of burning crimes——" SHELLEY.

† The poet makes Beatrice the speaker instead of Lucrezia, and puts these words into her mouth:

"Miserable slaves!
Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone? Base palterers,
Cowards, and traitors, why the very conscience
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge
Is an equivocation: it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men,
And when a deed where mercy insults heaven—
Why do I talk?

(*Snatching a dagger from one of them and raising it.*)

"Hadst thou a tongue to say
She murdered her own father, I must do it;
But never dream ye shall outlive him long."

into the brain. The deed thus accomplished, Marzio and Olimpio wrapped the dead body in a sheet, and carried it to a small pavilion built at the end of a terrace-walk, overlooking an orchard. From this height they cast it down on an old gnarled elder tree, in order that when the body should be found the next morning, it might appear that whilst walking on the terrace, the foot of the count had slipped, and that he had fallen head foremost on one of the stunted branches of the tree, which, piercing through his eye to the brain, had caused his death. Returning to the hall, they received from Lucrezia the purse of gold*; Marzio, carrying with him a valuable cloak trimmed with gold lace, turned towards Beatrice, (who stood still leaning against the table,) and saying, "I shall keep this as a memorial of you," departed with Olimpio. The report of Francesco's death was not spread through the castle until next morning. Lucrezia rushed through the house uttering cries, and bewailing Cenci's untimely end with tears. In a day or two the funeral took place, and immediately after the family returned to Rome. Giacomo took possession of the Cenci palace, and Beatrice daily improved in health of body and of mind.

As soon as the death of Count Cenci was announced at Naples, its suddenness gave rise to strong suspicions that he had been murdered. The Neapolitan government immediately despatched officers to Petrella, with orders to have the body exhumed and carefully examined; and strict inquiries were instituted in the neighbourhood and castle as to the cause of the count's unexpected death. The result of this investigation was, that all the inhabitants of Petrella were placed under arrest, bound, and sent to Naples, where they underwent a strict examination. The only suspicious circumstances which could be elicited, arose from the confession of the washerwoman, who had received the bloody sheets the morning after the murder from Count Cenci's daughter, as she thought, but described her as a woman of

* Shelley makes Beatrice give the bag of coin and the rich cloak to the assassin, saying,

> "It was the mantle which my grandfather
> Wore in his high prosperity, and men
> Envied his state: so may they envy thine."

about thirty-five, and stated that she had not given a satisfactory reason for the stains of blood upon them.

The people of Petrella were now released, and a courier despatched to the Court at Rome, with full information of the state of Count Cenci's body when exhumed, the testimony of the washerwoman, and the very strong suspicion which had been aroused that the Count's own family were implicated in the apparent murder. Through the information of a friend, Signor Guerra heard what had happened, and adopted measures to secure his own safety. He had great fears that Olimpio and Marzio might fall into the hands of the police, be put to the torture, and betray those concerned in the murder. Communicating his fears to Giacomo, they immediately hired assassins who succeeded in dispatching Olimpio at Terni. Marzio was, a few days afterwards, taken prisoner by the Neapolitan soldiers, to whom he confessed what he knew of Cenci's death. A statement of these facts was forwarded to Rome, in a process which particularly implicated Beatrice, on the receipt of which Giacomo and Bernardo were imprisoned in the Corte Savella; Lucrezia and Beatrice were detained in the Cenci Palace, awaiting the arrival of Marzio, who was despatched from Naples, and on his arrival was confronted with them in presence of the sagacious judge Ulisse Moscati. When Marzio saw the firmness with which all, but especially Beatrice, denied any participation in the murder, and heard her declare that she had never before seen the embroidered mantle which he possessed, he was so astonished by her courage, and affected by her eloquence, that he retracted all he had before confessed, and, acting under the impulse of a generous enthusiasm, exclaimed that Beatrice was incapable of crime.

The judge, unable to convict them, applied the torture to Marzio who died on the rack without confessing; whereupon the prisoners were remanded to the castle of St. Angelo, and were there imprisoned in separate chambers for some months. During this time, one of the brigands employed by Guerra was arrested; previous to his execution he confessed the murder of Olimpio, and named the person by whom he had been hired to commit the crime. This confession implicated Signor Guerra, who, on hearing of the

arrest of the assassin, determined to attempt his escape, rather than stand a trial and the torture. This was difficult, as his personal beauty, great stature, and flowing flaxen hair, had made his appearance familiar to every one in Rome. By a bribe, he induced a charcoal-seller to give him his dress, and his mules laden with charcoal. Guerra thus disguised, shaved off his beard, blackened his face and hands, and traversed the streets of Rome affecting lameness, and crying his wares with his mouth half stuffed with bread and onions. Having disposed of his charcoal, he passed through the city gate, driving the mules before him; and though met by the police, they did not recognise him.

Meanwhile, Beatrice in her prison continued calm. She had, at the age of seventeen, experienced the bitterest trials of life, first at the hands of her unnatural parent, and now at those of justice. Innocent of the crime of which she with the other members of the family was accused, the circumstances already related passed before her mind like a painful dream. She could not recollect with clearness the horrors to which she had been subjected in the subterranean prison of Petrella; she could not distinguish reality from illusion. As she pondered on her fate, the door of her prison was opened by two constables, come as she hoped to release her, but they came only to convey the ill-fated girl to the damp prison of Savella, where the criminal court of justice was then held. The flight of Signor Guerra coupled with the confessions of Olimpio's murderer, strengthened so much the suspicions of the ministers of justice, that they believed themselves authorised to apply the torture against the accused. This barbarous system was then upheld in order to elicit truth; but wise men considered it the means of destroying the innocent and those weak in mind or body, and of saving the guilty who might possess a larger share of courage and physical strength.

The preparatory torture, *monentibus indiciis*, was applied to those refusing to confess the crime alleged; as they could not be condemned without full proof, the torture was increased at the will of the prosecutor, according to the maxim, *ad omnia citra mortem*. At each gradation the accused was interrogated; if he confessed, the torture ceased; if he denied, it was increased. Giacomo and Bernardo, placed

under the torture of the *cord*, soon felt their courage fail. This cord attached to a pulley in the ceiling, by means of a running knot bound the hands behind the back, and drawing them up, the whole weight of the body being suspended from the arms, they were nearly drawn from their sockets.

On their first elevation, Giacomo and Bernardo called out they would confess; but on their release, were ashamed of their weakness, and persisted in the negative. At the second elevation with the *squasso* (that is to say, suffering the suspended body to fall with a jerk, but without touching the ground), they again exclaimed they would confess; hesitating, and being threatened with the additional torture of lead weights attached to the feet, they not only admitted the crime, but implicated their sister, declaring her to be the instigator of it. Lucrezia, from her age and great corpulency could not endure the cord, and at once confessed her guilt.

Such, however, was not the case with the young and beautiful Beatrice. Full of spirit and of courage, neither the persuasions nor the threats of Moscati the judge, could obtain from her the smallest confession. She endured the torment of the cord with all the firmness which the purity of her heart inspired. The judge failed to extract from her lips a single word that could throw a shade over her innocence; on the contrary, she replied in a way that wholly disconcerted and confused the celebrated Moscati. He perceived in Beatrice not obstinacy but innocence, and believing it useless to pursue the torture further, he suspended the proceeding and reported them to the Pope. The extraordinary fact of a girl so young having the courage to withstand such bodily suffering being whispered through Rome, excited so deep an interest that the Pope diligently read through the minutes of the evidence, from its commencement. Suspecting, however, that the unwillingness of Moscati to believe Beatrice guilty might have been induced by her extreme beauty, Clement VIII. consigned the management of the prosecution to another. Beatrice was accordingly taken before the judge Luciani, a man whose heart was a stranger to every feeling of humanity; receiving from her, repeated protestations of innocence, she was ordered to the chamber of torture called L'Erculeo.

This room was heaped up with horrible instruments of torture, stained with human blood. At a table sat the judge and two other persons not less repulsive in look and manner. Before them was placed a crucifix of bronze, on which the victim swore to tell nothing but the truth. Again were recapitulated all the circumstances of the crime, and the confession of her brothers, which implicated her. Beatrice replied, "Be silent, I implore you, and repeat not such iniquity; I know nothing of these circumstances, except the letter sent to my brother from the Rock of Petrella," and this, she insisted, was a proof of her innocence. He replied, "Will you, or will you not, confess the crime of which you are convicted by the attestation of your accomplices?" She raised her eyes to heaven, and then, steadily regarding the judge, said, "I know not the crime. I have repeated this to the other judges, who, notwithstanding, subjected me to dreadful tortures. Oh! be persuaded of my innocence! *I am innocent!*" But the cruel judge was not to be moved. Heedless of her protestations he turned to Ribaldella, saying, "I order the torture of La Vigilia, with all its severity, to be continued five hours; if she confesses, call me." Turning to Beatrice, as he quitted the chamber, he added, "I have prepared for you a bed where you will have pleasant dreams."

The torture of the Vigilia was as follows:—Upon a high joint stool, the seat about a span large, and instead of being flat cut in the form of pointed diamonds, the victim was seated: the legs were fastened together and without support; the hands bound behind the back, and with a running knot attached to a cord descending from the ceiling: the body was loosely attached to the back of the chair, cut also in angular points. A wretch stood near, pushing the victim from side to side, and now and then, by pulling the rope from the ceiling, gave the arms most painful jerks. In this horrible position the sufferer remained forty hours, the assistants being changed every fifth hour. At the expiration of the time, Beatrice was carried into the prison more dead than alive. An interval of forty hours was permitted to those who had suffered the Vigilia, before any fresh torture could be applied. The judge was amazed at the account he received of the fortitude of Beatrice; enraged, he exclaimed,

"Never shall it be said that a weak girl can escape from my hands, when not one of those condemned have been able to resist my power!"

On the third day, the examination was resumed. Beatrice's strength was nearly exhausted, but renewing her protestations of innocence, she was threatened with the torture called *tortura capillorum*. Conducted into the usual room, the same question and answer were repeated. At a given signal, the satellites of the tribunal carried Beatrice under a rope suspended from the ceiling, and twisting into a cord her long and beautiful hair, they attached it, with diabolical art to the rope, so that the whole body could by this means, be raised from the ground. The frightful preparations over, and her protestations of innocence again disregarded, she was elevated from the ground by the hair of her head; at the same time was added another torture, consisting of a mesh of small cords twined about the fingers, twisting them nearly out of joint, and dragging the hand almost from the bone of the arm. The wretched girl screamed with agony, while the judge stood by, commanding the suspended rope to be tightened, and raising the body by the hair from the ground gave it a sudden jerk, exhorting her to confess. She cried out in a convulsion for water, rolling her eyes in agony and exclaiming, "I am innocent." The torture being repeated with still greater cruelty, and the fortitude of the courageous girl continuing unshaken, the judge, believing it impossible that a young female could resist such torments, concluded, with the superstition of the times, that she carried about her some witchcraft; he ordered her to be examined; and finding no cause of suspicion, was about to have her hair cut off, when it was suggested that the torment of the *tortura capillorum* could not then be renewed; her hair was again fastened to the rope, and for a whole hour she was subjected to a succession of cruelties such as the heart shrinks from narrating; but not a word escaped from her lips that could compromise her innocence.

In the meantime, Lucrezia, Giacomo, and Bernardo, were taken into the hall Erculeo, and Beatrice suddenly brought into their presence. On seeing them, overcome by varied feelings, she could not utter a word of reproach, whilst they feared almost to behold her. A repetition of the torture was

here ordered, to so awful an extent that she fainted and lay senseless. A new cruelty was devised, the *taxillo;* her feet were bared, and to the soles was applied a block of heated wood, prepared in such a way as to retain the scorching heat; then did the unhappy girl utter piercing shrieks, and remained some minutes apparently dead. These accumulated tortures were repeated with returning consciousness, until Giacomo, Bernardo, and Lucrezia, began to cry aloud, infuriated against the judge; he, calculating on the effect his cruelties might produce, had used the precaution of having the prisoners not only handcuffed, but placed in a position whence they could not move; as in some instances, friends of the victims had been known to rush upon the prosecutors and seize them with their teeth. Finding that all their prayers to have Beatrice released from her horrible situation were vain, they implored her with heart-rending tears and entreaties, to yield. To this the judge mingled the threats and application of further torments, and enforced them with such rigour, that the victim shrieked in agony, and exclaimed, "Oh! cease this martyrdom, and I will confess anything."

The tortures were at once suspended; their victim, now all but dead was placed upon a seat, and some restoratives administered, whilst her relations, throwing themselves on their knees, implored her to adhere to her promise, urging on her that the unnatural cruelties inflicted by her father would be a just defence for the crime imputed to her; that obstinacy would neither save herself nor her relations, whilst by agreeing with their deposition (as the judge had hinted) there was a hope of their common liberation. The unhappy girl, believing she might save them said, "Be it as you wish; I am content to die if I can preserve you," and to each interrogation of the judge she merely replied, "*E vero*" until asked "Did she not urge the assassins to murder her father, and on their refusal, propose to commit the crime herself?" when she involuntarily exclaimed, "Impossible, impossible! a tiger could not do it; how much less a daughter!" Threatened anew with the torture, she answered not, but, raising her eyes to heaven, and moving her lips in prayer, she said, "Oh my God, Thou knowest if this be true!" Thus did the judge force from Beatrice an assent to a deed

at which her very nature revolted. But in those times every other consideration was overlooked in the desire to extort a *confession*.

Beatrice having now ratified her confession, Luciani, the judge, hastened to the Pope with the intelligence. Clement VIII., supposing them guilty of parricide, was seized with one of those fits of anger to which his nature, otherwise humane, was subject, and exclaimed—"*Let them be all immediately bound to the tails of wild horses, and dragged through the streets until life is extinct.*" The Roman people shuddered when this frightful decree was published, and a body of princes and cardinals hastened to the Pope, threw themselves on their knees, and implored him to grant a reprieve to the criminals, in order that their defence might be heard. The Pope suspended the sentence for twenty-five days, and the principal advocates in Rome occupied the interval in collecting proofs of the unnatural conduct of Cenci towards his wretched family, as a palliation of their guilt. On the appointed day, the Pope, clad in gorgeous robes, and surrounded by cardinals and bishops, sat under a canopy of crimson silk, in the great hall of the Vatican painted by Raffaelle, to hear the trial. Signor Niccolo de Angelis opened the pleadings, and had said but a few words, when the Pope exclaimed—"Are there then to be found in Rome not only children who assassinate their parent, but advocates capable of defending the parricides!" On this all the lawyers sat down trembling, except Farinacci, who said—"No, holy father, you will find we are here to prove that some are innocent of the crime, and that all are excusable, and worthy of your commiseration."

Permission being given to proceed, Farinacci a famous advocate resumed his speech, which was delivered in the Latin tongue; his line of defence was, to clear the others by throwing the guilt chiefly on Beatrice; and to save her, he contended that her act was the only way whereby she could escape from her unnatural and wicked parent. Several cases were quoted in justification of Beatrice; nor was the example of Virginius forgotten, who, plunging a dagger in the heart of his daughter Virginia, rather than she should suffer pollution by Appius Claudius, was nevertheless declared innocent, "*Quindi molto piu è da scusarsi Beatrice, se ha*

*cooperata alla morte dell' padre che a forza tentava violarla.*" He argued on the law of nature, that Beatrice was justified in what she did, to save her honour, as much as if done to save her life; and replied to the argument of the *procuratore fiscale* that she ought to have accused her father, and not killed him, by showing that accusation was impossible from one buried in the dungeons of Petrella; and he concluded, "*Quindi qualunque cosa facesse Beatrice per il presente o per il futuro pericolo, e timore dà stupro è sempre scusabile, se procurò un' accessione alla difesa del suo onore.*"

Other advocates spoke for Bernardo Cenci. The Pope listened attentively, made notes of the evidence, carried away with him all the papers connected with the trial, and sat up the whole of that night with a cardinal, studying the case, and it is said, shedding tears over this tale of misery and crime. The next morning, Clement ordered the accused to be reconducted to the secret prisons. This led many to hope their lives might be spared.

Five days had been passed by Beatrice in the secret prisons of the Torre Savellà, when, at an early hour in the morning, Farinacci entered her sad abode. With him appeared a young man of about twenty-five years of age, dressed in the fashion of a writer in the courts of justice of that day. Unheeded by Beatrice, he sat regarding her at a little distance, with fixed attention. She had risen from her miserable pallet, but, unlike the wretched inmate of a dungeon, she seemed a being from a brighter sphere. Her eyes were of liquid softness, her forehead large and clear, her countenance of angelic purity, mysteriously beautiful. Around her head a fold of white muslin had been carelessly wrapped, from whence in rich luxuriance fell her fair and waving hair. Profound sorrow imparted an air of touching sensibility to her lovely features. With all the eagerness of hope, she begged Farinacci to tell her frankly if his visit foreboded good, and assured him of her gratitude for the anxiety he evinced, to save her life and that of her family.

Farinacci conversed with her for some time, while at a distance sat his companion, sketching the features of Beatrice. Turning round, she observed this with displeasure and surprise; Farinacci explained that this seeming writer was the

celebrated painter, Guido Reni, who, earnestly desiring her picture, had entreated to be introduced into the prison for the purpose of obtaining so rich an acquisition. At first unwilling, but afterwards consenting, she turned and said, "Signor Guido, your renown might make me desirous of knowing you, but how will you undervalue me in my present situation. From the fatality that surrounds me, you will judge me guilty. Perhaps my face will tell you I am not wicked; it will show you too that I am tranquil in this prison, which I may quit, only to ascend the scaffold. Your great name, and my sad story, may make my portrait interesting, and," she added, with touching simplicity, "the picture will awaken compassion if you write on one of its angles the word, *innocente*." The great artist set himself to work, and produced the picture now in the Palazzo Barberini, a picture that rivets the attention of every beholder, which, once seen, ever after hovers over the memory with an interest the most harrowing and mysterious.

All now anxiously awaited the decision of the Pope, when most unfortunately for the Cencis, tidings reached Clement that the Marchioness Castanza Santa Croce, related to the Cenci family, had been stabbed to death by her son, because she would not name him in her will as heir to all her property. Enraged at this fresh outrage, Clement determined to inflict summary punishment on the Cencis as an example to all parricides. After a long consultation with the Auditore Criminale, he rang the bell, exclaiming, "Send for Monsignor Ferrante Taverne (then governor of Rome): I must conform my heart to the model of Sixtus V." Scarcely had the governor arrived when the Pope declared he had given up all idea of mitigating the punishment of the Cenci family, uttering these tremendous words: "I deliver them into your hands, and hold you accountable for their immediate execution." The governor, without a moment's delay returned to his palace, and calling a meeting of the judges, passed sentence of death on all the members of the Cenci family, directing that their execution should take place in public the next day, Saturday, September 11th, 1599. The fatal sentence was no sooner made known than several of the nobles of Rome, friends of the Cenci family, among whom were the Cardinal Sforza and Monsignor Barberini, assem-

bled and passed the greater part of the night at the Palazzo of Monte Cavallo, entreating the Pope at least to spare Beatrice and Lucrezia the shame of a public execution, or to suffer it to take place within the prison, and not on the scaffold erected that night on the Piazza of St. Angelo; and also that he would grant a pardon to Bernardo on account of his youth, and the impossibility of his being a party to the crime. No entreaties could shake the fixed resolution of the Pontiff.

Farinacci, the lawyer, knew well the effect which the parricidal act so recently perpetrated would have on the hasty temper of the Pope; but in the energy of despair, he entered the palace at daybreak on the morning of the 11th, and throwing himself at the feet of the pontiff, who had never slept from the moment he had signed that tremendous sentence, tried every argument to move his heart. He revealed the heroic conduct of Beatrice to save her brothers from death, and had well-nigh shaken the resolution of the Pope, who at last consented to spare the life of Bernardo, adding, "the sacrifice which you boast his sister made will not then be without reward." It was scarcely four o'clock in the morning when the Pope uttered these final words.

Meanwhile another scene, far more touching, had taken place in the Torre Savella. The *Confortatori* were sent to the prisons of Tordinona and Torre Savella, to announce to the captives their dreadful doom. On entering the cell of Beatrice, they found her calmly sleeping on her miserable bed; desiring her to dress, they conducted her to a larger prison, where was Lucrezia Petroni. Beatrice had scarcely heard the sentence, when she uttered piercing shrieks, exclaiming, "How is it possible I can die thus unprepared?" Lucrezia said, "Oh, how are we deceived! may God pardon the blood of the innocent;" then throwing herself on her knees before Beatrice, bathed in tears, she implored her forgiveness.

At eight o'clock they made their last confession to the priest, heard mass, and received the sacrament. Beatrice remained in earnest prayer until the door was opened by the jailor, to announce to them that a report was spread among the people then crowded around the prison, that the Pope had granted a pardon to Bernardo Cenci. Oh! the joy that

lighted up the countenance of Beatrice as, prostrating herself before the altar, she exclaimed, "Holy Virgin, I thank thee, that my death can at least save the life of one of my brothers. Blessed be God who has given such a proof of His divine mercy! With a tranquil heart I can now meet my doom."

The hour for execution being arrived, the sub-fiscal of Rome went to the prison of Tordinona to announce to Bernardo that his Holiness the Pope had been graciously pleased to grant him his pardon; adding at the same time, that although his life was spared, he must join the procession with the rest of his family, and remain seated on the scaffold until they should all, one after the other, be beheaded.

The morning was now far advanced, and the preparations were completed. A large scaffold had been erected during the night on the Piazza opposite the Castle of St. Angelo; the block, the axe, and the executioner were in their appointed places, and the cars waited at the doors of the prisons to convey the captives to the appalling scene of death. The first victim led forth was Giacomo. Prostrating himself before the crucifix, and kissing the wounds on the body of our Saviour, he mounted the car. After him came Bernardo, his hands bound, and his eyes bandaged. An immense crowd had assembled; the Governor of Rome, fearing some outbreak, had used every precaution. The procession moved on; a number of torch-bearers of the company of the Misericordia led the way; the crucifix, borne by more torch-bearers followed. Then came the car, surrounded by members of the Compagnia dei Confortatori, and followed by the populace of Rome. The executioner proceeded to undress Giacomo, in order to inflict the torture, and prolong the agonies of his death.

During the fearful and protracted transit to the scaffold, it was the custom of the satellites of the inquisition, at regular intervals, to tear from the body pieces of flesh with heated pincers, but in this instance the Pope having dispensed with the torture, and ordered that the condemned should be beaten to death and then quartered, the executioner desisted from his cruel duty. The procession now turned into the Piazza of the Palazzo Cenci, when it was stopped by the following affecting incident:—Giacomo, who appeared re-

signed, on seeing again his palace became violently agitated, and uttering a heart-rending cry, called out, "My children! my children!" The people shouted, "Dogs, give him his children." The procession was proceeding, when the multitude assumed such a threatening aspect, that two of the Confortatori thought themselves authorised to pause, the unhappy man imploring them in accents of despair, to suffer him once more to behold his children. The crowd became pacified on seeing Giacomo descend from the cart and conducted to the vestibule of his palace, where they brought to him his children and his wife. The latter fainted on the last step.

The scene that followed was the most affecting and painful that the imagination can picture. His three children clung around his legs, uttering cries that rent the hearts of all present. The unhappy man embraced them, telling them that in Bernardo they would find a father; then fixing his eyes on his unconscious wife, and heaving a deep sigh, he said, "Let us go!" Reascending the cart, the procession stopped soon before the prison of Corte Savella.

Beatrice and Lucrezia, conducted by the Confortatori, appeared before the gates of the prison, a few minutes after the procession halted. They knelt down and prayed for some time before the crucifix, and then walked on foot behind the carriage. Lucrezia wore a robe of black, and a long black veil covered her head and shoulders; Beatrice in a dark robe and veil, a handkerchief of cloth of silver on her neck, and slippers of white velvet, ornamented with crimson sandals and rosettes, followed. Passing the church of St. Biagio, from a window where three youths stood, a vase of flowers unfortunately fell on the head of one of the Confratelli, and killed him; a tremendous uproar succeeded. In a moment eight young men rushed forward, seized Beatrice, and making their way through the crowd with drawn swords, carried her to the opposite side. Alas! the courageous youths were frustrated in their humane attempt. The plot had been discovered or anticipated; fifty armed men on horseback appeared from the court-yard of the Corte Savella, and at once quelled the tumult. Lucrezia, overjoyed at the attempt to save Beatrice, burst into tears, while Beatrice displayed surprising courage and tranquillity.

At last they reached the Piazza, then a place for the sale of eatables, and filled on that day with quantities of small tables to enable the people better to behold the fearful spectacle. The crowd at this spot was so dense, and the number of carriages that blocked up the place so great, that the procession could not pass. Here a fresh commotion took place, cries were heard of "Liberata!" "Viva il Papa." Hope of Beatrice's liberation now beamed on every face; and the excitement was increased by windows being opened and wreaths of flowers showered around the spot where she stood. The excitement of the populace, the pressure, the shouts to liberate Beatrice, filled the Guards with apprehension, and with difficulty they could proceed. On entering the Piazza the sight of the scaffold caused Beatrice for a moment to shudder: she had almost fainted when one of the Confortatori whispered in her ear words of pious encouragement. Thus exhorted, the noble girl shed not a tear, her countenance was lighted up like the martyrs of old, she prayed fervently to her Saviour, and entered the chapel, where the condemned were assembled to receive the benediction of the Sacrament previous to their execution.

The first brought out to ascend the scaffold was Bernardo, who, according to the conditions of his reprieve, was to witness the death of his relatives. The poor boy before he had reached the summit, fell down in a swoon, and was obliged to be supported to his seat of torture. Preceded by the standard and the brethren of the Misericordia, the executioner next entered the chapel to convey Lucrezia. Binding her hands behind her back, and removing the veil that covered her head and shoulders, he led her to the foot of the scaffold. Here she stopped, prayed, devoutly kissed the crucifix, and taking off her shoes, mounted the ladder barefoot. From confusion and terror she with difficulty ascended, crying out, "Oh, my God! oh, holy brethren, pray for my soul! oh, God, pardon me!" The principal executioner, Alessandro, beckoned to her to place herself on the block; the unhappy woman from her unwieldy figure, being unable to do so, some violence was used, the executioner raised his axe, and with one stroke severed the head from the body! catching it by the hair, he exposed it,

still quivering, to the gaze of the populace; then wrapping it in the veil, he laid it on a bier in the corner of the scaffold, the body falling into a coffin placed underneath. The violence used towards the sufferer had so roused the indignation of the spectators of that appalling tragedy, that a universal uproar commenced. The scene that followed was fearful. Cries and screams were heard around. In the movement of the multitude, tables and benches were overturned, numbers were maimed and killed, and in the midst of the confusion at a given signal, forty young men rushed forward to the chapel to rescue Beatrice. Again were they defeated, and after a short struggle in which many were wounded, they abandoned the fruitless attempt. To add to the confusion, Alessandro had scarcely descended from the scaffold to lead forth Beatrice, when the whole side of it fell with a fearful crash, burying in its ruins a number of the attendants employed in wiping away the blood. Four were killed on the spot, others were severely wounded, and some time elapsed before all was prepared for the next victim.

Meanwhile, Beatrice kneeling in the chapel absorbed in prayer, heeded not the uproar that surrounded her. She rose, as the standard appeared in the chapel to precede her to the block, and with eagerness demanded, "Is my mother then really dead?" Answered in the affirmative, she prayed with fervour; then raising her voice she said, "Lord, thou hast called me, and I obey the summons willingly, as I hope for mercy!" Approaching her brother, she bade him farewell, and with a smile of love, said "Grieve not for me. We shall be happy in heaven, I have forgiven thee." Giacomo fainted; his sister turning round, said, "Let us proceed!" The executioner appeared with a cord, but seemed afraid to fasten it round her body. She saw this, and with a sad smile said, "Bind this body; but hasten to release the soul, which pants for immortality!"

Scarcely had the unhappy victim arrived at the foot of the scaffold, when the square, filled with that vast multitude before so uproarious, suddenly assumed the silence of a desert. Each one bent forward to hear her speak; with every eye riveted upon her, and lips apart, it seemed as if their very existence depended on the words she might utter.

Beatrice ascended the stair with a slow but firm step. In a moment she placed herself on the block, which had caused so much fear to Lucrezia. She did not allow the executioner to remove the veil, but laid it herself upon the table. In this dreadful situation she remained a few minutes, an universal cry of horror staying the arm of the executioner. But soon the head of his victim was held up separated from the trunk, which was violently agitated for a few seconds. The miserable Bernardo Cenci forced to witness the fate of his sister, again swooned away; nor could he be restored to his senses for more than half an hour.

Meanwhile the scaffold was made ready for the dreadful punishment destined for Giacomo Cenci. Having performed some religious ceremonies, he appeared dressed in a cloak and cap. Turning towards the people he said in a clear voice, "Although in the agonies of torture I accused my sister and brother of sharing in the crime for which I suffer, I have accused them falsely. Now that I am about to render an account of my actions to God, I solemnly assert their entire innocence. Farewell, my friends. Oh, pray to God for me!"

Saying these words, he knelt down; Alessandro bound his legs to the block and bandaged his eyes. To particularise the details of this execution would be too dreadful; suffice it to say, he was beaten, beheaded, and quartered in the sight of that vast multitude, and by the side of a brother who was sprinkled with his blood. All was now over.

The whole populace of Rome, which had assembled to witness the termination of this awful tragedy, now dispersed. The number of lives sacrificed on that day was incalculable. Many fainted from the burning heat of the sun. Many were found lying dead in the streets, having been suffocated or trampled to death under the feet of horses; and numbers perished on the night following from the effects of a *coup de soleil*, which they received while standing in the place of execution. Near the statue of St. Paul, according to custom were placed three biers, each with four lighted torches. In these were laid the bodies of the victims. A crown of flowers had been placed around the head of Beatrice, who seemed as though in sleep, so calm, so peaceful was that placid face, while a smile such as she wore in life

still hovered on her lips. Many a tear was shed over that bier by those who gazed on its young and lovely occupant. Many a flower was scattered around her, whose fate all mourned—whose innocence none questioned.

On that night the bodies were interred. The corpse of Beatrice clad in the dress she wore on the scaffold, was borne covered with garlands of flowers, to the church of San Pietro in Montorio: and at the foot of the high altar, before the celebrated picture of the Transfiguration by Raffaelle*, were interred the remains of the beautiful, the noble-minded, the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci.

Whosoever having read this affecting narrative, gazes on Guido's portrait, will be convinced that the general opinion entertained of Beatrice's innocence and purity, was true. To confirm that opinion, and to correct the erroneous accounts heretofore published of her life, have been my motives for translating the *Storia del Secol* XVI. Moreover, the history of the Cenci family is a history of the manners, morals, and criminal justice of Rome in the sixteenth century and viewed in that light, must have a permanent interest. The touching story of the unfortunate Beatrice, has aroused the sympathies alike of natives and foreigners, while it has stimulated the imagination of the poet. Beatrice's last wish has been gratified: her portrait by the great artist establishes her innocence, and will continue to affect the heart, and to dwell on the memory of every beholder.

* This picture, the most celebrated that exists, is at present in the gallery of the Vatican.

## CHAP. XXVI.

### MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Walk to St. Peter's—its difficulties.—Borghese Palace. — Picture of St. Anthony. —A word on the Saint. —House of Raffaelle—his death—character. — The Pons Ælius. —Hadrian's Monument. —A reflection. —Piazza of St. Peter's. — The Cathedral as designed by Michael Angelo—and as it is. —Ascent of the Dome — Views of Rome.—The Vatican. — Manufactory of Mosaics. —Monte Mario. — Ecclesiastical Prison. —Singular story of the Archbishop of Memphis.

AGREEABLY occupied with the districts lying around and upon the Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline hills, we have lingered on their healthy summits and have made the circuit of a considerable portion of the venerable walls of Rome. It is high time to cross the Tiber, St. Peter's invites us this sunny morning to ascend its glorious dome, and throws open its stately doors to receive us. The ascent must be made before eleven o'clock, so let us hasten to commence our aërial excursion. Standing on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, we are exactly opposite the Via Condotti, leading in almost a straight line to the renowned Basilica. Mrs. Trollope has amusingly described the perils of her journey to St. Peter's, which, with the courage of a heroine she made on foot, a task which very few ladies at certain seasons would have performed. The streets have been built to guard against the heat, so in winter they increase the cold, and preserve the damp, while ugly deposits are seldom cleaned away. But let us persevere, and not be outdone by Mrs. Trollope. While we are in this quarter, we should note the principal objects of curiosity in our way.

We have arrived at the Borghese Palace, a prodigious structure with a capacious court-yard, statues, and fountains; the celebrated picture-gallery is on the ground-floor: the stranger has but to ring the bell and walk in. Amongst the famous paintings in this collection, there is one which af-

forded me much entertainment, *Saint Anthony preaching to the fishes*, by Paolo Veronese. The Saint is represented dressed as a Capuchin Monk, standing on a rock projecting into the ocean; he is in the act of preaching, suiting the action to the word, and stretching his arm towards the wide sea before him; his audience are the fish: dolphins and whales and every variety of the finny tribe, have raised their heads above the water, moved by the eloquence of the saintly successor to Orpheus.

There is an annual ceremony in Rome of blessing animals in honour of St. Anthony. It lasts for several days. I witnessed the performance on Sunday the 17th of January at three o'clock, and a curious spectacle it was. A fat old monk, of the convent of St. Anthony (behind the church of S. Maria Maggiore) stood at the door with a kind of watering-brush in his hand which he dipped into holy water, and then shook it at each animal or team of animals (some of which were gaily decked with ribbons) as they passed, muttering a blessing; the crowd was immense, fashionable carriages contending with the wagon of the peasant. The grandees of Rome up to the Pope, send their equipages to share in this blessing, and the gratuities given support the convent and its intelligent inmates throughout the year. Some paid cash down for the services rendered, others got credit. I pushed close to the monk, and observing the peasants of the Campagna ride up and on receipt of the blessing pay two pauls, getting from an assistant monk a paper which they thrust into their pockets (and then joyfully galloped away,) I handed my pauls to the reverend brother, whereupon he gave me a paper containing the picture of St. Anthony, and a little brazen cross. Mr. Matthews, in the *Diary of an Invalid*, has made a charitable commentary on this exhibition.

"The best defence of such a ceremony will be found in the benefit likely to result to the objects of it, from its teaching that comprehensive charity, which includes even the inferior creatures in the great circle of Christian benevolence."

I am not satisfied with this vindication; all ceremonies not based on truth are objectionable, and no reasoning man can believe that a benediction bought with money, carries

with it the blessing of heaven. Moreover, tenderness to the brute creation is not cherished by this false teaching: the Italian postilions are most heartless in their treatment of their horses, and the population generally partake of the same spirit. When an accident occurs, instead of using suitable exertion, they call out for St. Anthony to extricate them from their difficulty. The mischievous notion attached to this ceremony is well exhibited in the speech of the brigand in the Improvisatore.

"Is it not a good horse which we have? Then it has also had this year St. Antonio's blessing: my fellows decked him out with bunches of silken ribands, opened the Bible before him, and sprinkled him with holy water; and no devil, or evil eye, can have any influence on him this year."

The prayer of the Italian postilion over his dying horse, preserved by Madame de Staël, is characteristic of the people:—

"Un postillon Italien, qui voyait mourir son cheval, priait pour lui et s'écriait: 'O, Sant'Antonio, abbiate pietà dell' anima sua!'"

Let me hasten to the house of Raffaelle, in the Via Cononari, near the Ælian bridge. There is an indescribable pleasure in visiting the abode of departed genius. Some time since, on the front of this house a portrait of the great artist existed; but I could see little trace of it now. When he rose to fame, Raffaelle hired a palace contiguous to the Piazza of St. Peter's, called Palazza Spinola, and there he died. I have a deep reverence for Raffaelle. It is impossible to gaze on the transcendent works of his pencil, without paying homage to his genius; and most gratifying it is to find that his character as a man was worthy his fame as an artist. He died near the spot on which we are now standing, at the early age of thirty-seven. Raffaelle's unrivalled productions in the Vatican have raised to his memory a monument more durable than brass; his countrymen cherish the recollection of his greatness; nor can we read the account of his death and character without emotion.

I may now advance to the Ponte St. Angelo, anciently Pons Ælius, which, leading to St. Peter's, is as may be supposed, the handsomest in Rome. As becomes this seat of piety, it is adorned with stone statues of Peter and Paul, and

along the parapet are ten angels. The name of St. Angelo has been given to both bridge and castle, from the fact that a famous Pope named Gregory, had in crossing the bridge a vision of the Archangel himself on the battlements, sheathing his terrible sword; whereupon, in commemoration of the heavenly vision, his Holiness baptized the castle, St. Angelo, placed a big angel in bronze on the summit to guard it, and a little regiment of angels on the parapets of the bridge, under the command of the presiding spirit of the castle.

The Emperor Hadrian was determined not to be forgotten in death, and therefore raised in his lifetime a monument to himself, which, converted into a castle, has preserved his name. On visiting such a tomb, and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the monument to Cecilia Metella, I remembered the moral reflections of Imlac before the pyramids of Egypt.

The possession of this castle, which commanded the city, and was nearly impregnable till the modern improvements in artillery, enabled the Popes to establish their authority. The Capitol, the Milvian Bridge, and the "Moles Adriani," were the three points the possession of which was aimed at by the people when they struggled with the Pontiff for their freedom; losing the possession of these places they lost all.

With the exception of the Governor's apartment in the castle, which is paved with mosaic and adorned with frescoes, there is little in the upper part of the interior to attract attention. All this portion of the building is new. Ascending to the platform on the summit, there is a good view of the city, the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the windings of the Tiber; and the covered way of escape from the Vatican to the Castle can be distinguished in its whole line. Suffering under the heat of the sun (on the 29th of December), we descended to the sepulchral chamber where once stood the sarcophagus of Hadrian. This lofty apartment had been lined with marble, and crowded with suitable ornaments: the sarcophagus has been long since removed to the church of S. Maria Maggiore, and the subterranean vault is now dismantled. By torch-light we traversed the ancient passages leading to the gate formerly existing opposite the bridge. This had been the pathway for Imperial funerals. It is the most ancient part of the building, being thirty feet

in height and eleven in breadth. The entrance is now closed up, but it was lofty, massive, and arched; the interior was adorned with statues, which stood in niches that yet remain. What must have been the pomp and splendour of an Imperial funeral procession winding up this subterranean avenue, to deposit in a magnificent sepulchre the little remains of mortality! This tomb of Emperors became in the vicissitude of things a fortress, and is now a prison, and it contained in the reign of Pope Gregory as I was informed on the day of my visit, no less than four hundred prisoners.

Passing through the Borgo St. Angelo, we must pause before the Palace called Spinola, being that in which Raffaelle died, and now known by his name; it is a fine building, and must ever possess a melancholy interest, especially in approaching the scene of his immortal labours. Had the project of the French been carried out, and the narrow streets before St. Peter's widened or cleared down to the Bridge, the approach would have suited the grandeur of the fabric; and the Colonnade, fountains, Egyptian obelisk, and St. Peter's itself, would have opened at once to view on turning from the bridge of St. Angelo. Unfortunately this grand design was not accomplished.

We are now standing on the Piazza of St. Peter's, no less astonished than delighted. It is an immense area, in which I have seen collected nearly the whole population of Rome, witnessing the Pope's benediction; and yet neither then, nor on the evening of the Easter illumination, was there any crowd. This piazza is seven hundred and twenty-nine feet in length by six hundred and six in breadth, its greatest diameter is seven hundred and seventy feet; there are two beautiful fountains, one on the right hand, the other on the left, which shoot up water to a considerable height.

But awful reflections arise, while we stand on this spot, for it is the site of Nero's Circus,* where a terrible persecution made havoc of the early Christians. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty. The dreadful exhibition has been described by Tacitus: yet here the Cross has triumphed over the ruined Empire of the Cæsars, and a temple

* See Canina, description of this circus, in 14th Region.

to the God of the Christians has arisen, surpassing in its magnificence the boasted architecture of Pagan Rome.

In the centre is the famous obelisk, elevated by Pope Sixtus, and in front of the marble steps are two majestic statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, who very appropriately keep watch over the sacred edifice. These are the only objects appearing on the piazza. From the front of the church on either side a grand semicircular colonnade composed of four rows of columns, sweeps round, and incloses almost the whole of the vast area. I believe there are nearly two hundred colossal statues of saints surmounting the roofed colonnade. Carriages may drive (two abreast) through it to the streets hidden on either side, one grand object of this splendid colonnade being to screen them from view. The Basilica may be reached without ascending the broad marble steps in front, which are four hundred feet in length, for you can drive up the colonnade at the right, descend from the carriage under its roof, and ascend the portico paved with marble to the Scala Regia (said to be copied from that in the Spada Palace) leading to the Vatican Library, and Sistine Chapel. We traversed the splendid portico, and turning to the left entered a covered porch or vestibule, which extends along the whole front of the building, is vaulted with gilt stuccoes, and paved with various marbles. This vestibule would in itself make a very large church; it lengthens on the eye by a grand succession of doors, niches, statues, and fountains, till the perspective terminates with the equestrian statue of Charlemagne. The bronze gates of the centre are opened on great festivals only. There are altogether five doors into St. Peter's, corresponding with similar passages to the broad steps in front of the Piazza.

Everything we see is stately and imposing except the façade of the church—this is tasteless, and conceals the dome. Instead of reading professional criticisms on the architecture of the façade, the traveller may decide the matter by the evidence of his senses; for if the library of the Vatican be open, he can examine over one of the doors in a gallery issuing from it, the representation of St. Peter's as Michael Angelo designed it. He sees at a glance the distinction. According to the plan of the great architect the

dome would have been as visible to the eye at once as the dome of St. Paul's now is when we stand in front of that noble cathedral; but according to the existing plan the cupola is more than half hidden by the façade: the question is thus at once decided.

We have one other matter to consider in reference to the form of St. Peter's namely, the propriety of the Latin Cross. The same great architect had designed the interior to be in the form of the Greek cross, so as to exhibit at one view all the perfection of his glorious work. Again the traveller can decide the disputed point without the help of books. He has seen the church of San Maria degli Angeli, constructed by the same Buonarotti in the form of the Greek cross, and he may and ought to visit more than once the very graceful and elegant church called St. Agnese, in the Piazza Navona, which affords it is confessed the best example of the Greek cross in Rome. Having then the form of these churches present to his mind, and comparing it with that of St. Peter's, (the Latin cross,) he can decide for himself which is preferable, and I anticipate his judgment will be in favour of the Greek.

Having crossed the threshold of the stupendous pile, let us pause for some minutes, contemplating reverentially the interior of St. Peter's. People talk and critics write of temporary disappointment on the first view of this vast fabric. I never had any other feeling than that of mingled surprise, delight, and wonder.

Slowly walking along the immense nave, our ideas gradually assume more distinctness, and we are better able to comprehend the whole by an examination of each separate part. What must be the sublime grandeur of an edifice in which the masterpieces of Guido, Domenichino, Raffaelle, Thorwaldsen, and Canova are superfluous!

Standing under the majestic dome we behold the realization of Michael Angelo's boast, that he would fling the Pantheon into the air. The high altar with its baldacchino, is placed under the dome, and the splendid twisted columns which support it are formed out of the bronze stripped from the Pantheon by Urban VIII. The whole height of altar, pillars, and canopy reaches one hundred and thirty feet: a double marble staircase leads down to the

Confessional or tomb of St. Peter, illuminated by more than a hundred never-dying lamps. The statue of Pius VI. in a kneeling position, is placed before the tomb of the saint which we look down upon. It is one of the finest of Canova's works.

Before we quit this unrivalled building I must admit there are statues in the interior which disgrace it; for example, that called St. Peter's, in bronze, in the grand nave under a canopy, seated in a chair, with two big keys in his hand, with which he is supposed to lock and unlock the gates of heaven. No man looking at this bronze head could for a moment suppose it to have been designed for the Christian saint; in fact it is a statue of the pagan god Jupiter. This is not denied. I remember my astonishment on first entering St. Peter's, to see the people of all classes kissing the big toe of this singular figure of a fabled god. A superstitious peasant reverentially kissed and pressed his brow against it; a fine lady came next, and drawing forth a white handkerchief, wiped affectedly the brazen foot to remove the effects of her predecessor's piety, and then satisfied her conscience by herself kissing the same part of the statue.

The two great modern sculptors have deposited in St. Peter's lasting memorials of their genius. Canova's monument to Clement XIII. is curious in its style. There are two lions carved in marble, one sleeping, the other awake these, one at either side, guard the tomb; the former is considered one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture. The Pope is represented above in the attitude of prayer. On one side is a grand female figure of Religion, armed with a ponderous cross, and her head encircled with golden rays; on the other, and in a reclining posture, is the beautifully modelled figure the genius of Death, with his torch reversed. No doubt the general impression produced by this work is good, but the style is ambitious, and it may be questioned whether Canova's lions, however generally admired, are suited to the gravity of St. Peter's. Thorwaldsen, at the opposite side of the church, has erected a monument to Pius VII. It consists of a full-sized figure of the Pope, seated between two statues representing Wisdom and Power; and in my judgment the design and execution are in purer taste than the fanciful monument of Canova.

Once only I descended into the subterranean church of St. Peter's. It is peculiarly dry; the passages are extensive and winding, and by the help of torches you may read the inscriptions recording the virtues and sufferings of undoubted saints and martyrs. The dome is next the object of unbounded admiration, no less from its design than from its altitude and structure. There is a broad paved way leading to the roof of the church; the walls on either side are honoured by the names of the kings and emperors, who have made the ascent: from thence the dome may be reached by a succession of ingeniously contrived staircases. The first resting-place is the roof of the nave; there we walk about, look at the workshops, and arrangements for keeping the immense edifice in repair. The number of workmen actually employed is by no means so great as supposed, not more than forty. Then we ascend to the first gallery; where we have the grandest prospect which can be seen in the interior of an earthly building.

The ascent of the second gallery is more steep; here the view of the church is dim; pigmy men are creeping on the pavement. The fourth stage is into the ball: one person only can draw himself up the ladder at a time, and it is not the place for a satisfactory view. The dome we see in the church is not the same seen outside, which in fact is the case to the dome seen within, and it is between the two that the stairs are placed by which we get up into the ball. The great enjoyment of the ascent is in the vast prospect from the exterior gallery of the cupola; it is not possible to describe what this view embraces; it must be seen to be understood. Minute yet vast, the ancient and modern city — the winding Tiber — the distant waters of the Mediterranean — the lofty Apennines — and close under our vision the countless domes and churches of Christian Rome, strongly contrasting with the classic ruins of pagan antiquity. A few orange-trees may here and there be seen, and more plainly the melancholy cypress and pine. Whether we view St. Peter's from the centre of the piazza, or the dome, or from the opposite heights of the Pincian hill, the Vatican appears a manifest deformity, like a collection of ugly barracks heaped against the side of the magnificent fabric, whose beauty it disfigures.

Close to St. Peter's is the interesting manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican; carried on in a series of chambers, immense in length, in which, owing it is apprehended to financial embarrassments, but few artists are now engaged; however, we saw one picture in hand, and thus had the opportunity of beholding the wonderful process whereby the greatest effort of Raffaelle's pencil has been copied in its most delicate shades in mosaic.

And now it will be refreshing to drive out through the city gate (Porta Angelica) behind St. Peter's, and breathe the air on Monte Mario. The ascent is very steep, but invigorating; and from the summit is gained one of the celebrated views of Rome. We may stop at the Villa Madama situated on the southern side of the hill, and lounge through the grounds which overlook the city and a great part of the Campagna. The Pincian hill opposite has a very attractive appearance, and the view of the dome of St. Peter's from this place is less obstructed by the Vatican than from any other point. The admired views of Rome are from the tower of the Capitol, the cupola of St. Peter's, the Basilica of Constantine, the Villa Mattei, the Cælian, Monte Mario, the Column of Trajan, the Colosseum, the Villa Ludovisi, the Palatine, the Aventine, the Janiculan Mount. The view from the Janiculan and St. Peter's will be found most gratifying.

We return by the prison of the Inquisition close to the Vatican. Within these gloomy walls has been confined for many years a very extraordinary person, the Archbishop of Memphis. Passing on foot in this quarter of Rome, we were conversing with a student for the priesthood who said mysteriously, "There has been a bishop in prison there," pointing to the Inquisition, "for many years." I afterwards inquired into the history of the ecclesiastic so long confined, when the following singular narrative was given me by a clergyman, who appeared to be well informed on the subject. Pope Leo XII. received a letter from the Pacha of Egypt informing his Holiness, that he and a large portion of his subjects desired to be received into the bosom of the Church of Rome; and announcing that he and they were willing to conform, provided the Pope sent out an archbishop, with a suitable train of ecclesiastics, and requesting that his Holiness would do him the favour of appointing a certain

young student whom he named, the first Archbishop of Memphis, and despatch him to Egypt. No doubt was entertained of the truth of this communication, but an objection presented itself in the youth of the ecclesiastical student whom the Pacha wished to have as his archbishop. The Pope consulted the cardinals, who advised him not to make the dangerous precedent of raising a novice to so high a rank in the Church, but his Holiness, tempted by the desire of converting a kingdom to Christianity, resolved to conform to the wishes of the Pacha, and did consecrate the youth Archbishop of Memphis.

The Archbishop was sent out attended by a train of priests to Egypt. When the ship arrived, the authorities in Egypt declared the affair was an imposition. His Grace confessed the fraud, was arrested and reconducted to Rome. He was the author of the letter which imposed on the Pope—his original intention having been to confess to the Pope as a priest after his consecration, the imposition he had practised; and as the Pope could not betray a secret imparted to him in the confessional, the offender might have obtained absolution, and escaped punishment. Whether this would have been practicable I know not; but as it was not accomplished, and as the youth had the rank of archbishop indelibly imprinted on him, nothing remained but to confine his Grace for the remainder of his life; and accordingly he was consigned to this prison near the Vatican, whence he may find it difficult to escape.

## CHAP. XXVII.

### MORNING WALKS.

The Pantheon — Exterior and Interior described. — Was it Agrippa's Bath? — Dedication of a Heathen Temple. — Comparison of the Rotunda with the Gothic Cathedral and ancient Basilica. — Italian Market. — Bill of Fare. — Piazza di Sopra Minerva and its reminiscences. — Piazza Madama. — Piazza Navona. — Picturesque Scene. — Statue of Pasquin. — Church of St. Andrea della Valle. — An Italian Sermon — Padre Ventura sketched. — Padre Ventura misquotes his text. — Circulation of the Scriptures in Italy.

We will penetrate this morning into the heart of the modern city. The Campus Martius which Strabo has so vividly described, stripped of its famous monuments, is crowded with the tasteless habitations of degenerate Rome. Descending from the Via Gregoriana by the Corso towards the Tiber, and threading our way through narrow crowded streets, we emerge into the little Piazza della Rotondo, at the bottom of which stands the Pantheon. Familiar with the name, history, and form of this venerable fabric from our youth, we approach it with feelings which no other memorial of antiquity in Rome can awaken. The certainty that it is a genuine monument of the proudest period of the empire, when the science of architecture had reached perfection, increases our admiration. The Pantheon is one of those few creations of genius which has stood the test of criticism in all ages; and although scholars, poets, and artists have lavished upon it unbounded panegyrics, still it has not been overpraised, and the site of the venerable pile awakens a higher enthusiasm than their loftiest encomiums can inspire.

Nineteen centuries have rolled away since this celebrated building, from its symmetry of proportion, was the admiration of ancient Rome, and the marvellous preservation of what still remains justifies the general opinion of its excellence. The portico and the dome are exclusively the objects

of our external admiration. As to the first, there are in front eight Corinthian pillars of Oriental granite; at each side are four similar columns, sixteen altogether. The portico is but 110 feet long, and 40 broad. The portal, pediment, and composition of the entablature, combined with the position and arrangement of the columns, give to the whole building an aspect of unrivalled beauty.

Raising our eyes to the dome, we see it is disfigured by two belfries paragons of deformity, yet from the portico to the summit does the eye wander with increasing delight. I presume this to be the greatest triumph of architecture in the world; Michael Angelo's rapturous praises would alone suffice to prove it to be so. How singular if this success has been gained by a piece of patchwork! and yet the result of all we read upon the subject, and what is more important what we see upon a careful examination, obliges us to arrive at this conclusion: the Pantheon formed part of a more extended edifice, perhaps a saloon in the bath of Agrippa.

"The Pantheon a bath! (exclaims Forsythe.) Could that glorious combination of beauty and magnificence have been raised for so sordid an office!"

Not the portico certainly, but the unsightly mass behind might, and in all probability was. This rotund heap of brickwork bulges out beyond the portico at each side, is loftier, and exhibits marks of cornices, none of which appear to correspond with the beautiful portico or its entablature.

We know from Tacitus*, that Agrippa had made what is called a lake near the Pantheon, on which the feast described by the historian was given to Nero. It is not therefore unreasonable to conclude, that the polygonal mass of brickwork was first constructed in reference to the baths referred to: the rectangular portico that we gaze on with delight was subsequently added, and the new composition converted into a temple. Let us try to move the brazen gates of extraordinary work and size; if we had leisure to examine them, we should perhaps find a genuine relic of imperial times. But a richer treat is before us, we are beneath the roof, yet the bright sky of Italy shines down on us through

* 15th Book, ch. 37.

the round aperture at the top, and illuminates the interior with a pleasant yet peculiar light. We see the whole building at a glance, are captivated with what we behold, and can scarce tell why. Its monuments in bas-relief, silver and bronze, are gone. Fifty million pounds' weight of metal, it is said, has been torn from it by the Christian spoilers, which had been spared by the Goth. Cathedrals and palaces have been decked out with the plunder; yet, in naked beauty, the interior ravishes the spectator with delight. There are four grand recesses, each supported by two magnificent columns of *giallo antico* in the Corinthian style. I have no doubt a great deal of the effect produced on our mind, is from the application and arrangement of these columns. They stand in front of the recesses spoken of, richly carved, and crowned with an entablature of singular elegance which runs round the interior under the attic on which the cupola rests. The pavement on which we stand is of the time of Septimius Severus; it is composed of porphyry and yellow marble, and of pavonazzetto laid down in large slabs alternately round and square. The pavement, pillars, doors, portico, and splendid dome, are still uninjured. Beneath the pavement is a shore to convey away the water, which either from the opening above or from the Tiber below, may cover the interior.

During the winter of 1846-7, I witnessed an extraordinary spectacle; such an inundation of the Tiber as flooded the old Campus Martius; and caused boats to ply before the divine portal of the Pantheon. The grand design of the ancients was, to place in such a temple the statues of heroes; this has been feebly copied by the moderns; Raffaelle's bones, however, fitly rest in this glorious pile which a kindred genius raised to perfection. To Agrippa we are indebted for this immortal monument; he adorned imperial Rome, but wished her to be free.

I have often, when standing in the Pantheon, now consecrated to Christian worship, endeavoured to realize the impressive scene presented by the dedication of such a temple in heathen times. The vestal virgins in raiment of white, the soldiers bearing garlands, senators in solemn array, augurs, and the sacrificing priest, the hymns and

joyful acclamations. The polytheism of the ancients was gross; still, the idea of a supreme superintending Providence they had, which was studiously enforced and introduced into every public act.

It is interesting to visit St. Peter's after the Pantheon, and then the only Gothic church in Rome, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, so as to decide which style is to be preferred in sacred architecture. The Rotundo exposes to view with an equal light, and at a glance, all the beauties and perfections of the edifice. The Gothic cathedral, with its pointed windows, lengthened vistas, and dim shadows, impresses the mind with solemnity and awe. The Basilica of St. Peter's gives us the dome of the Pantheon with grand prospects, whether we look upwards, down the magnificent nave, or around. But it appears to have been the opinion of Burke that the rotund in a building had the nobler effect, because you can nowhere fix a boundary; turn which way you will, the same object seems to continue, and the imagination has no rest. The ancients ascended to the Pantheon, we descend; the ground having been raised many feet.

Issuing from the Pantheon, I find myself in an Italian market, lying amidst habitations which block up the Rotundo on every side but the front. It has been said, that if in any country the ground be skilfully cultivated, and the markets plentifully supplied, we may conclude the people to be happy and well governed. Let us pause, therefore, and examine the bill of fare in an Italian market, and, behold! a native has stopped beside me to purchase. The butcher cuts a slice of coarse meat, which he says is beef; the purchaser pays two pauls, pulls out his pocket-handkerchief, wraps up and pockets the cut of buffalo, and walks away. This flesh is hard and coarse. What have I next? As I live, a crow, laid out for sale, feathers and all!—a savoury morsel, when embellished with macaroni. What next? Wild fowl I suppose: no,—strings of small birds, bought up greedily. What may they be? Thrushes. Our friend Horace of old supped on a lean thrush; and curiously enough, in this respect there is no difference between the food of the racy poet and of his witless successors. But what more? Sparrows, larks,-and—oh! sacrilege!—robin redbreasts! When they eat a crow, what can escape? I

never heard a bird sing in the Campagna, and seldom in Italy. There are no game-laws in the Papal States, so every man who pleases is a sportsman, and many shoot small birds and sparrows all over the Campagna. They sell this "game" which the epicurean Italians relish exceedingly.

What have we next? A wild boar—something satisfactory. This animal is worth killing, and eating too, especially when cooked in the Roman fashion. The sport of hunting the wild boar is not much indulged in by the Roman nobles, and is left to more adventurous spirits. I am now requested to buy a living tortoise. This is declined. Nor am I tempted with a dainty dish of hedgehogs, which I peremptorily refuse. I see an abundant supply of kid—a favourite food with the ancient Romans, and to this day with their posterity. On Sunday morning, a number of these animals are killed and eaten fresh—a description of food I never could relish. What a miserable substitute for English mutton! Oxen are not generally consumed in Italy, the animal being useful for farm work. In republican Rome the white steers were reserved for sacrifice. Eatable beef in the Papal city, or tolerable mutton, must be got from Perugia; the nobles and monks, proprietors of the Campagna, will not improve the land, nor fatten what sheep they have.

The veal is good, only there is so much of it; domestic fowl capital; and frequently through the winter wild ducks supplant sparrows as *game:* and moreover we can enjoy the exquisite luxury of feasting on porcupines and frogs, which are exposed for sale, and considered delicacies by the people. Whether the ancient Romans could have conquered the world had they dined on sparrows, I cannot guess, but this is very certain, the modern Romans could never conquer men fed on the beef and mutton of Old England.

We have spoken of a Gothic church. We are near it, in a part of the Papal city never to be forgotten. Let us turn to the Piazza di Minerva, larger and cleaner than that of the Pantheon, and, like it, adorned with a small Egyptian obelisk; but the obelisk, by a strange vagary of Bernini, is ludicrously placed on the back of a marble elephant. Who ever before saw an elephant carrying an Egyptian obelisk upon his back! but crossing this piazza I cannot smile. In this spot arose to that heaven whence

came Christianity with healing on its wings, the flames of many an *auto da fé;* here were the decrees of the Inquisition executed.

What monk do I see crossing the piazza, arrayed in robes of white, emblematic of purity and innocence? A Dominican from the neighbouring convent. I shudder involuntarily as he approaches; the Dominicans were the myrmidons of the Inquisition. Ranke, who informs us that this spot was the scene of the *autos da fé* of the Inquisition, also mentions that the Roman people, when infuriated by the cruelty of the Dominicans, rose up and flung them and their archives into the Tiber.

We have stood somewhat too long in the Piazza della Minerva, let us enter the Gothic church. It contains a precious deposit, a statue of Christ, the work of Michael Angelo, and the execution is worthy of the great sculptor. We must not omit in passing through this district, to remind our fair readers that here they will find, in the Piazza Madama, the Roman scarfs so much admired for the brilliancy and variety of their colours and their soft texture. The people who can make this article could finish others as beautiful, were their energies directed to useful industry; and it is to be regretted that the manufacture of silk, which might be a source of much wealth, should be so lamentably neglected.

Another Piazza is near, that called Navona, anciently the Circus Agonalis, of which it preserves the shape—a parallelogram—as described by Canina. It is the largest in Rome. Here we have three fountains; that in the middle of the Piazza sustains an obelisk, and is of vast size; to the rock in the centre are chained four grotesque river gods in stone, representing as many mighty rivers. The scene exhibited on market days is entertaining, because characteristic of the people. The whole piazza is covered with peasants from the Campagna; buyers and vendors from all quarters of the city flock here to traffic in vegetables, fruit, fowl, &c., insomuch that it is difficult to gain a passage into the church before described, which faces the allegorical fountain. This market is supplied from the extensive gardens on the Palatine, from that in which the temple of Minerva Medica stands, and from other districts within the walls, now covered

with vegetables, once shining with the Golden House, or the splendid fabrics of imperial grandeur.

I have conversed with the gardeners now occupying these famous sites, and walked over their grounds, which yield five or six crops of vegetables within the year. The tenant of that occupied by Minerva's Temple informed me, that the number and quality of his crops depended on the supply of water from the adjoining aqueducts; his rent was 110 dollars per annum, by the rubbio, which contains about four acres of our measure, so that the rent was equal to £6 for our acre. There can be little doubt that the destruction of the aqueducts tended materially to desolate the Campagna, before refreshed by an abundant supply of wholesome water.

The visitor may prolong his walk in a right line from the Piazza Navona to the church called the Chiesa Nuova. Paintings and statues will reward his energy; but as I shall have a word hereafter to say of S. Filippo Neri, its founder; and as that famous orator Il Padre Ventura preaches this day at noon in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, I shall retrace my steps, looking at Pasquin's ugly statue on my route. It takes its name from a cobbler, called Pasquino, famous for his sneers and gibes, who diverted himself by cracking jokes upon all who passed through that street. After the death of the cobbler, as some persons were digging up the pavement before his door, they found in the earth the statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but maimed and half spoiled; and having set up this in the place where it was found, they by common consent named it Pasquin. Since that time satires and witty sayings are attributed to the figure in question, and are either put into its mouth or pasted upon it, as if they were written by Pasquin himself.

I have now joined the admiring throng seated in eager expectation, to catch the tones of eloquence and lessons of truth from the great pulpit orator of Rome. This church of St. Andrea della Valle is selected, why I know not, for the delivery of sermons on important occasions and festivals, and for a regular series of discourses during the Epiphany and Lent. The edifice is spacious and beautiful; the cupola would surprise the spectator who had not seen St. Peter's. When the church is empty we may spend some hours in

studying its paintings by Lanfranco. The frescoes of the Evangelists by Domenichino, critics pronounce never to have been excelled by that gifted artist. To-day we must secure our chairs and seat ourselves in a favourable position to hear the renowned Padre Ventura. There are no pews in the Roman Catholic churches; the large aisle is filled with rush chairs, which each person places according to his convenience. There is no difference whatever between the rich and poor, all are seated alike.

Il Padre Ventura appears with an attendant priest, who seats himself on the steps after the preacher has ascended the pulpit. I have observed this practice in Rome, but do not understand the reason of it. The Padre announced his text from the prophet Malachi; a Church of England clergyman next to me, who was familiar with the language, whispered, "This is very odd; I am convinced that text is not in Malachi." I observed the preacher; his manner was prepossessing, his enunciation singularly distinct, voice powerful and harmonious, action bold and natural, movements easy and suitable. The Italian pulpit allows the preacher to move more freely than ours, and the sermon is almost invariably extempore; a written discourse is resorted to on state occasions, in presence of the Pope and Cardinals, and it may be in the Latin tongue. Padre Ventura disdains such poor aids, he has a flow of language and delivers his ideas with nerve and eloquence; in fact he is a political agitator spoiled. A popular orator he is, and of a high order: his age seems to be fifty, size a little above the middle stature, inclining to the muscular. Right eloquently did he harangue for three-quarters of an hour, being the most easily understood by a foreigner of all Italian speakers or preachers I ever heard. It must not be supposed that the vigorous divine spoke without cessation; on the contrary, he wisely divided his discourse into compartments, and after an impetuous torrent of twenty minutes received by the audience in silent attention, down he sat, and this was the signal for an universal burst of coughing, spitting, and nose-blowing, a practice most convenient — for in England in the influenza months, a constant barking is maintained during the sermon, against which the preacher can hardly bear up, whereas in Italy by a violent effort of nature, all the dis-

agreeable customs of the people are repressed while the preacher speaks, and explode when he stops. Il Padre Ventura arises with renewed vigour, and declaims with unhesitating fluency a quarter of an hour, closing this part of his discourse with an incentive to almsgiving; when he sits down there is another fit of coughing, during which boys hand round bags suspended to long poles, collecting bajocchi; every person gives a little. In the same interval an indulgence was proclaimed, on certain conditions to be performed the ensuing Sabbath. Il Padre Ventura arises for the third time like a giant refreshed with sleep, and sweeps onward in his course in a whirlwind of declamation; the subject lastly touched on inflames his eloquence; the Church — the Ancient Church — the only Church — the infallible Church — the charitable Church — the apostolic Church — the dismal fate of heretics and unbelievers — the joyful triumph of the faithful.

Suppressed sighs were just audible; the preacher had done, the people were dismissed with a benediction, they to an immortality of bliss through the Church, heretics to eternal flames. Il Padre Ventura did all this admirably; but if there be anything in Italy more revolting to a Christian man than another, it is when he hears a coarse monk with flippant bigotry sentence all mankind not within the pale of his church, to eternal condemnation. He seems fearful of the people falling into the charitable error that there are, or could be, in the world Christians not belonging to the Church of Rome. In fact, the term Christian is only applied by the people commonly to a Roman Catholic. On another occasion in this church, during the Epiphany, I heard a sermon in the English language, of which I have preserved a note. The preacher asserted that all the authority Christ had while on earth, was now lodged in the Chuch of Rome — that Christ foresaw the truth might be destroyed, if not lodged safely in the Church; and therefore he established the one Church, which was now exactly as it came from the Saviour eighteen hundred years ago. He added good men are to be found out of the Church; but a Saint, never. He then censured all who prevented unbelievers from coming to the Church — with passionate earnestness declaring no man could be saved unless within its pale.

To revert to the Padre Ventura's text from the Prophet Malachi. My clerical friend called on me next day; "Well," said he, "there is no such text in Malachi as Ventura quoted." On naming the matter to an Italian priest of my acquaintance, he said it was evidently a mistake. No doubt it was; but not one member of the congregation in all likelihood had a copy of the Scriptures, so as to correct the error or contradict the preacher. There is not a copy even of the New Testament to be purchased in the Italian language in Rome. Over and over again I have sought for it, but never could find it for sale. The copies of the Scriptures in Italian, to be met with in private houses, have been printed in England.

# CHAP. XXVIII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Fountain of Trevi. — Forum or Column of Trajan. — Church of S. Apostoli. — Canova's earliest works. — Forum of Nerva. — Temple of Mars in the Forum of Augustus. — Porta Latina. — The Roman Columbaria. — Baths of Caracalla and their ancient splendours. — Palace of the Cæsars. — House of Augustus. — The Palatine. — Gregorian Convent. — Frescoes of Domenichino and Guido. — Arch of Constantine. The Colosseum. — The Arch of Titus. — Line of the Via Sacra. — Horace. — A day with the Poet in ancient Rome. — Basilica of Constantine, Villa Farnese. — Church of Cosimus and Damian. — Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. — Head of the Roman Forum. — Cicero on the Rostra. — Arch of Septimius Severus. — Church of San Martino, and the silver head. — The Mamertine Prisons — historic recollections. — Ruins at the base of the Capitol. — The Clivus Capitolinus. — Glories of a Roman Triumph. — The House of Cicero. — Site of Vesta's Shrine. — Church of San Teodoro. — Arch of Janus. — Church of St. George in Velabrum. — Cloaca Maxima. — Church of St. Maria in Cosmedin. — Bocca di Verità. — Temple (so-called) of Vesta. — The Cobbler and the Monk. — Temple of Fortune. — The Ponte Rotto. — Rienzi's House. — Theatre of Marcellus. — Portico of Octavia. — Modern front of the Capitol. — Tarpeian Rock — Church of the Ara Cœli and the Bambino. — Gibbon in the ruins of the Capitol.

To enable us the better to accomplish our walk through the most interesting part of ancient Rome, we will drive to the Porta Latina, and thence begin our morning's ramble. Let us on our way stop before the fountain of Trevi, were it only in homage to the charming authoress of Corinne.

Of the innumerable fountains in Rome, that of Trevi, so vehemently criticised, pleases me most. The dashing of a body of water over huge masses of artificial rock, the colossal figure of the god of the sea, drawn by horses and tritons may be a jumble, but it is very far superior to anything yet attempted in the metropolis of England. We have here a cascade in the midst of a great city—the water falls into a vast basin, and is not less agreeable to behold than wholesome to drink.

Passing by the Forum and Column of Trajan, we may refer to Canina's description, and strive to realise the ancient glories of the Ulpian Basilica by what we behold. The stately column of the Emperor stands erect and beautiful as when its historic carvings were finished by the sculptor Apollodorus. One hundred and twenty-five steps of Parian marble lead to its summit. When we remember the spiral bas-reliefs on this column, which contain two thousand five hundred human figures, in addition to animals and buildings, our admiration for the genius of its architect may well be great—it is higher for the sovereign whose virtues and triumphs it records.

The column is about 128 feet in height, and constructed of the finest marble. We drive along a street like a parapet above the Forum. The soil of the city has in many parts been raised fifteen feet or more.

In looking down into the Forum I have been surprised to see a number of cats prowling about this inclosure. I learned that an abominable practice prevails here. When an Italian wishes to get rid of his cat, and to escape the annoyance of killing it, he cruelly drops the wretched animal into Trajan's Forum, where it cannot escape, and is starved to death. Some English ladies, I heard, humanely bought food, and flung it regularly to the famished prisoners in the imperial basilica. We glance once more at the column,—

"Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,"

and drive towards the Piazza S. Apostoli, where stands a church, which contains the earliest works of Canova. There is a large portico in front, and under it is a monument to Giovanni Volpato, who is said to have been an attached friend of the great artist. It represents Friendship weeping before a bust of the deceased. In the interior of the church, which otherwise is not remarkable, is another work of Canova, being a monument to the memory of Clement XIV. It consists of a sitting statue of the Pope, and two figures, representing Temperance and Clemency. This was executed when Canova was twenty-five years of age. There is a third monument erected by Canova to the memory of a Venetian senator, Falieri. It is interesting to see the first efforts in any pursuit of a man of genius. This church is said to con-

tain also the heart of Maria Clementina, wife of the Pretender.

We shall proceed to the Forum of Nerva, at the corner of the Via Alessandria. This forum is described by Canina, under the name of the Forum Transitorium, and what we actually see is a part of the Temple of Pallas which had stood in the middle of the Forum. We can well conceive the beauty of the temple from the fragment which remains. There are two Corinthian pillars half buried in the soil, sustaining an unusually rich entablature on a frieze. These stand out in the street before an ancient wall, broken into, to form a miserable shop. The capital of a pilaster is still visible above the wall. The frieze is curiously sculptured, and represents the Arts favoured by Minerva, and above is a figure of the goddess. To the disgrace of the government, so valuable a gem of ancient architecture is utterly neglected. The pillars, which might be thirty-six feet in height, are half concealed in the earth, and what we do see is surrounded at the base with filth from which nothing preserves it. Paul V. barbarously demolished the portico, and transported the spoils to the Janiculum fountain. We may be thankful the fragment has escaped destruction.

At a short distance from this classical ruin stand the more celebrated, because larger, remains of the Temple of the Avenging Mars, belonging to the Forum of Augustus. There is not a little confusion as to the true design of this edifice; some authors describing it as the Temple of Nerva standing in the Forum of the same Emperor. Canina has, according to the best authorities, named it the Temple of Mars Ultor, and placed here the Forum of Augustus. What we now behold consists of three large Corinthian columns beside an ancient archway, and flanked by a lofty wall formed of great blocks of stone joined without cement. This may have been the boundary wall of the Forum, and the Arco de Pantani an entrance thereto. The ancient wall and partly the Corinthian pillars are occupied by the convent of Nunziatina, the only tower of which surmounts the wall and rests on the columns. Fortunately these three pillars have been fully excavated, and we look down upon their base; they are fifty-four feet in height, perfect, in the Corinthian style, fluted. The pilaster remaining is of Parian, and the columns of Carrara

marble. The drawings completing what we see, represent this temple as of extraordinary magnificence.

Writers on architecture say, *the ordinance* of the Temple of Mars is, from its admirable proportions and the bold character of its foliage, one of the most excellent of the Roman Corinthian examples. The examination of such a ruin as this gives us a better idea of the architectural magnificence of old Rome, and of the finished taste of the Augustan age, than the perusal of laboured essays.

We now reach the Porta Latina, and there dismiss our carriage. The object of our visit is to examine a very remarkable columbaria. Passing through a garden close to the walls of ancient Rome, we stopped before (what appeared) a low-roofed flat building, the walls of which were studded with old Roman epitaphs, imbedded in the plaster; a door was opened, and we found ourselves on the first step of a flagged stone stair. It was the striking accidentally on this flagging which led to the discovery of the old columbaria. What a wonderful spectacle was this! The ancient steps were quite perfect — about eighteen in number leading down to a dry flagged floor. The chamber was square or nearly so, and all around were rows of niches, each to contain the ollæ or urns in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. Sometimes the ashes of a whole family were inclosed in one urn. Inscriptions were placed over the niches, and many of them were not only legible, but fresh. In the centre of the chamber stood a large square column, supporting the roof; the sides of it containing also niches and urns. Several persons of distinction were buried here. I read the inscription of one Valerius, surnamed Creticus, it is said, from the conquest of Crete. On a ledge in front of some of these niches were little vessels with a small aperture in the cover, into which libations were poured of wine, oil, milk, &c., by the friends of the deceased. The roof over this columbaria is new; the space excavated had been filled with light earth. It was capable of containing the ashes of 1,100 persons, and is believed to have been constructed to receive the remains of the officers and freed men of the Cæsars attached to their prodigious palace on the Palatine, not very far distant. The word columbaria is used from the rows of little niches, resembling the holes of a pigeon-house.

There are several of them in the neighbourhood of Rome, but none more perfect or extensive than this. We have here a complete exhibition of the ancient mode of burial of the Romans revealed after a lapse of nigh two thousand years.

Let us now visit the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, next in size and almost equal in primitive grandeur to the Colosseum. We are on the level ground between the Aventine and Cœlian, having walked by a narrow road to the gate in the walls of this vast ruin. We wander from one grand apartment to another, to all of which the guide has given names. Here was the swimming bath — there the warm or cold bath — in this direction libraries and lecture-rooms — in that halls for gymnastic exercises. We see mosaic floors, buttresses, masses of brick; and in an inclosed space remains of columns, marbles, Corinthian pillars.

"These 'Thermæ' of Caracalla, which were one mile in circumference, and open at stated hours for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above sixteen hundred seats of marble. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics that imitated the art of the pencil in elegance of design and in the variety of their colours. The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia. The perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum, to hear news and to hold disputes; who dissipated, in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality."*

Our wonder turns into abhorrence when we remember that these imperial baths were erected by a tyrant, who had unlimited command of marble and slave labour, and used both, to enable him to degrade if possible still further a corrupted people. Many precious fragments of sculpture were found in these baths.

* Gibbon.

A quarter of an hour brings us to the extremity of the Circus Maximus*, the site of which was at the base of one side of the Palatine, and in view of the haughty Cæsars as they exulted in their Golden House. Should we turn to our left, and proceed between the Circus and the Palatine, we have above our heads the platform belonging to the villa known by the unclassic name of "Mills." The grounds are neatly laid out, and a lofty terrace over our heads faces the Circus. Entering from the Roman Forum you can walk across these pleasure grounds, and descend to the subterranean chambers, which fortunately cannot be improved.

From the description of Canina†, we may believe that the house of Augustus was somewhere hereabouts. From the position assigned to it on the topographical map, a view of the Circus was secured to the plausible tyrant, and therefore our English squire may imagine himself seated with the crafty emperor and his agreeable guests, Mæcenas, Agrippa, and the poets — fancy their conversation, recall their classic humour, and may still season his repast with the wit of Horace.

We retrace our steps from the Circus Maximus to the Via di Gregoria, and advance by the southern side of the Palatine, along a road well made, admirably preserved, and attractive, as well from its natural position, as from the solemn grandeur of the objects to which it conducts. A huge unshapely mass of ruins, resembling that of a broken aqueduct, is upon the Palatine on our left. In the vista is the perfect Arch of Constantine. The Colosseum discloses its prodigious dimensions beyond. The peaceful Gregorian Convent is on the rising ground at our right. There are no dwelling-houses along the road, which adds greatly to its interest. Half way to the arch, and we are opposite a narrow entrance, which leads to vegetable gardens planted on the ruins of Cæsar's Palace: we may enter and roam in uninterrupted silence over a spot which exhibited scenes of splendour, power, profligacy and wickedness, such as the world has never since beheld.

Let us next visit the Gregorian convent, of which our good-natured Pope was abbot, and where he was one un-

* Region II. † Region X.

lucky morning roused from his slumbers to assume the tiara, which sat for sixteen years on his brow. What have we here, in the little chapel dedicated to St. Andrew? the two celebrated frescoes, rival performances of Domenichino and Guido. Domenichino represents the flagellation of the Saint, his resigned suffering is well contrasted with the brutal ferocity of his tormentor, scourging him with stripes. This piece is full of life and action, although our emotions in beholding it are disagreeable and painful; whilst that of Guido, representing the Saint at the moment when before execution he falls down to adore the Cross, though not so likely to arrest attention at the first glance, pleases perhaps more after a little study, from its chaste finish and sublime conception.

We are passing quietly over the Via Triumphalis, by which the proud conqueror entered Rome on his car of triumph. The arch of Constantine, with its rich yet unequal decorations and carvings, is now before us. Canina has taught us that many of the marble figures we now behold were stripped from Trajan's arch, to adorn this gorgeous monument of the great Convert. Wherever they came from, these bas-reliefs throw over this triumphal arch an air of splendour, harmonizing with the massive size and nobleness of the architecture. It is the grandest monument of the kind in Rome, excavated to the base, and capable of being examined in all its parts. You drive through the centre archway; there are two smaller passages, one on either side, for pedestrians. Fourteen centuries this monument has stood, and time has made not the least impression on its solidity or beauty; whether from the shape or the material, these stately edifices are in better preservation than any other monuments of antiquity in Rome. They could contain no treasure, and may therefore have escaped the fury of the barbarians. Some critics assert that these triumphal arches are unmeaning; in my judgment they are no less significant than beautiful, worthy a race of heroes, and better adapted to the preservation of their fame than the poor columns we have raised to commemorate the immortal actions of Wellington or Nelson. Issuing from the Arch of Constantine, the remains of the *Meta Sudante*, are before us, but its original form cannot be discerned in the uncovered brickwork still existing.

The Colosseum now bursts on our view in its stupendous magnificence. Advance we cannot; fixed in wonder, we hesitate to cross the road which intervenes. Its vastness puts criticism to silence. We must admire it; such a building impresses the understanding like the great productions of nature, more than as a work of art, and partakes of the sublime. Let us walk round the amphitheatre ere we enter, and contemplate its exterior architecture and proportions. Three stories of arcades, adorned with columns of the three orders, rise one above the other. First we have the Doric column; secondly, the Ionic; thirdly, the Corinthian; fourthly, there is a *pilastrade* as it is termed, or, as it seems to us, a wall faced with pilasters. The first story springs at about four feet from the ground. The columns, pilasters, and arcades were continued uninterruptedly around the whole exterior of the edifice. The height of the first story is said to be precisely 33 feet 6 inches; the second, about 39 feet; and the third, 38; the pilastrade, 46; and the whole, including steps &c., was 164 feet in height. The external circumference covers a space of nearly six acres; the amphitheatre is of the elliptical form, whose longest diameter runs 615 feet, and shortest 510.

Eighty open arches formed the exterior surface of the ground plan; the arches led into a large double corridor, that encircled the whole; which magnificent corridor formed a grand feature in the prodigious structure. There was a corridor to every arcade; the vast multitude of spectators were ranged in the seats appropriated to each class; and perfect order was maintained by officers, who prevented any individual from occupying a place to which he was not entitled. When crowded with spectators, and in all its glory, it must have been a wonderful sight. We learn, as we stand in the arena, a fearful lesson of ancient manners—here the haughty masters of the world indulged their passion for bloody spectacles. It is worthy of remembrance that these structures arose not until the last ages of the Republic, and a fabric such as the Colosseum was designed only after the elephants introduced by Pompey had nearly escaped from the enclosure in which they were exhibited, and burst in amongst the people. Undoubtedly the thirst for sanguinary spectacles increased with the corruption of the people;

Cæsar indulged the Romans with barbarous amusements when he aimed at supreme power.

Day after day have I wandered over this stupendous ruin, ascended to the summit, and thence beheld in the remains of temples, palaces, arches, columns, the most striking proofs of what Rome was, and how fallen she is. The Flavian amphitheatre was plundered for ages; palaces, basilicas, and churches have been erected or adorned from its ruins. It has been a fortress and a market; and is now preserved from future degradation by its dedication to the services of religion.

We must ascend from the Colosseum towards the Arch of Titus — the distance is short — we have broken masses of brickwork and fragments of pillars, with the Temple of Venus and Rome, at our right; the ruins of the Palatine, on our left. As we approach the beautiful Arch of Titus slowly, we have an opportunity of examining its proportions, ornaments, and bas-reliefs. The extreme whiteness of the marble, which is as if cut yesterday from the quarry, proves the purity of the air, which is peculiarly favourable to the preservation of architectural edifices. The Arch of Titus is much smaller, but more elegant than that of Constantine, and has only a carriage way through the centre. The carvings relate to Jewish ceremonies, and the monument has a profound interest in reference to the history and prophecies of Christianity. The interior is decorated with two bas-reliefs; one represents Titus in his triumphal car, crowned with victory, and surrounded by the Roman soldiers carrying the fasces: the other represents a procession, with the spoils of the Temple, the seven-branched candlestick, the trumpets, the table with the shew-bread, and the captive Jews, &c. The historian's narrative of the triumph of the conqueror of the Jews is deeply interesting.

"The Senate had decreed a triumph for the Emperor, and another for Titus. Vespasian chose to wait till he had a partner to enjoy the glory of the day. They both entered Rome in the same triumphal car. The pomp and magnificence displayed on the occasion exceeded all former splendour. The spoils of war, the wealth of conquered nations, the wonders of art, and the riches of Egypt as well as Jerusalem, presented a spectacle that dazzled the eye, and filled the spectators with delight and wonder. The colours and ensigns exhibited a lively representation of the Jewish war; the

battles that were fought, the cities that were stormed, the towers and temples that were wrapped in flames,—all were drawn with art, and decorated with the richest colouring. The prisoners of war formed a long procession. Simon was distinguished from the rest; the well-known ferocity of his character attracted the attention of the multitude, and fixed all eyes on him. He walked with abated pride; but the traces of guilt and cruelty were still visible in every feature. The triumph stopped at the Capitol. Simon was seized and dragged to execution on the Tarpeian rock, there to pay the forfeit of his crimes, and fall a victim to his countrymen, whom his atrocious deeds had ruined."

To the left of the Arch of Titus is the road which conducts to the Monastery of St. Bonaventura on the Palatine. But our business at present is to examine the celebrated Via Sacra. Emerging from the arch, we perceive before us two rows of trees, one on either side of a road conducting to the Capitol. This broad path is protected from carriages and horsemen, and is the only space preserved with care throughout the Forum. The soil under this path has manifestly accumulated some 12 or 15 feet.

Canina has informed us of the different views entertained as to the exact line of the Via Sacra. In the maps it is generally laid down as in a straight line from the Colosseum to the Arch of Titus, and thence, bending to the right, to its terminus at the Arch of Fabius, which arch stood before the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina that we still behold. Close to the Arch is the Church of St. Francesca Romana, and before it, has been excavated an imperishable Roman pavement, upon which we now look, and with pleasure identify it with that on which Horace may have often walked.

Let us backwards and forwards trace the path stamped on our youthful minds by the satirical humour of Horace. At the expiration of nigh two thousand years, we may imagine that we see the witty Epicurean as he enjoys his accustomed and delightful stroll, with merry eye and observing mind, possibly composing excellent verse, more likely criticising passing events and persons, or perhaps musing on the extraordinary events in his varied life. Surely if we desire to repeople Ancient Rome as we have rebuilt it, and to catch an accurate idea of the domestic habits, education, and man-

ners of the citizens, and at a most important epoch, when they passed from a republican to an imperial government, Horace ought to be our guide; his writings are racy of the soil. Whether he always wrote with strict accuracy may be questioned: no doubt he sometimes dashed off whatever pleased his humour. Before the day when he was pounced upon in this spot by his remorseless persecutor, how strange the vicissitudes of his fortunes! The son of a freedman, by the pious care of his watchful parent, he was rescued from rustic ignorance, and sent to the capital for good company and education, under the "*plagosus Orbilius.*"

> "To Rome by this bold father was I brought
> To learn those arts, which well-born youth are taught,
> So drest and so attended, you would swear
> I was some wealthy lord's expensive heir."

In his youth Horace may have heard Cato and Tully speak, and caught from their lips the inspiring accents of freedom. He embraced at Athens with the noble Roman youth, the cause of Brutus, which was identified with the existence of the republic, and commanded a Roman legion at the fatal battle of Pharsalus. In the ode to Pompeius Varus, he alludes to—

> "Our daring host when Brutus led
> And in the cause of freedom bled.
> * * * *
> With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
> Its fatal rout, a fearful scene!
> And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious shield,
> Where valour's self was forced to yield."

Defeated and stripped of fortune he got back to Rome, and in his second epistle tells us how he turned poet:—

> "Dread Philippi's field
> First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield,
> My fortune ruined, blasted all my views;
> Bold hunger edg'd and want inspired my muse."

We can easily understand that so clever a writer was not long obscure. Virgil and Varus sung his praises, and introduced him to the courtly Mæcenas who cultivated letters and relished wit. The conversation of such choice spirits seasoned the repasts of Mæcenas in his palace on the Esquiline, and our poet from being the companion of the Minister became the favourite of the Emperor. Horace had soon his

villa at Tivoli; his Sabine farm on the hills, the gift of his princely patron; and the best society in the capital at his command: so we may believe he had a happy life. Now let us learn from his sixth satire how he spent his day in Rome. After his morning repast the poet walks out—

"Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread;
I listen while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a separate plate;
While three domestics at my supper wait."

Having diverted himself in the streets and markets, and in listening to fortune-tellers, Horace, unlike all other poets, went early to rest, and having no lawsuit to bring him to the Forum in the morning, lay in bed till ten, possibly composing verses:—

"I sleep till ten — then take a walk or chuse
A book perhaps, or trifle with the Muse:
Anoint my body with the pliant oil
For cheerful exercise and manly toil."

In the order of time the bath and the light dinner succeed:—

"But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, and decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal;
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away."

Thus was the day passed by Horace in Ancient Rome. The poet moralizes: this is the life of one free from miserable ambition.

It was during one of his pleasant rambles on the Via Sacra, where we had been indulging these reminiscences, that Horace was pounced upon by the loquacious tormentor whose vulgar familiarity he so inimitably satirised, who will have an introduction to Mæcenas, and who will hesitate at nothing to gain his ends.

"Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus servos corrumpam,"

a very usual course in Italy at the present day. The fortune foretold by his old Sabine nurse occurs to the mind of Horace; viz. that he was to be destroyed by a babbler.

"But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing."

While Rome stands no scholar will ever trace the limits of the Via Sacra unaccompanied by Horace; nor can we have a truer guide to a knowledge of the manners, history, and characteristics of the Augustan age.

Leaving our witty instructor for the present, we find ourselves before that enormous pile miscalled the Temple of Peace, properly the Basilica of Constantine. Three lofty arches of brickwork, with the vaulted roof, remain. Its original length was 300 feet. No doubt it was a building of extraordinary splendour; but the columns have been all removed and the marbles are gone.

From the lofty summit of the Basilica a view may be had of the chief monuments we have visited in this interesting locality of the city. Traversing the vegetable gardens at the back of the Basilica, and nearly on a level with it, we cross the Via Sacra, and enter the gardens of the Villa Farnese. This villa consists of terraces, gardens adorned with pretty cascades, walks, and fountains; but the place has been neglected of late, and a modern ruin seems likely to spring up over the ancient. There is something repulsive in the appearance of a pleasure-garden in such a spot; you feel as if an attempt had been made to decorate a graveyard. Broken fragments, pieces of sculpture, marble, and statues collected from the surrounding ruins are placed in recesses, and under ancient vaulted arches near the entrance. The scraps of antiquity are said to have been gathered out of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, and of the library of Augustus which stood near, and these surpass in interest the "cockle-shell encrusted walls." Getting clear of the modern improvements, we can ascend the Palatine and traverse the extensive gardens which on this side also cover the mighty ruin; a melancholy walk. Towards the summit of the hill we reach the site of what are called the Baths of Livia. The name is fanciful; the reality consists of vaults adorned with arabesques. The labourers get torches and descend with the visitor; and it is most astonishing to behold the gilding on the walls fresh, the paintings even bright after

the lapse of ages: the place is dry and not exposed to the air. It is difficult to suppose that such chambers were built underground; we must therefore conclude that the Palatine Hill (as well as the adjoining valleys) has been heaped with soil to a height far above its original elevation.

On our way to the Forum, before we reach the spot where the Arch of Fabius stood, we perceive on the right what Canina says was the Temple of Remus, and before it are two old cipolline columns half buried in the earth, long neglected, and unnamed. Strolling down the Via Sacra from the Basilica, we stand before the heathen temple of one who was brother to Romulus, founder of Rome; the church is very curious, dedicated to the illustrious saints Cosimus and Damian. We are stopped by the bronze doors, older perhaps than the commonwealth, as they are of Etruscan workmanship and said to have been found at Perugia. Pushing slowly back the doors, we pay our homage to the memory of Remus, who, if he really sucked the wolf, must have been a very fierce fellow. This is the church in which Canina informs us, in his preliminary essay, that the fragments of the Capitoline Plan were found, which he and other wise topographers have put together for our edification, in the reconstruction of the ancient city. Let us examine the sacred edifice, and descend to the temple under the level of the church. But what admonitory writing is this I see upon the wall before me? What a miracle! Let me write down the wonderful narrative:—

"L'imagine di Maria Santissima, che esiste all' altar maggiore parlò a S. Gregorio Papa. Dicendogli, perchè più non mi salute mentre passando eri solito salutarmi. Il santo domando perdona e concesse a quelli che celebrano in quell' Altare la liberazione dell' anima dal Purgatorio, cioè per quell' anima per la quale si celebra la Messa."

We are now before the ancient temple of Antoninus and Faustina, converted into the church of San Lorenzo in Miranda; we have before us one of the best preserved of the Roman temples. There are six Corinthian pillars in the unrivalled portico. There are also two columns on each side, ten in the whole in excellent preservation; each column composed of a single block of Parian marble, in height 44 feet; the freize and cornice are sculptured with various

animals, and the entablature which remains, is rich beyond rivalry in Rome. The pillars stand in an area excavated, so that we look down to see their bases, the ground outside as before remarked having raised itself from successive accumulations many feet. Antoninus and Faustina flourished in the second century, therefore this temple has stood for ages, and when built, the science of architecture must have been cultivated with the highest success. Just before this temple, stood the Arch of Fabius; therefore we are at the head of the for-ever-celebrated Roman Forum. I rest my belief on Canina, Niebuhr, and Bunsen; and, according to them, the length of the forum began from this spot, and extended to the Arch of Septimus, at the foot of the Capitol. The space fit to walk in is in the centre between the trees. The street on our right, between the trees and the houses, is narrow and inconvenient; and on the left we have the cattle-market, which is covered by deep mud.

The object which now attracts our notice is the ruin about which so much dispute has existed, consisting of three Corinthian pillars and an entablature. Canina unhesitatingly ascribes them to the Julian Basilica, but to whatever edifice they may have originally belonged, the world has long agreed as to their beauty. Models have been spread of this ruin over Europe, and students of architecture have endeavoured, by copying the symmetry, elegance, yet richness of these columns, to establish their fame. They stand apart from every existing building, enclosed in an area excavated to discover their bases. We have descended from the shade of the trees, and keeping to our right, pass by the single column known as the Pillar of Phocas. It stands in a flagged space, and its base appears eight feet below the level of the surrounding soil.

Turning towards the Arch of Septimus Severus, which is but a few paces distant from this elegant fluted column, we are now at the extremity of the Roman Forum, and look down to the base of this arch, which had been buried many feet in the soil; but the ancient pavement is now plainly visible under the arch. Again we must regret that the French project was not accomplished. No doubt the pavement of the Via Sacra and the foundation of the Forum would have been laid bare throughout.

This arch of one of Rome's celebrated emperors shows it is said the decline of art. It is larger than that of Titus; is constructed of marble; has two smaller arches for passengers on foot; fifty steps to ascend to the summit, where stood a triumphal car and the figure of him in whose honour the arch was built by a subservient senate: it is covered with bas-reliefs, recording the "battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed." Having satisfied our curiosity, we turn again, and face the Roman Forum. Of its length we have traced the boundaries; those of its breadth are now equally clear, namely, from the church of St. Adrian, where once stood the Basilica of Paulus Emilius on our left, to the steps lately excavated which ascended to the Julian Basilica, on our right.*

The shape of the Forum was oblong, and here at the extremity wider much than at the commencement before Fabius's Arch.

We have now completed our survey of the Roman Forum. The famous tribune where the voice of eloquence was heard is overthrown, but the divine accents of the orator still sound in our ears, and delight our hearts, as when they swayed the understandings of men who ruled the world. I can imagine Cicero ascending the *rostra* to address the citizens of Rome in language becoming his dignity and their greatness; Hortensius, Brutus, Cato, Pompey, or Cæsar, amongst the audience; the fate of nations hanging on his words. Philosophy, wisdom, patriotism, filling his thoughts and inspiring his sentiments; a glorious tide of eloquence pouring from his lips to cheer the hearts of the virtuous; and withering sarcasm to scourge the enemies of the republic and of freedom. Near us stood the Temple of Concord, where the execrable Catiline was discomfited by the fiery denunciations of Cicero. All this greatness, and splendour of intellect, are gone; they were the natural products of freedom, and that plant has long been rooted from the soil.

The worst accusation against the government of the papacy is, that it has crushed genius by depriving it of all opportunity of display; that it has extinguished public life, and certainly it would be unreasonable hereafter to expect that a Cicero should appear in the empire of a pope.

* Refer to Canina, Region 8.

The Mamertine Prison must now be visited, but ere we ascend the Clivus Asyli we are induced to follow a crowd pressing into the church of S. Martino, standing on our right, and close to the church of St. Adrian. The building is adorned for a *festa;* descending with the multitude to the subterranean church, which is lit up and decorated, I discover the object of the ceremony. A priest stands here, having charge of a silver head, which represents that of S. Martino, which had been cut off in his martyrdom. This precious substitute is withdrawn from its case, and presented to each believer who desires to kiss it. Many kissed it with apparent devotion—others abstained. I was amongst the latter number.

Edified by this exhibition, we ascend the path of conquerors to the only prison of republican Rome, as asserted by the poet—

> "Oh! happy ages of our ancestors!
> Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
> One jail did all their criminals restrain,
> Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain."

These prisons, confessedly earlier than the period of the republic, possibly of Etruscan workmanship, are now beneath the church of S. Giuseppe. We seek the sacristan, and, supplied with candles, prepare to descend. Some are sceptical of the church tradition of St. Peter having been chained to a pillar in this dungeon,—or of that of the miraculous fountain,— or of St. Paul having been imprisoned here with St. Peter. I wished to visit the prison described by Livy, and plainly referred to by Sallust, a dungeon belonging to the kingly period, in which, in Cicero's time, Lentulus, after the curious debate given in Sallust, was strangled; where Jugurtha was starved to death; and Sejanus executed under Tiberius: a place clearly described in historic records. The spot, in consequence of the tradition about St. Peter, has been consecrated by having this church of S. Giuseppe built over it. The prison consists of two chambers cut out of the rock, one over the other; the upper cell is considerably below the level of the surrounding soil. By a flight of steps and a door recently made, we descend to the upper chamber, about 14 feet high, and 27 long. The lower cell, supposed to be the more ancient, and called the Tullian prison, is 19 feet

by 9, and 6½ feet high. In the vaulted stone roof of this horrible pit is a circular aperture through which the miserable prisoners were lowered, to suffer death, tormented by hunger and despair. This was Jugurtha's dungeon, into which he was thrust by his cruel conquerors exclaiming, "Hercules, what a bath!"

The view of the ruins in the area cleared before the base of the capitol, is better seen from the summit, where emerging from the prison we now stand, than from the valley. We see the plain and basement of the Temple of Concord, which stood near the Mamertine prison. This is the site of the republican temple wherein the senate met, and which was rebuilt in imperial times. Referring still to our guide Canina, we recognise in the three graceful and elegantly carved Corinthian pillars, the remains of Vespasian's Temple. We are indebted to the labours of the French for the preservation of this interesting relic of antiquity. Beyond, and a little higher up than the last-mentioned ruin, stand the eight Ionic columns described by Canina as denoting the Temple of Saturn. The inferior style of the architecture attests the truth of the assertion that it was rebuilt after the fall of the Roman empire.

We shall pass again by the Pillar of Phocas, and cross over towards the Velabrum; but ere we quit this wonderful region, let us, as we stand near to the Clivus Capitolinus, endeavour to realize the order, the magnificence, and the horrors of a Roman triumph. We must investigate the triumphal road. The victorious general, when he returned towards Rome at the head of his legions (in the days of the Republic) lost his military rank on entering the Pomerium, and became merely a civil magistrate. If the senate granted the general the honours of a triumph, then he was permitted to enter in all the glory of a conqueror at the head of his legions. The senate generally met in a temple outside the ancient walls, perhaps where the Portico of Octavia or the Theatre of Marcellus now stands, examined the claims of the general, deliberated, and either granted or refused the honour he sought. They always refused when the victory was only gained over slaves, pirates, rebels, or in a civil war. This refusal was dictated by consummate prudence.

If the triumph were allowed, then the grand procession,

which was wisely made to partake of a religious character, would naturally pass through the most public parts of the city, in order to reach the temple of Capitoline Jove. The general would therefore assemble his legions in the Campus Martius, and there ascend his triumphal car. Even the cities, rivers, and mountains of the conquered countries were represented by appropriate symbols. The slaves, captives, kings, or queens, all formed part of the magnificent show. Thus they moved onward from the Campus Martius in gorgeous array, the procession passing through the Circus Agonalis, and the Circus Flaminius outside the ancient walls,—spaces in which the greatest crowd of joyful spectators could be gratified with a view. Then approaching the Tiber, it would enter the old city by the Porta Triumphale. Through the Porta Flumentana the multitude would pour into the city, for none dared to enter by the Porta Triumphale except those in the train of the victorious general. The Porta Carmentale was near the rock of the Capitol. The procession would next pass over the Velabrum, and proceed in all its martial pomp along the Circus Maximus, turn into the road by the Palatine, called the Via Triumphale, and thus pass where the Arch of Constantine now stands, and descend by the Via Sacra into the Forum, where we may believe the grandeur of the scene was chiefly concentrated.

Here, at the Clivus Capitolinus, the procession stopped; the victorious general, exalted on his triumphal car, proudly received the acclamations of the people, and the victims were hurried to death. This martial ceremony increased in splendour during the imperial times; the historian's description of Aurelian's triumph would seem the result of a poet's imagination rather than a narrative of fact.

"The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China,—all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses,—displayed the fame and power of the

Roman Emperor; who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph; Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the emperor *Tetricus*, and the queen of the east. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created *Augustus*, was dressed in Gallic trowsers, a saffron tunic, and robe of purple. The beauteous figure of *Zenobia* was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded, on foot, the magnificent chariot on which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn on this memorable occasion either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army, closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude, swelled the acclamations of the multitude."

The institution of the Roman triumph was a principal cause of the military greatness of the Republic.

Referring to the Tenth Region of Canina and the notes appended thereto, relating to the house of Cicero, we know to a certainty that we are passing, on our way to the Velabrum, near the site of the philosopher's abode on the Palatine. Niebuhr exulted when in Rome, that he had ascertained, within twenty feet of the spot, where Cicero's house stood. We also pass the church of S. Teodoro, the site of the celebrated Temple of Vesta; and here properly may the lines of Horace be applied. The contiguity to the Tiber admits the description of the poet:—

> "We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
> The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course,
> With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,
> And the great monuments of Numa's reign."

We have crossed the cattle-market, covered by a thick coat of mud never cleansed, walked along the northern side of the Palatine, and arrived at the Forum Boarium and the Velabrum, the most ancient quarter of Rome. The ground

here rises slightly, then descends, and we perceive in the valley the Arch of Janus, called Quadrifons; it is large, massive, with niches on the four sides of its square for statues which are all gone. In general, when I have seen it, the venerable edifice has been so surrounded with filth, that it was not possible to approach it: but from the dry ground above we can have a perfect view. I feel convinced that when the Roman merchants frequented it of old to transact under its friendly shade their business, it was not in the state in which it now appears. The ancients regarded the decencies of life, the cleanliness of their streets and of their persons. Near this Arch was the Forum Boarium. The cattle-market of Rome has, therefore, removed a little further on into the Forum. Close at my side is the old church of St. George in Velabrum, dedicated, I was pleased to find, to the patron Saint of England. The interior is patched up with sixteen columns of various styles, taken from the ruins of temples which stood near. We are told that here lies the head of St. George himself, who so bravely killed the dragon. The Church, however, possesses a deep interest on less questionable grounds. On the doors of this plain church Rienzi, it is said, five centuries ago, affixed his celebrated notice, proclaiming that Rome would speedily return to her old estate of freedom. The language warmed the hearts of his countrymen for a time; but soon the heated feeling was extinguished.

We are now exactly opposite a narrow lane which leads to the Cloaca Maxima; the approach to this massive work is difficult to be endured. When we pick our steps to the end, we see exactly as represented in the prints, a solid stone arched way, and underneath a black broad stream flowing from the sewers of the city, one glance of which satisfies curiosity. The Cloaca Maxima is the channel which conducts the discharge from the above-mentioned arch, by what appears a narrow, muddy, turbid stream, into the Tiber, wherein it falls close to the Ponte Rotto. Retracing our steps, passing the square arch and the old chuch, we cross over to the wide space by the banks of the Tiber, on which stands the structure, erroneously but perseveringly called, the Temple of Vesta. The whole of this district has been repeatedly flooded by the inundations of the Tiber.

On our left is the interesting old church of S. Maria in Cosmedin (on the site of the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine) and adorned with ten fluted columns of white marble belonging to that heathen temple, and said to denote the purest school of art. We must by no means omit visiting the huge absurd-looking head under the portico; a marble mask of a satyr, to which the name of Bocca di Verità has been attached. The tradition is, that a suspected witness was obliged to put his hand into the month of this monster in taking an oath, and keep it there whilst giving his testimony, when, if the witness prevaricated, the mouth would close and chop off the hand. The Temple of Vesta, so called, is now fully in view; the small rotund form, the graceful pillars of Parian marble, and the classical colonnade, have been exhibited in models all over the world. This is the most precious of the remains of antiquity in Rome, because perfect as to its shape and fabric, although not unspoiled by a modern roof. It is separated from the Tiber only by a narrow garden. There is little in this quarter to disturb our view or our meditations; a conviction of the utter desolation of old Rome presses weightily on the heart, and we feel as if standing amidst the ruins of another world.

The temple is surrounded by a railing for protection; a poor monk appears with a key and admits me across the sacred threshold. To my astonishment I find the monk's bed is in a corner of the building; this is his abode; he obtains a livelihood by exhibiting to strangers the temple of heathen worship. The roof projects over the exquisite columns. They form a circular porch around the temple; in traversing which I fell in with a cobbler seated at work: he is a friend of the monk, and has been admitted to the porch of Vesta as a convenient stall wherein to cobble old shoes.

Leaving the cobbler and the monk in possession of their classic habitation, we pass down a filthy lane, on our right beholding the remains of the Ionic Temple of Fortune. There are seven columns which project from the thick wall of the church; they are of stone, a circumstance which might be ground for believing them very ancient, as marble began to be generally used in temples only in the imperial times. I confess my admiration for the Ionic order; and as examples of it are scarce in Rome, I have always regarded the remains

of this temple with pleasure. The columns are fluted, and the entablature still exists.

We are now close by the bank of the Tiber, here, a rapid stream, and we must admire the ruined bridge called the Ponte Rotto, formerly the Palatine bridge. Artists delight in sketching this picturesque ruin. Turning thence, we stop before what is called Rienzi's house—it is but a little distance from the site of the Porta Flumentana. The house is a patchwork of various styles of architecture; and if Rienzi did dwell here in 1453, and it is not improbable, he must have collected all the scraps possible from ancient buildings, and stuck them on his palace, in order to throw an air of antiquity around his abode. Could we stand in such a spot, we might reflect on the varied fortunes of this extraordinary man. Our own language and literature afford rich materials for judging accurately of the character of Rienzi.* Vanity destroyed the tribune. "The Gracchi would have frowned or smiled could they have read the sonorous titles and epithets of their successor." Still he was a patriot, and strove to free his country.

A narrow space separates the house of Rienzi from the undoubted imperial erection, the Theatre of Marcellus. We can see plainly the circular outline of this massive structure. A part of the first row of arcades being the lower story, is half buried in the earth, and was in the Doric order. The second story, of which twelve arches remain, is in the Ionic style; the columns are in admirable proportion, light and graceful. The third story was supported by Corinthian pilasters. From the fragment we now see, this vast theatre must have been one of the most splendid structures in Rome, far exceeding the Colosseum in elegance of style and finish, although nearly of the same shape. It could accommodate 30,000 spectators. This noble ruin presents a very peculiar appearance; what remains has been built into and forms part of the front of the houses run up by the modern Romans. The roofs of the houses are where the third story of the theatre was,

* See translation of the life of Rienzi, by a learned Jesuit, published in London: Mitford's Tragedy, Bulwer Lytton's Rienzi, Hobhouse's Illustrations, and Gibbon's History. I may be excused for preferring the sketch by Gibbon; it is as entertaining as a novel, yet true to nature.

and shops of artisans occupy the basement story. We may despair of ever seeing this edifice released from the dwellings which obscure its proportions and disfigure its beauty.

We must not quit this region without visiting the portico which Augustus called after the name of his sister Octavia, wife of Mark Antony. The Romans of our day seem to take pleasure in defiling whatever classical ruins may have been spared them, so here they have placed their fish-market. The magnificent portico, consisting of nearly 300 columns, was built to shelter the play-going people of Ancient Rome from the rain; for the Theatre of Marcellus, like those at Pompeii, was exposed to the air. The colonnade was no doubt roofed, and the five or six fluted columns of marble which remain with their carvings and decorations, attest the unrivalled splendour of Imperial Rome.

We will conclude this long walk at the northern or modern front of the Capitol. We have examined the path by which triumphant conquerors ascended from the Forum to the Temple of Capitoline Jove. We may now at the opposite side mount by those steps which their descendants meekly tread. We have before us that which certainly produces an imposing effect—a wide and noble flightof more than one hundred marble steps, and on the broad summit, facing you on either side of the steps, are trophies of ancient Romans, statues of heroic men who had served or saved their country. In the centre of the square is the equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, almost the only one that has come down from antiquity. So admirable is the workmanship of this horse that Michael Angelo bade it "move on." Through its capacious nostrils wine flowed on the day of Rienzi's knighthood, when inordinate vanity dispelled his reason.

Three sides are built round the square of the Capitol, according to the designs of Michael Angelo; but however great the improvement, yet the modern buildings are better adapted for a museum or the residence of the Papal Senator; but are not suitable to our ideas of what the Capitol was or should be. If we pass under the arch on the right we shall see beneath the porch two statues worthy of notice, one of Julius, the other of Augustus Cæsar. The former I believe to be the best, nor could I ever omit in visiting the Capitol

to gaze on the figure of the "most complete" character of antiquity. If we desire to see the Tarpeian rock, we must move to our right on ascending the steps, and passing through a modern garden, we may behold the Tarpeian stripped of its terrors; it could now scarcely "cure ambition." Its diminished height may be accounted for by the filling up of the ground below, and the falling from above of a considerable piece of rock.

We have now concluded our survey of old Rome, having omitted nothing.

We descend slowly to the Piazza before the Capitol and find it crowded with people. Peasants from the Campagna are loitering on the flight of steps parallel to those already described, and leading to the church of S. Maria d'Ara Cœli, built on the site of the celebrated temple of the Capitoline Jove. What means this excitement? It is the festival of the *Benedizione del Bambino.* I am reminded of the history of the Bambino, which shortly before had been given me by an Italian lady, and which I will here set down in her words. "Many centuries ago, a Franciscan pilgrim came to the convent of the Ara Cœli, and asked for shelter. This was afforded, and on the departure of the pilgrim, he left behind him a small box, which lay for a year unnoticed. At the expiration of that time, a monk passing near the chamber where the box lay, beheld a great and unusual light. He alarmed the brethren by the intelligence that the convent was on fire. They rushed into the apartment, and found no fire, but a marvellous and brilliant lustre shining round the long-forgotten box. It was opened, and there was discovered a bambino, being no other than a figure of the infant Saviour, which had been carved by the Franciscan out of the wood of a peculiar kind of tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke himself, who was distinguished in that art."

Here I ventured to suggest that the Franciscan order of monks did not exist in the time of St. Luke. The Signora, nothing disconcerted, thought they did, and proceeded:

"The Bambino was preserved and adorned, but at first had not the repute it now possesses. A princess, however, borrowed it from the convent, and pleased with the image determined to keep it; accordingly in execution

of her pious fraud she procured another image, and dressed it up so exactly like the true Bambino that the good monks were deceived, believing that they had got back their own precious deposit, whereas in fact the false image had been palmed upon them. They laid it up carefully, and thought no more about the matter, till one day when the monks were all at mass they heard the great bell ring. This surprised them. They looked about, and saw that all the brethren were present. The bell still tolled. They rushed up to the belfry, and lo! they found the veritable Bambino, right under the tongue of the bell. Amazed, they brought away the precious relic, and then inquired from the Princess to whom they had lent it, what she had done. She, terrified, confessed the imposition, and selling all her jewels bestowed the produce upon the miraculous Bambino, which transported itself from the house of the lady to the belfry of the convent, and rang the great bell to arouse the monks. From that time the Bambino has been the consolation of Rome. When good Christians are dying, they send for it. A chosen party of monks, dressed in the habit of their order (a carriage being provided for the sacred image, which is always taken abroad locked in a case), proceed to the bed of the sick man, and then touch his forehead with the head of the Bambino. This was done (said Signora), when my dear father was dying, and he departed this life in peace."

The above narrative prepared us for the spectacle we were about to witness. We ascended the hundred and twenty-four marble steps facing the Capitol, which are said to have belonged to the Temple of Venus and Rome, and which are worn by the knees of pilgrims and penitents. Now they were crowded by peasants from the Campagna, dressed in their picturesque costume. We entered the church; to the left was the chapel, where the scene of the Nativity was acted by figures as large as life. It was the strangest sight I ever beheld. The Bambino, an image of the infant Jesus, was exposed in front of the stage, with precious stones shining on its wooden forehead. All the other figures were placed suitably to their characters throughout the long stage, the church being dark, the hour four. There was a dim light, showing clearly however the spectacle to the eyes of the devout worshippers. A monk stood on guard

over the Bambino, below the stage, and received the contributions of the faithful,—an important part of this business. Seats were ranged on each side of the centre aisle, a space wide enough for a procession being reserved between. The altar at the upper end of the church and the ancient columns were decorated as for a festa. The Franciscan monks, priests, and friars were chanting. There was a guard in attendance, in military costume, and with bayonets fixed.

After some time there was a great bustle near the altar; and a grand procession was formed, consisting of priests, an immense train of monks, incense burners, and a flag-bearer carrying a long narrow banner, on which was depicted a monk of the Franciscan order, with the image of a Bambino at his feet. This represented, I believe, the finding of the very image (now to be exhibited) in a miraculous manner. As the procession moved on I followed in the train. What was my amazement, when a band close behind the priests struck up a lively air, which sounded to my ears not unlike a polka, and played till the priests reached the spot before described, where the old monk stood on guard before the Bambino. Here there was a halt; a priest in rich attire, with gloves on, stepped forward. A way was made for him to the foot of the little stage, and he saluted the Bambino reverentially. Then it was well incensed. The priest next took the Bambino from the arms of the Virgin, and bringing it out into the church, held it up amidst a general obeisance, a chant, and flourish of music. I was close to the image, and thought it badly carved, and ugly, although covered with jewels and necklaces of precious stones. The procession moved on to the door of the church, and out to the top of the huge flight of steps. There it remained a few minutes on the platform; music playing as before. The peasants, who were loitering about, became instantly attentive and devout, gazed at the Bambino with reverence, accepted the benediction of the priest, and departed. The procession then crossing the platform outside, entered the church by another door, and passed up the opposite aisle to the altar, where the Bambino was placed in a prominent position, and a religious service performed. The guards never for a moment deserted the image.

Gibbon informs us that it was here, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers, that he first conceived the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Supposing the historian to have witnessed such an exhibition as I have described, it might not be difficult to guess what effect it would produce on a mind inclined to scepticism. He might possibly contrast the ignorant monks he beheld with Cicero and Pliny; and confounding ceremonies with creeds, visit his contempt unphilosophically on the Christian religion. There cannot be a greater mistake than the assertion that such exhibitions do no harm. When the educated followers of the Italian Church discourse upon ceremonies such as here described, and can give no more valid reason for their continuance than that they *do no harm,* they admit they are indefensible. Those who add to the simplicity of truth are to be censured no less than those who take away from its integrity; and I must frankly confess it would require a strong exercise of faith to discover in such a ceremony as the benediction of the Bambino, any vestige of the spiritual religion of the Gospel.

# CHAP. XXIX.

## INCIDENTS OF A WINTER IN ROME.

The last Winter under Pope Gregory. — A Correggio discovered and Lawsuit thereon.—A Visit to the Tribunals. — A Contrast between the Church and the Law in Rome. — Drawing of the Lottery and the Priest. — Papal Justice. — Example of the uses of the Index Expurgatorius.— Church Discipline exemplified.— Inquisition, as to the Layman and the Priest. — Newspapers, foreign and domestic. — Locomotion forbidden. — Agriculture, how encouraged. — A Harvest and its Horrors.— Criminal Code in relation to Political Offences expounded.— Its Effects. — Niebuhr's Sketch of Roman Society.— Massimo Azeglio introduced to the Reader.

Few visitors to Rome ever attend the courts of law. Busied with more agreeable occupations, they disturb not their thoughts by considerations respecting subjects so dull as the administration of justice, the character of the government under which they live, or the laws, by which the property, liberty, and lives of the people are affected. Yet these are more certain tests of civilisation than splendid palaces or beautiful pictures. The light of the Christian world, thought I, shines brightest in her justice. The narrative of a curious lawsuit, respecting a celebrated picture, now known as Lord Ward's Correggio, roused my attention to the subject of the administration of civil justice: of the Roman criminal law I shall hereafter speak. A person of distinction in Rome, wishing to clear his gallery, selected a number of inferior paintings for sale, which were exhibited by the steward who was authorised to sell to any purchaser. A skilful dealer visited the palace, examined the paintings, selected one at a very insignificant price, and turned it towards the wall; subsequently he paid for and removed what was believed to be a worthless bargain. It seems that from his examination of it, the shrewd purchaser suspected there was another and better picture concealed under the bad painting visible to the eye. His conjecture proved well founded. Removing

carefully the exterior coat of varnish, there appeared a soft and beautiful picture underneath, which was vauntingly proclaimed to the world to be The Reading Magdalen, by Correggio. That celebrated artist is said to have painted three pictures, nearly alike, of this subject. The universally admired Reading Magdalen is in Dresden; a second original, I believe, still exists; the third had been long missing, and it was confidently asserted that this precious work of Correggio was at length discovered.*

The seller now demanded a large sum of money from the buyer, or the restoration of his picture. The buyer declared he had purchased fairly, and would keep his Correggio. The civil tribunals were appealed to, and were exceedingly perplexed to discover on what principle to decide this, to them difficult case. At first a judgment was given in favour of the purchaser, as one who had bought without fraud. On appeal this was reversed, chiefly it was said on the ground that the buyer had turned the picture towards the wall, which the Roman judges said showed fraud in him. There was a third hearing, when the court appearing more puzzled than ever, and the prospect of litigation being interminable, the parties compromised. Lord Ward purchased the Correggio for a large sum which was, I believe, divided between the litigants. Enquiring from an advocate an explanation of this case, he said that legal proceedings in the civil tribunals of Rome led to great delay and diversity of opinion, independent of the several appeals permitted, owing to a bad habit practised by the judges of throwing out an opinion upon the case before them, whereupon the matter had to be re-argued. Wishing to see the law courts and the lawyers, a day was appointed for a visit. An advocate kindly undertook to conduct a friend and myself through the Roman courts and the offices of the law.

The courts of justice are on Monte Citorio, near the Post Office, in a spacious palace. Ascending by a flight of steps, we reached a lofty hall, where litigants and advocates walked to and fro. The judges had not yet sat—I saw some men in

* I have seen this picture; it exhibits the softness of expression, harmony, and roundness of composition which belong to Correggio, who in these qualities, and in colour, light and shade, was superior even to Raffaelle.

coarse gowns, who I supposed to be beadles. At about eleven o'clock there was a rush towards the door—our guide hastened forward, and we were soon in an oblong room; opposite the entrance sat five judges in arm chairs on a raised floor; the man in the centre I took for a priest; all resembled ecclesiastics in their dress: a large crucifix stood on a table covered with green cloth. About a foot from the table was a ledge of wood running along the entire room; behind this sat the advocates, whom I now saw were the men I had before mistaken for beadles. Their gowns were similar to those worn by our tipstaffs, the dress and appearance of the owners were unprepossessing in the extreme; at the upper end of the room lounged a crier, who called on each case. The pleadings were made up in little bundles of paper, which the advocates held, and as his case was called, each counsel rose and spoke, and the chief judge pronounced the rule. These causes were disposed of quickly enough, but the parties had their appeal. There was a total absence of dignity in the aspect of the court, judges, and practitioners; the room and its arrangements were immeasurably inferior to a London police office, yet this was a court of superior jurisdiction. Quitting the supreme court, we were conducted to the other civil tribunals. One of these resembled a noisy court of conscience; a single judge sat here without dignity, and his judgments were received by a crowd of people, who pressed round him without respect. The jurisdiction of this inferior court reached the amount of 200 scudi (each scudi 4*s.* 6*d.*), a considerable sum in Rome. We then returned to the hall, the advocate explaining how his brethren generally were paid by the job when the cause was over, according to the sum involved in the issue. We were conducted next to the offices, where the pleadings and depositions (for suits are decided on written depositions, not oral examinations) were filed; these were clean and spacious. The advocate in Rome discharges many of the duties of the attorney with us.

We next requested our courteous guide to introduce us to the criminal court. He showed us a closed door leading to a chamber wherein a criminal cause was proceeding, but regretted he could not gratify our curiosity, inasmuch as he himself had no right of entrance. The judges, the prisoner,

his advocate, the procuratore fiscale prosecuting, and the guard, were the only persons permitted to be present at the trial. He admitted that a prisoner might be from one to eight years in gaol, without being brought before any legal tribunal. This gentleman was a stranger to us, until the day of our visit; he said nothing against the system of Roman Criminal Justice, he merely described it; we took our leave, having learned something, even by a first visit to the courts of justice in the Eternal City. I confess the contrast between the meanness of the judicial, and the splendour of the ecclesiastical system, surprised me. I had beheld the unrivalled grandeur of the Church in Rome, its pompous ceremonies, and the gorgeous finery of its priests—in comparison the courts of justice resembled a barn, and its administrators seemed on a level with the sacristans.

Descending the flagged staircase, I heard a flourish of drums. Somebody cried out, "The Lottery, the Lottery." And I saw figures in a balcony of the very building we were in, looking towards Monte Citorio. Hastening into the piazza, I perceived a great crowd of anxious people, chiefly of the lower classes, a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and a military band, which occasionally struck up a lively air. Looking up to the balcony I beheld a large crucifix, a gentleman in the dress of an ecclesiastic, a boy tightly robed, especially on the arms, and a machine like a ballotting-box before him; beyond the boy another grave official in black, stood at the edge of the balcony over the crowd. Profound silence now prevailed. The boy plunged his hand into the box, drew out a slip of paper, held it up between his fingers, then handed it to the ecclesiastic who scrupulously examined it noted the number and passed it to the official at the corner of the balcony. He proclaimed the lucky number twice; then dropped the ticket amongst the crowd. There was a shout—the winner seized the ticket and rushed away in exultation. Others looked on in gloomy disappointment, and all noise was speedily drowned in the flourish of music that succeeded. I waited till all the prizes were drawn in the manner described, and witnessed the pernicious effects of this system of gambling, organized by the Papacy to supply its failing coffers, and publicly sanctioned with the formalities of religion.

On a subsequent occasion, visiting the extensive hospital of San Michele, while in the printing-office of the establishment which enjoys a monopoly of printing catechisms and other books for the benefit of the institution, my eye was caught by a lottery guide-book; it was purchased with a catechism, and on examination found to contain a farrago of absurd and superstitious rules and calculations for instructing the people how to purchase lottery-tickets.

I had an opportunity on the evening of the day of this visit to the civil tribunals, of learning the exact position in society of the Roman advocate. The profession of the law is considered by the higher classes to be a base pursuit: no man of family would degrade himself by engaging in it. The advocate is seldom admitted into high society in Rome; nor can the princes (so called) or nobles comprehend the position of a barrister in England. The poor nobles or their impoverished descendants, willingly become priests, bishops, and cardinals—advocates or judges, never. The solution of this apparent inconsistency is to be found in the fact, that in despotic countries the profession of the law is contemptible. In Rome it is particularly so, because the salaries of the judges being small, the remuneration of the advocate insufficient, the great offices being grasped by ecclesiastics, pure justice scarcely existing, those concerned in the administration of what is substituted for it are despised most unjustly, as being participators in an imposture.

The condition in which a foreign people live, in regard to the enjoyment of political or even personal liberty, is felt and understood by the stranger only by degrees, and after some lapse of time. The people pursue their common occupations in life as in other countries; and at first view seem to enjoy all the liberty they can reasonably desire. A rigorous despotism seldom affects the private pursuits or enjoyments of the individual who yields obedience to its iron rule. A number of domestic occurrences taught me the character of the Papal government better than written essays could do. These incidents of a Roman winter are worth recording, were it only to preserve the memory of Gregory XVI., and of the system which his ministers thought best adapted to the wants and spirit of the age.

Wishing one morning to compare the population of ancient and modern Rome, I desired to refer to Gibbon's History, and accordingly asked my banker where I should be most likely to procure the book; he smiled, and said, he feared that I must do without Gibbon till I reached England, as he believed it had been lately seized by order of the officials who watched over books exposed for sale or hire, and who punish offences against the *Index Expurgatorius*.

Curiosity induced me to walk straight to the bookseller. I asked for Gibbon; he replied, the book he had not then, as it had been taken from him lately. Subsequently I heard that the officials visited this man's shop and library, examined his stock, and removed such books as they disapproved of, although printed in foreign languages. Amongst the books so seized were Gibbon, and I believe the Histories of Robertson and Hume.

Soon after this incident, my Italian servant somewhat abruptly entered my room, and announced that he should go that moment to confession. I answered, it was very right to attend to his religious duties, but they should be discharged at a reasonable time of the day, and not just then; he declared, if he did not go instantly he should be arrested, *as he had been posted*. This assertion as to the arrest, I believed to be a fabrication; what the posting meant I did not understand; however, as he connected the matter with religion, I yielded at once; and to confession he went. I immediately inquired what this could mean, and was informed that each parish priest keeps a list of those who attend confession at appointed times within their respective parishes, and of those who do not. The latter are warned to attend to their duty; failing to obey this friendly notice, their names as defaulters are affixed to the church-door; and disregarding this notice for a given time, they are committed to prison. The name of my negligent domestic had been posted, and so in truth he had no time to lose in settling the affair. An Italian lady, who laughed at my Northern notions about this trifling incident, assured me no harm would have been done the man. "Perhaps he would have been consigned to a convent for a few days; and when the monks had

brought him to a sense of his duty, he would have been discharged." An advocate explained to me that nothing could be more gentle than the discipline of the Church, *when a man stood well with his parish priest.* The higher classes never disobey, and thus have no dispute; but supposing a papal subject to be negligent or conscientious, and obstinately to decline auricular confession, at least on great festivals—he must go to prison, and there reason the matter as he best can with his gaoler and his conscience.

The Inquisition, gentle over laymen, is a severe and irresponsible tribunal over the priesthood. Heresy cannot be inquired into before the ordinary tribunals, but is treated as an ecclesiastical offence. Should a layman talk foolishly respecting the Church or its doctrines, he would be summoned before the inquisitors and admonished perhaps thrice, to behave respectfully, that is, hold his tongue. Should he persevere in his misconduct, he would be imprisoned privately for a reasonable time, but no kind of torture would be resorted to.

Supposing, however, an unfortunate priest is suspected of heresy, for him there is no law but the will of the Pope and the inquisitors; and this again is insisted upon as a necessary part of the discipline of ecclesiastical Rome. I applied to an advocate of liberal opinions in politics to be informed what was the law in cases of heresy. His answer in writing, was characteristic of a sincere Roman Catholic, who was at the same time a strong liberal.

"Protestants" (he wrote) "who sojourn amongst us are tolerated and respected, but no Catholic can embrace their creed; with respect to native Apostates, '*non vi é legge contro costoro, ad imitazione credo io delle leggi Spartane, che non avevano stabilita alcuna pena contro il Parricidio.*'"

This is in conformity with what I heard from the lips of another Roman advocate, that he thought it was a thing disgraceful for any man to change the religion in which he was born. I was surprised that men who were comparatively enlightened should not disapprove of a law of such an intolerant character. The ecclesiastical system in Rome is not professed to be compatible with religious liberty; it is frankly proclaimed, that the exercise of such liberty is a sin, or a crime, and as such to be repressed or punished.

Again, it repeatedly happened during the winter, that on sending to the post for newspapers and letters, we found the English and French newspapers were seized and suppressed. I thought this the meanest of oppressions.

I naturally looked at the Roman Journal permitted under Gregory, called a newspaper because it gave no news. The amount of political information afforded to an inquisitive people was—

"The Supreme Pontiff will attend the Church of the Jesuits next Friday, at noon. The Pope will perform high mass in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore on Tuesday!"

On the statistics, politics, crime, commerce, or business of the Papal States, not a line was suffered to be printed. If there was anything to be found unfavourable to other countries in their journals, that would be briefly extracted, nothing more. Literary periodicals did not exist, nor could a man advertise for his strayed dog, without submitting the placard to the censor for his imprimatur. The difficulty of ascertaining the truth of any event was almost insuperable. I recollect driving one day to the Borghese gardens and finding the gates closed, I enquired the reason, the reply was, that three people had been stilettoed in the grounds the evening before, but the precise facts of this tragedy could not be learned from any public statement or newspaper. An Italian doctor told me it was much better it should be so, for a particular detail of such atrocities was hurtful to the feelings.

Political fears deterred the government from sanctioning railways. When Gregory understood that his loving subjects of Bologna might then visit him in Rome *en masse*, he would not hear of the innovation. I remember the remark of a man of business on the subject: "*Il Papa non ama le strade ferrate.*" Any improvements in agriculture which could be effected by agricultural societies being interdicted, all such associations were repressed.

An English gentleman devoted to agricultural pursuits, called on me one day, and mentioned that he was going to witness a novel scene in Rome, namely, horses ploughing (a labour universally performed by oxen). The event took place in presence of a number of distinguished persons, and

plough the horses did. An Italian steward observed of the affair, "To be sure they ploughed, but it was a scandalous exhibition." Nothing would be more unjust than to fasten on the papal government the accusation of having caused the desolation of the Campagna. Napoleon's prefect dispels our prejudices on this subject. The system of agriculture pursued, must in every country to a great extent, depend on the climate, soil, wants and habits of the people. The districts around Rome may be best adapted for pasture, and undoubtedly that mode of using the soil is most congenial to the habits of the people. Unfortunately however, bad customs have been perpetuated, and assuredly the Papal Government is responsible for not attempting to mitigate the dreadful evils attendant on the system of agriculture pursued within view of the Quirinal. The prefect, in his table of statistics, shows that more people die than are born in Rome. This arises from the numbers of labourers who perish annually in the hospitals from malaria, caught in reaping the harvest in the district around the city. The inhabitants of the city or neighbourhood never expose themselves to the risk attendant on this useful labour; the miserable reapers come from the mountains.

Mr. Spalding, in his excellent work on Italy, writes:—

"The peasants from the mountains, chiefly Abruzzesi, male and female, who come down in hundreds to earn a wretched pittance by the harvest-work, toil from early dawn till sunset, and then lie down for the night on the bare cold ground. There rises from the infected earth the clinging white mist which has death in its bosom; the fires lighted round the sleeping-places are insufficient to scatter it, and the poor mountaineers are thinly clad. Within a week the most sickly drop; the marsh-fever has infected the majority of the others before the reaping is concluded; and it attacks almost all the survivors on their way home. More than one-half of those who thus come down from the highlands die in the plain or soon after their return. Those who escape look at their starving children, and prepare to go down again the succeeding year. During this horrible scene, the Campagna has scarcely any other inhabitants than the reapers, except a few of the hardier animals, with their herdsmen, who, left in the pestilential flats to attend their summer pastures, ride over them with long pikes and wrapt in sheepskin cloaks. These men either die in the first year, or after the seasoning fever become inured to the climate, which has imprinted its ghastly mark upon them for life."

The Count de Tournon gives a like fearful account of the effects of the malaria on the reapers who descend from the mountains to save the harvest for the inert Romans. Where the last hope of repelling malaria is from an increase of population, thousands of valuable lives, which might be saved, are annually sacrificed. I say, might be saved. Sir James Clarke, in his book on Climate observes:—"A person may, I believe, sleep with perfect safety in the centre of the Pontine Marshes, if he have his room kept well heated by a fire during the night." Experience confirms the above opinion. There are no dwellings for the reapers even to sleep in over the wide Campagna, exposed as it is to the scorching rays of the sun by day, and to noxious vapours by night. This prodigious tract is held by colleges, convents, hospitals, churches, great lords, and by the Government itself. Over these ecclesiastical bodies the Government has control; moreover it is absolute; an edict could compel the erection of barns for the reapers to sleep in, and fires to dispel the exhalations of the night. No such edict has ever been issued, and we perceive the consequences. When the harvest is reaped, the labour of cleaning it for the mill is endless; the women sit in rows, picking the stony particles from the grain with their fingers.

My inquiries were now directed specifically to the criminal code of Pope Gregory from the following incident. I was spending an evening with a friend: an Italian gentleman joined our party; accidentally the subject of political prosecutions was touched on. The Italian related the case of a friend, who had been arrested, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, without being able to guess who were his accusers. I requested him to be specific. He repeated his assertion. Surely the accused must have got a trial, I observed? "Such a trial as they give here," said the Italian, "but he never saw the witnesses against him, or knew who they or his accusers were." I could not refrain from remarking that there must be some mistake in this narrative, as a trial there could scarcely be without witnesses, or evidence. The Italian persisted in his statement and said, that the ordinary forms, bad as they were, did not apply to a political case; "he was no lawyer, but he thought if I examined the code, I should find that a man could be condemned in

Rome, when charged with a crime against the State, without seeing any witness, or knowing who accused him; and, moreover, without ever being allowed to quit the gaol, in which what was called the trial, frequently took place."

I firmly believed this gentleman was mistaken, and said so to my friend, but he thought the Italian knew best what was the law, especially as his near relative was a distinguished advocate. Next morning I procured the Gregorian Code. In considering its provisions, I was willing to make every allowance for the difference of custom, education, peculiar jurisprudence, and national character. But the principles of justice are immutable, and, irrespective of all forms of procedure, of universal application. On examination of its thin pages, I came to Chapter 10, book 7, page 59, concerning the mode of proceeding in crimes of high treason, conspiracy, sedition, and offences against the public tranquillity. It consists of eleven clauses, and I give the whole of them in a note*.

* "On the mode of proceeding in crimes of high treason, conspiracy, sedition, and offences against the public safety.

"555.—In cases of treason, conspiracy, and other crimes against the public peace, proceedings shall be taken at once in an expeditious and summary manner by the means of a commission deputed for the formation of the process, the members of which shall be in every case selected by the Secretary of the State.

"556.—The judgment upon the same offences is reserved to the Supreme Tribunal of the Consulta, which has the direction of the mode of procedure in accordance with the power it has received, or which may be granted according to the circumstances of the case.

"557.—The process being completed, the criminals shall be removed to one of the metropolitan prisons from whatever place in the state they may be, except when on the representation of the Supreme Tribunal through the Secretary of State, the Holy Father shall delegate the judgment of the cause to one of the ordinary tribunals of legation or delegation.

"558.—The process shall be communicated, together with the summary of it to Monsignore, the Advocate for the Poor, or to such other counsel as shall be named by the accused, if his choice shall be sanctioned by the President of the Supreme Tribunal.

"559.—In five days shall the cause be brought forward without any further delay.

"560.—In the above-mentioned crimes there shall not be allowed any personal confronting of witnesses with the accused.

"561.—The Supreme Tribunal having met together on the motion

Let us consider what this brief chapter permits or enjoins. Secret trials; suppression of names of witnesses and prosecutors; no examination of witnesses in presence of the accused; special commissions; personal interrogatories of the accused in his prison; the code giving no definition of sedition or treason, and leaving it to a court so constituted, to condemn (upon an extorted or perverted answer), the unfortunate accused to death.

Thousands of individuals have thus been prosecuted. Practically speaking, under this indefensible code, any gentleman in Rome might be easily sacrificed to the suspicions of the Government. I conversed some time afterwards with a gentleman who had himself been tried for a political offence; he informed me that the trial was a complete mockery. The process, which contained depositions of unnamed individuals, or so much of the depositions as the tribunal pleased, was handed to his advocate, chosen for him by the tribunal; which advocate made what observations he could on the paper, and then the cause was over. In ordinary cases of enormous crimes, the criminal proceedings are peculiarly slow; while, in political cases, the whole affair may be decided with a surprising rapidity.

of the Procurator Fiscal General, of Monsignore the Advocate of the Poor, and of the Chancellor, and the accused being brought before it, he or they shall be informed in a compendious manner of the facts and circumstances connected with the cause, then the President of the Tribunal or his delegate, according to Article 43, shall interrogate the accused to attain as much information as may be required, after which the accused shall be taken away *again into* prison.

"562. — The Tribunal may meet, if deemed necessary, wherever the prisoners are confined, and there have them brought forth to fulfil the provisions of the preceding article.

"563. — The Procurator Fiscal General shall then make his observations, and his official demand on the Tribunal: Monsignore the Advocate for the Poor shall then, either by word of mouth, or in writing, adduce as much as he may think useful for his client, after which both, together with the Chancellor, shall withdraw.

"564. — Sentence shall be passed by a majority of votes conformable with Article 443, and no appeal can be made against it.

"565. — Should the accused be sentenced to capital punishment, and the decision not have been unanimous among the judges, his trial may be reviewed by the same Tribunal aided by other judges.

"566. — The revision must be effected within the term of five days, without any intervention on the part of the accused."

With respect to the other provisions of this code, I find that ecclesiastics are triable before a separate tribunal consisting wholly or partly of priests; and by Section 6 it is provided that where the punishment is fixed for laymen in ordinary crimes by the code, a less degree of punishment shall be reserved for ecclesiastics.

One law for the priest, another for the layman; and he who ought to set the best example, suffers the least punishment for his crime.

The classification of punishment is—1, death; 2, the galleys for life; 3, the galleys for a time; 4, public works; 5, exile; 6, imprisonment; 7, fine; 8, deprivation of public employment and of civil rights.

On examining this papal code I could find no provision for admitting those accused of any offence to bail. I applied to a Roman advocate to know how this matter stood: and learned that there is no law securing admission to bail of those accused of crime, small or great, in the Papal States, —hence the prisons are crowded with persons accused of venial offences, indiscriminately huddled together with criminals of the deepest dye.

For the enactment of such a code of laws ignorance cannot be pleaded, because those possessed of power in Rome are men of education, and of some knowledge of the world. They had in criminal legislation the inimitable essay of Beccaria to guide them—the admirable code of Tuscany ready drawn for a precedent; the public impartial administration of the criminal law during the government of the French in Rome itself, which had produced the best effects on the morals of the people.

The French Prefect informs us that such a result was not obtained without great severity; and that the number of capital convictions was considerable. But the people were reconciled to the new system by the impartiality of the decisions and the publicity of the proceedings. The papal government therefore, had the best materials at hand for the preparation of a sensible criminal code and just procedure. They deliberately gave the preference to the code I have referred to. Under this dreadful system all confidence between man and man, all happiness, even cheerfulness disappeared—universal suspicion and gloom prevailed.

Niebuhr's graphic description of what Rome was in 1830, struck my mind as very applicable to its condition as I beheld it with my own eyes.

"It is a dreary life here in Italy; but I could not have supposed that I should have found it so melancholy. What advantage to me are her works of art? Unhappily I am as little an enthusiast for works of art as an ancient Roman; I cannot live upon them. Where that which is living disgusts, how can he who feels himself elevated and made happy only by the human soul and the human heart find compensation from statues, paintings, and architecture? The Italians as a nation are walking dead men. True, we must deplore and not hate them; for unavoidable misfortunes have plunged them in their degradation: but the degradation is not the less certain. Intellect and knowledge, any idea which makes the heart throb, all generous activity is banished from the land: all hope, all aspiration, all effort, even all cheerfulness; for I have never seen a more cheerless nation."

No man had better opportunities of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with Roman society than Niebuhr; he resided long in the capital as Ambassador from the Court of Prussia, and thoroughly comprehended the life in Rome. What a picture he draws of the intellectual character of the Roman aristocracy and people in his day!

I still wished to procure an authentic narrative (which could be regarded as historical) of the latter years of the reign of Pope Gregory, and of the effects of his government on the Papal States. Happening to converse with a gentleman in Florence (who from his position was perhaps as well as any living man acquainted with Italy) upon the condition of the country, he observed, "There has been published here a political tract, by Massimo D'Azeglio, which contains more accurate information of the modern politics of Italy than you will find in any other book extant. If you inquire for it in my name, it will be given to you." I went immediately to the bookseller referred to, and after some hesitation procured the book.

Returning to Rome, I resolved to test the truth of Azeglio's statements, and accordingly applied to two advocates (with whom I had been acquainted) upon the subject. Both assured me that Massimo D'Azeglio had understated the truth in his description of the existing papal government, and

especially in reference to the political prosecutions under Pope Gregory. To comprehend what was the political government of the Papacy in the nineteenth century—of what evils the Italians had really to complain—we may without adopting his political opinions reasonably refer to this essay of the Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio. The writer is believed to be truthful—he had knowledge the most complete of his subject, and no motive to misrepresent facts; his narrative has the value of history, and produced a corresponding effect throughout Italy.

# CHAP. XXX.

SUMMARY OF MASSIMO AZEGLIO'S TRACT, ADDRESSED TO CESARE BALBO.

Insurrection of Rimini. — Why has Italy been so long enslaved? — The comments of a foreign press on the Italian people. — A pertinent question asked of the Papacy. — Pope Gregory described. — His subjects tempted to unite with Austria. — No law or fixed rule of government in the Papal States. — Financial system of the Papacy, recommended to the notice of Political Economists. — Agriculture. — Commerce. — Causes of corruption in the State exposed. — State Prosecutions. — A Pope's practical administration of political justice — contrasted with the usages of heretical nations. — Event of Romagna since 1843. — Anecdote of Avvocato Pantoli, and the honest monk. — Seizure of Rimini — the Manifesto — the Result. — Contrast between the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. — How tranquillity may be obtained in the Papal Dominions. — Difficulties of reforming the Papacy. — Anticipations of a reforming Pope. — A brief sketch of the domestic Politics of Rome. — Reforms suggested. Financial view of the Papacy. — The Manifesto of the Liberals at Rimini. — Concluding Observations.

## TO CESARE BALBO.

"I PRESENT to you this publication, not because I intend that the authority of your name should be a shield to the opinions therein expressed, but because I know that each of us concurs in the most important, that in favour of our independence; and also, because I know you are convinced as well as I am, of the necessity of extinguishing in Italy every spark of discord, to the end that all may lend a hand to the great work of our national regeneration."

"Respecting the insurrection at Rimini, in September last, very few, and perhaps those only who were present, know the exact truth. In Italy, where men dare not venture on private correspondence, and the public papers will not speak out, it cannot be otherwise. According to their statements, copied from foreign journals, and consequently spread throughout Europe, a few hundred ruffians headed by a person condemned to the galleys for ten years, disturbed public tranquillity, and overturned the Pontifical authority in Rimini; afterwards dispersing in small bands

through the Apennines, and flying before the bayonets of the Swiss, they were in a few days dispersed as rebels, thieves, and cowards.

"I disapprove of the insurrection at Rimini; it was mischievous, because unseasonable. But although unseasonable, its instigators are not to be designated thieves and cowards. If to conceal our hopes would be puerile, the not daring to speak of them moderately and wisely, would be cowardice.

"But the Government! the Police! the Special Commissions! one may exclaim. In the first place, I do not see that he who dared to print his opinions freely, upon the present and future state of Italy, had a hair of his head touched. Cesare Balbo is a living witness that I affirm what is true, and Nicolini and others live undisturbed. Freedom is deserved by knowing how to suffer for a time, to endure with resignation, and to dare judiciously when the opportunity offers. It is deserved by virtuous sacrifices; and we Italians may raise our heads, lay our hands upon our hearts, and ask God and man—Have we not deserved it?"

Our author then discusses at length, the unseasonableness of the insurrection; in the course of his argument he makes this deliberate assertion:—

"There may be different opinions in Italy as to the best mode of reforming its respective states, but ask every Italian from Trapani to Susa, if it is for the benefit of Italy to deliver it from foreign dominion? Each individual will answer, Yes. In an age in which it is considered unjust that one man should enchain the free will and actions of another man, appropriate the profits of his labour, leaving to the slave only his life and the meanest necessaries for subsistence, who can assert that what is considered unjust between men, is just between nations? Who can deny Italy that nationality, which all races of men contend for?"

Having proved that neither France (under *Louis Philippe*) nor Prussia, nor England, would aid any insurrectionary movement in Italy, our author distinguishes the classes of persons who might be disposed to revolt in Italy; and explains the cause of the prolonged subjugation of the peninsula. "Men of education, and particularly of political education, may sometimes revolt by reason of sufferings

affecting their moral nature; but that class is everywhere the most limited, and especially so in Italy. The greater number destitute of education, revolt only from physical sufferings."

"Nature is so generous to her sons in the soil of Italy, that the sluggishness or malignity of man has never been able to waste or entirely consume her gifts. And one of the reasons of the prolonged slavery of Italy, is perhaps because our soil has always been able to satiate both the greedy covetousness of the foreign conqueror and the hunger of the conquered. And although the Italian people have not studied politics, have read no journals, know nothing of the balance of power and general interests of Europe; they know nevertheless, that if even they succeeded in throwing off the yoke of their local governments, they would effect nothing, and must needs fight undisciplined and unarmed against Austria well disciplined and well armed."

In reference to the opinion expressed by the European press on these miniature revolutions, he exclaims:

"And would to God they were not noticed, or were merely condemned and denounced! But they are derided and scorned, and the opinion entertained of us is, that we are a people without manly ideas or political education, incapable of weighty undertakings—incapable alike of enduring and resisting, and therefore deserving our fate. And have we sunk into such a depth of degradation, that the misery, tears, and the blood of Italy should offer only matter for ridicule?

"But before examining the system which the Court of Rome adopts towards its subjects—before entering into a discussion with that government respecting its acts—I wish to know if discussion be possible, that is to say, if we set out upon a basis equally agreed on by both parties. I therefore ask if there is one Gospel only, one moral code only—given equally to all, to be the rule of their actions? or if on the contrary, there are two editions of these codes, one for sovereigns, another for the people; one for governors, statesmen, diplomatists, another for the multitude governed? As I must necessarily give the answer, I assume, that there is one moral code only, for governors as well as for the governed. I ask, if to this grand rule of morals it is possible

to apply the maxim, that every general rule has its exceptions, or if the eternal rules of justice are the only ones which man has no pretext to disobey? To this question I am obliged also to reply, by assuming that the decision of the Court of Rome is favourable to the last opinion, it being the necessary consequence of the doctrines taught by itself.

"The truths I have adverted to are so elementary, that the reader will wonder I express them. But how can I do otherwise, wishing to enter into a discussion with one who, setting himself up to the world for an ambassador of good tidings, makes his message so grievous to those immediately confided to him by God — with one who is the guardian and proclaimer of the divine code of justice, love, and mercy, and commits or permits at least, injustice, changes love into hatred, and has never granted mercy — with one who preaches humility and charity whilst closing his ears to every appeal, who inculcates love of our neighbour, and at the same time issues the iniquitous military commissions.

"If we ask such men, Do you or do you not believe in what you teach? no one on earth can be surprised at the question. I do not utter these hard words through any hatred of the papacy. I solemnly declare before proceeding a step further, in order that my readers may not misunderstand me, I venerate Christianity, I venerate Catholicism, *and should esteem it the last of Italy's misfortunes if its religious unity were disturbed, the sole principle of union which remains to it.* Moreover I feel no spite or aversion towards the Court of Rome, from which I have never received any offence; on the contrary, I have sometimes received favours, and therefore my language should be understood as the effect of grief excited in my breast for a friend madly rushing on destruction.

"I have professed to speak the truth, and I am forced to praise Austria. Her code (political cases excepted in relation to which the law of Austria is iniquitous) is equal for all; it does not admit any exception of persons, classes, or religions. With the code in his hand, the lowest porter obtains justice against persons of the highest rank, even Ministers of the Crown. I do not say that her laws are there-

fore good, that they are suited to the feelings of the Italians who obey them, or meant to promote their real welfare; much less that her government is therefore acceptable in Lombardy and Venice, being ever a foreign government, and one which even in doing good aims at the worst of evils, that of preventing us from becoming a free and independent nation; but I assert, that men submit sometimes to very heavy grievances when they live under a fixed rule impartial and equal for all, and content or not they adapt themselves to it. But they never can be content to see, (for example) of two delinquents, the one acquitted and the other condemned for the same crime, to see the priest exempt from that condemnation by which the laity are inexorably punished.* The subjects of Austria are not suspected as rebels; do not live in a state of insecurity, with the tormenting dread of being spoliated of their property, imprisoned, or arbitrarily injured without appeal, without any defined law to defend them. Austria is well aware of her advantage, and profits by it; but amongst the Italian governments, all more or less show by their conduct that they are ignorant of this feeling, and more than any, the Papal Government; and if her subjects dislike foreign sway, and do not seek, as many have said and believed, *to be united to Austria*, the noble nature of the Romagnuoli is to be thanked, and their truly Italian national spirit, through which they would rather suffer the worst evils than submit themselves to the stranger; though it must be confessed the Papal Government has done everything in its power to drive its subjects to that painful alternative.

"It is the chief duty of every government to have a code; and by a code I do not mean merely laws, but institutions, fixed and certain. This then is the first duty, and ought to be the first care of the Papal Government; and if her subjects demand it, they ask what is reasonable, and if the government deny it, that government is guilty of a rank injustice. But since the people have no general or impartial

* In the Papal states the guilty priest is punished less severely than the laity, whilst the rule in *truth* should be exactly the contrary. The ecclesiastic should be more rigorously punished, being bound by his profession to show good example, and being supposed to be more enlightened by education, and restrained by a higher grade of morality. (Azeglio.)

code or system of law, since they have to live, or more correctly strive to live, in hope of better days, defending themselves against the hundred authorities in the state constantly at variance with each other contending for the rule and sporting with the miserable papal subjects and with their property, their interests, their liberty; would that these unfortunate people had at least the power of making themselves heard when flagrantly outraged—would that they had an ear that would hear them!

"I will now relate a fact which those unacquainted with Rome will believe to be a calumny. The head of the state has no day set apart for granting public audience, as all absolute sovereigns have. But this is nothing. If a subject seeks an audience of the Pope, it is refused, unless he formally promises, in the first instance, not to speak upon public business. This fact admits of no comment, but should it be alleged that it is permitted to present memorials to the tribunals, secretaries of state, &c. &c., what confidence, I ask, could be placed in such resources? In short, either my accusations are calumnies (and let that be proved), or it is true, that he who preaches justice perpetrates injustice; therefore I ask him if there are two Gospels, or one only; *if he believes or not in what he preaches and teaches?* You, the sovereign, and not your oppressed subjects, I assert, will have to render an account before God of the causes of the Rimini insurrection. The blood of the killed and wounded will fall upon your head; their sufferings will be considered by that tribunal before which neither crowns, sceptres, nor papal tiaras will appear, but naked souls, shielded from the sword of eternal justice by a pure conscience,—your actions will be weighed by that incorruptible balance, in which the least injury done to the humblest of mankind, weighs more than all the thrones and crowns of the universe. *Either what you teach concerning the justice of God, and his awful judgment in the life to come, is false, or what you teach is true, and you are convinced of it, and believe that God will one day demand a justification of your conduct, and will say: I intrusted you with a nation; what have you done with it?*

"Tell me how can the system you pursue be explained? The powerful of the earth I know deride these declamations,

so called, and say, scornfully, 'The usual refuge of the defenceless is to enjoy in this world the thought of being avenged in the next.' But if other rulers say this, you cannot say so without giving the lie to your own words. Moreover, open your eyes and see if the sword of eternal justice always waits for man beyond the grave. Look around you: see whether injustice is a tree that strikes its roots deeply and firmly in the soil. See Turkey paying for the old wrongs done to Greece; Russia in constant agitation on account of ruined Poland; Austria reckoning the days of political life remaining to her, alarmed at every straw that moves in Italy, in Hungary, in Poland, because with each she has tremendous accounts to settle. England herself, the happy, the powerful England, the Queen of the ocean, behold her disturbed in her triumphs by the spectre of famished Ireland*, by the apprehension of a domestic revenge.

"But the words that have fallen from my pen are so severe, that I feel it my duty to show that I have the strongest reason for using them. I must lay bare the many wounds which afflict those beautiful and unfortunate provinces."

"The economical and financial system of the Papal States, is such that if there be one thing more wonderful than another, it is that the State is not declared bankrupt. We know that her financiers spend with one hand more than they receive, and shut up with the other the sources of public wealth! Their prohibitory system fetters exports and imports with extravagant duties to which ignorance gives the name of protection, with foolish restrictions by which, instead of encouraging national industry, the monopoly of a few is favoured; labour and production are limited, and smuggling, the fountain of corruption and immorality, is provoked. The effect of this system is to oblige the subjects of the Pope to pay for the goods which they consume a higher price than their value; — in a word, to impoverish the great majority in order to enrich a few. Concerning every matter which, on the other hand, might increase the public wealth, the Government refuses to hear one word; in everything it sees a plot—a rebellion. The Pope of Rome has said '*I do not put faith in railroads*' and the whole of

* The allusions to Ireland by Azeglio are now simply ridiculous.

Europe laughs, but not so the Papal subjects. The Government will not allow the existence of banks, which tend to increase the public credit*, nor tolerate agricultural or industrial associations. The social body being thus paralysed in every movement, it must necessarily be speedily exhausted. Land proprietors being loaded with insupportable taxes are dwindling to poverty, nor can they ever succeed in amassing capital, the only means whereby agriculture can be permanently improved.

"In the most central state of Italy, situated between two seas, with rivers partly navigable, rich in mines, blest with the most fertile soil of our peninsula, inhabited by a people gifted by Providence with readiness and invention, foresight, energy, endurance and courage, the national commerce is one may say, nothing.

"This State has two principal ports, Civita Vecchia, and Ancona. I have seen both lately; in each, with the exception of a foreign steamer, which had cast anchor for a few hours, I found but a few poor coasting-smacks and boats of fishermen.

"Generally speaking with Governments, the worse they are the more they cost. Thus the Papal subjects are obliged to support an army of useless *employés*, (would that they were merely useless!) They are obliged to pay liberally ministers of state, often foreigners, occupying situations to which the citizens cannot aspire except by taking holy orders whether they have a calling or not for the sacred office. And on the other hand, the offices to which the laity may be appointed, such as governors, judges, presidents of the tribunals, are so badly paid as to make it impossible for the civilian with his family to live honestly upon his income. But above all the Government expense, the most grievous to the people, is that of the mercenary Swiss. I do not mean the Swiss Guard at the Papal palaces—too limited in number to be a weight upon the State—but I speak of the Swiss regiments, which present the startling spectacle in our time of the ancient companies of adventurers; nor can one understand how the brave and virtuous nation to which they belong permits the practice of foreign enlistment amongst its people, being as much op-

* The Roman bank excepted.

posed to her true dignity, as it is fatal to a high national spirit, of which Switzerland has given such splendid examples. The Papal Government know not what an accumulation of hatred (would to God it be not revenge!) is now hoarding up against it amongst the people and army, on account of these mercenary and foreign soldiers.

"But there exists in Romagna another evil. A wicked power invisible to all eyes, which every citizen in every place, at every moment of his life, feels to be at his side, prepared for his destruction. The reader will exclaim, 'The police!' But he is mistaken. I speak of a baser thing — of an enormity more rare, unknown in civilised nations — of which I dare not, will not, accuse the Government; but of the existence of which the Government is well aware, and yet does not wipe out the infamy in the places where it possesses unlimited power. There exists in Romagna a class of men dissipated and wicked, who profess to be devoted to the Pope, to his Government and religion; with this vaunt they consider themselves freed from all restraint.

"This infamous gang, profiting by the constant terror of the Government, assemble in obscure places, and there concoct imaginary conspiracies, secret accusations, and plot assassinations. The city and suburb of Faenza are torn by inveterate animosities amongst the citizens, a remnant probably of ancient party feuds. The old names of parties have given place to those of *liberals* for the city, and *papalists* for the suburb. Faenza is a place which may be called a manufactory of outrage—the favourite nest of those abominable miscreants who there, and in other cities of the Romagna, provoke, strike, wound, sometimes kill and always without risk, those whom they nickname *liberals*, *freemasons*, or *Carbonari*. Many such cases have happened since 1831, and daily do happen. In 1831 and during the Austrian occupation, it chanced that some peaceable citizens returning home late at night, met a body of those vagabonds, who first by abusive language insulted, afterwards beat them with sticks, and struck them with daggers. Several times were they repulsed and threatened by the Austrian officers themselves, who although foreigners, although our enemies, felt nevertheless indignation at these enormities, and at the infamous connivance of the Government, and moved by

humanity, guarded these citizens to their homes in safety. Whilst I am writing, I cannot but reflect that all this happens in a country governed in the name of Him, of whom it is written, 'that He so loved mankind, as to lay down His life for them!'

"As a drowning man catches at a straw, I will cling to the idea that the Pope is ignorant of what is committed in his name, that he knows it not. But if he knows it not, his ministers, or at least some of them, are well aware of it. Let us turn aside from this disgusting theme, though true it is I am obliged to touch upon matters as base, but less repulsive. I speak of the trials or political inquisitions entrusted to extraordinary commissions, unfettered by any of the usual legal rules of procedure, and with unlimited power of condemnation; these tribunals, true *coupe-gorge* as the French call them, held infamous by all civilized nations, their very nature betraying the object they were designed to serve: that is, to be instruments of the Sovereign's vengeance, not justice. In these tribunals, I say, the same men are both accusers and judges; there is no liberty of defence, nor even in the choice of a defender. The advocate for the accused is named by the tribunal, selected from a class devoted to it; the pleadings and proceedings are mysterious, secret, composed wholly to favour the prosecution. The examinations of the accused are deceitful, cunning, and full of artifice. Moral torture is applied, and one might say, bodily torture also. The classification of crime is indefinite and arbitrary: for which reason, a mere opinion, a passing thought, the affections of the heart escaping by a word, are often adjudged high treason, and are visited by punishments which exceed all limits of justice, even admitting the guilt of the accused.

"Considering the mildness of the courts of the civilized nations of France, England and Belgium in State prosecutions, their scrupulous and I might say trembling concern for the guilty, in order that he may not be unjustly pressed upon: seeing for example, Louis Napoleon set at liberty after the offence of Strasbourg; after that of Boulogne merely imprisoned; whilst if he were born a subject of the Pope, scaffolds enough could scarce have been erected whereon to execute him—seeing in France and in England, merely exiled or con-

fined madmen, who had attempted the life of the King or Queen: and to think by whom those states are governed, and by whom the Roman State is governed; to think that to the former is attached the stain of heresy; that their rulers are regarded as persons who corrupt human society, while the latter is proclaimed as the holiest of the earth; human reason would waver, if God had not established in the heart of man the faculty of knowing and loving truth and justice, and of detesting falsehood and iniquity. The assassinations committed by such commissions are in conformity with their nature, and are alike at all times and in all places. Experience has proved that the base judges who accept seats in those tribunals, knowing the wishes of their patrons, strive to find men guilty, not innocent; they know that for every condemnation they rise in the favour of the Government, whilst they would sink by an acquittal; they know that the most sure steps of the ladder of reward for them, are the bodies of their victims, innocent or guilty.

"It would be superfluous in civilized countries to denounce such atrocities; but not so in Italy—and in order to extirpate this nuisance, I must describe the things done by the special commissions, and to this purpose narrate the events in Romagna since 1843. During the summer and autumn of 1843, the increasing custom-house vexations, added to many other provocations of the Government, occasioned tumults in the Bologna province. Petty merchants and artisans, combined with smugglers persecuted more than usual by the custom-house officers, retired to the mountains, and there had skirmishes with the *douaniers*. The citizens of Bologna, pitied while they regretted these insurrections, knowing them to be the fruits of ill-regulated taxation.

"The city was tranquil; but the police authorities were not satisfied. Their trade in Italy is to imagine, even to provoke demonstrations adverse to the Government, for their own benefit: with this object they described those disturbances to their superiors as political, and commenced prosecutions, examination of houses, imprisonments where there was neither offence nor evidence; and hence the flight of many inhabitants, who, fearing they might be imprisoned took refuge in the mountains, joining the others; and promoting the purpose of the police, by enabling them to

work upon the fears of the governors of the province, and to insist on the re-assembling of the infamous special commission. Universal terror being thus awakened, a few generous men of the first families of the city long suspected or persecuted by the Government, conscious that their lives or liberty were in imminent danger, contrived somehow to escape; and rather than provide for their safety by mere voluntary exile, preferred to join their unfortunate fellow-citizens whom the iniquity of their rulers was reducing to the last extremity, to succour them with their property and advice, and, becoming their guides, save them from the galleys or death.

"In the meantime, the commission in Bologna had condemned very many persons to long imprisonments, seven or eight to death. Of the means adopted to discover the guilty, little or nothing is known, the prosecution and the defence being alike secret. It is reported that many of those victims were not actually guilty. It is very certain, however, that the punishment was altogether arbitrary and excessive. Colonel Freddi, of the Carabiniers (a man abhorred in Romagna), whom public report asserts to have been prosecuted before 1831, and afterwards taken into favour by the Government, by seconding its violence, was in 1843 the life and soul of the Commission of Bologna. He and his confederates made enormous profits on that occasion, were praised by the Government for upholding order, and were loaded with rewards. But this harvest could not long last; their police business was coming to an end, and in consequence their profits.

"The city was now tranquil, and the Romagna had shown no sympathy with the agitations of the Bolognese territory. The special commissions were on the eve of dissolution. The legation of Forli, under the administration of Cardinal Gizzi (to whom I render the homage which his humanity and nobleness of heart deserve) did not offer a suitable field for the Commission. The Cardinal's temperate policy preserved the legation in tranquillity. In Ravenna on the contrary, the Cardinal-Legate Massimi, a Roman prince whose pride and severity were notorious, and who had provoked the hatred of the citizens by his continued persecutions—in Ravenna, I say, it appeared to the Commission that it

might more conveniently exercise its infamous wickedness by the favour of the Cardinal, who was prone to anger and revenge, and wished to stupify the people through terror. They being excited by these violent proceedings, a crime was perpetrated (which certainly no provocation can excuse, but which cannot create surprise), the murder of a Swiss soldier and a Carabinier, one of a body universally hated; and this homicide opened the way for the Commission to extend its operations into the unhappy Romagna.

"A connection between the insurrection of Bologna in 1843, and this fact, which occurred in Ravenna in 1845, was supposed to exist; the persecutors dreamed of plots and conspiracies in various cities of the legations, multiplying at the same time the number of capricious imprisonments in Rimini, Ravenna, and in the territory of Romagnuola. The supposed opinions of the accused were sufficient grounds on which to imprison him; and this is shown by the numbers set at liberty after months, and sometimes *years of confinement*, whom the Commission itself was obliged to acquit as innocent.

"The bodily torments, unhealthy prisons, the infamous means resorted to by the Commission to obtain confessions or revelations are horrible to describe. Some notion of the cruelty practised by the commissions, in the secresy of their prisons, may be collected from the sufferings of the political prisoners in view of the people during the past summer. In the scorching heat of the day, were seen slowly moving along the dusty roads of the Romagna, a train of carts, guarded by carabiniers and policemen, upon which were tied those accused of political offences, whom the commission were transferring from one prison to another. These prisoners were educated men of every rank and every age, perhaps the greater part of them innocent in the eyes of the Government itself. Imagine with what feelings they were seen traversing the town in that manner, covered with dust and filth, burnt by the sun, bound like highwaymen.

"But all these villanies were useless in attaining the object coveted by the commission. Threats, crafty examinations, promises of pardon, were all tried and all without effect upon individuals who, not from exalted virtue, but from having nothing to say, removed at once all pre-

text for the Commission continuing the prosecutions. The judges, despairing to make any gain by these unhappy men, often ran from the prisons to the Cardinal showing the impossibility with any colour of honesty, of sentencing even one individual; and the Cardinal instigated them to spend money, use every art, make every effort to establish a ground for punishment; and finally, being unable to discover either conspiracies or political offences, a criminal process was made up, on apparent analogies between remote and present transactions, by depositions of concealed witnesses, confounding smuggling with political offences, from all which jumble the Commission found a pretext for condemning two individuals to death, and very many to the galleys for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. One noble and generous act relieved the general mourning for these sad events, if high praise can be deserved by the fulfilment of a strict duty. It is the practice of the Commissions always to entrust the defence of the accused to a person in their confidence, and in the cases mentioned, this duty was assigned to *Ulisse Pantoli*, an advocate of Forli, of noted fidelity to the Government, who it was anticipated, would have seconded the intentions of the tribunal. But truth and justice had more effect upon the mind of the honest advocate than the love of gain; he became a warm and energetic defender of the prisoners, and overthrew altogether the accusation by convincing proofs. The honest boldness of this lawyer engendered against him in the minds of the Cardinal and judges the fiercest hatred, which was shown by the illegal withdrawal of papers proving the innocence of the accused, and, lastly, by imprisoning the advocate at Ravenna until the sentence should return ratified from Rome. Being at length liberated, it is reported that he will be suspended from his office of substitute for the civil judge—and even from practising his profession.

"My reader will be wearied; but a last fact remains to be related. Let us bear the irksome detail from a desire to know the truth. One of the prisoners accused as a participator in the murder of the carabinier, by a fortunate accident slept the night that homicide happened in the country, and in the same room with a Mendicant Franciscan friar. In proof of his innocence, he called the friar as a witness, who affirmed that the facts stated by the accused

were true; for so doing he received bitter reproaches from the judges, and, being recalled to Rome, was imprisoned in a convent. The most probable view of the whole matter is that the accused were innocent, and according to all appearances the murder of the Swiss soldier sprang from private revenge; and that the Cardinal and the commission have wickedly sent to the galleys, or executed, many unhappy people, and with them some of higher rank either altogether innocent, or at least deserving punishment a hundred times milder than they received; filling the city with grief and dismay, causing in all directions terror and voluntary exile, sowing seeds which no doubt will bring forth bitter fruit and sooner or later an indescribable harvest of revenge.

"Such was the state of the legations, when, in the summer of this year, the whole of that unfortunate body of exiles, having escaped from the grasp of the commission, assembled within the confines of the republic of San Marino. The refugees in San Marino found themselves hard pressed every day, without money or assistance. To escape into Tuscany, owing to the distance, was too difficult an undertaking. The menaces of the Papal Government to the little republic were incessant, to procure the surrender of those who had confided in her honour. Finding therefore no other way to escape from that net, or else nourishing a strong hope that some important result might issue from a passage of arms, they decided amongst themselves upon moving in a body upon Rimini. In order to profit by their opportunity with effect, so as to make known to the world the state of the Romagnole provinces, and their just demands, they resolved on printing a manifesto directed to the powers of Europe, with the intention of publishing it in Rimini on their arrival. This was done; and having without opposition taken possession of the city, and being joined by the Papal troops, they were enabled to declare their intentions by means of this proclamation * to the people and troops. In the meantime a body of about two hundred men had assembled upon the mountains of Faenza and Forli, composed of voluntary exiles and refugees from the Romagnuola, led by rich proprietors, ready to sacrifice their property to

* See Appendix for this document.

make head against the Papal Government. They were marching towards Rimini at the time that the Swiss troops, by the *Via Emilia*, were approaching the same city, which, on their arrival, was evacuated by the rebels, who took the direction of Tuscany.

"Either the authors of the insurrection did not wish it to spread, content with finding a place of refuge, after having declared to the world their honest demands; or the insurrection did not propagate itself through the patriotism of the inhabitants of the surrounding provinces. The official journals have published shameful falsehoods respecting the doings of the rebels in Rimini during their short government. All the honest citizens are witnesses that those engaged in the insurrection observed the greatest moderation. Not one revengeful act, insult, or offence, was committed or suffered in that short space of their liberty.

"Upon leaving Rimini, those engaged in the insurrection carried nothing away but what little property belonged to them: this cannot be doubted, as those brave but unhappy men reached the confines of Tuscany, ragged and wretched. Through the humanity of the Grand-Duke they were sheltered and succoured. For this behaviour of the Grand-Duke our hearts bless and thank him, our understandings commend his virtues; and if the thought wounds us, that an Italian prince reduced his subjects, born of the same blood, speaking the same language, to seek a refuge in the arms of a prince of Austrian descent, our detestation of the former does not lessen our respect and gratitude for the generous humanity of the latter.

"This is a brief history of the late events at Rimini. An infallible proof of the grievous condition of the Papal States. I believe I have said enough to make known the truth to those capable of accepting it. I pray to God that those whom it most concerns may profit by it. The Romagna and the entire state appear tranquil; and it may be said of this as was said of Poland, '*L'ordre règne à Varsovie.*' But let them not be deceived by this calm. The Papal Government will not obtain durable tranquillity by her new tribunals of the Sacra Consulta, instituted to blot out the infamy annexed to the name of Commissions, but similar in practice and in the character of the men who compose

them: it will not be obtained by the terror of imprisonments, which are daily multiplied in Rimini and the legations; it will not be obtained by the brutal treatment of political prisoners, chaining them with thieves and assassins, so that men respected for their talents, rank, and character, are imprisoned with the basest wretches; the greater number without legal proofs, and without having in many cases in long years of imprisonment (I relate things known to all men) ever seen the face of an examiner or judge; it will not be obtained by increasing the number of hireling bayonets, as they report the Papal Government intend to do. But it will be obtained by justice, charity, mercy, which it preaches but does not practise: it will be obtained by observing for once the sacred law it teaches, by submitting to the just demands made upon it by universal opinion.

"In the exercise of sovereign power, no authority in the world can be founded on any other basis than universal opinion. We behold the most powerful government in the universe — England, resisting every power but reverently yielding to public opinion. It willed an electoral reform—that was granted; Catholic emancipation—that was obtained. Now it wills that the rich aristocracy shall not be permitted, for their own profit, to let the poor die of hunger*; and whilst I write, Tories and Whigs, ministers and statesmen, the Queen and her advisers, are disquieted for delaying, perhaps too long, to obey its commands. But this governing principle of the world has also a ruler whom it serves, and that ruler is God: of His own will He unchains it against iniquity; and what means does He employ? Means which verily appear to reproach the vanity of human wisdom. He infects the root of that plant which nourishes the people — the potato. With this mean instrument, perhaps for the purpose of deriding the proud impotence of man, He is effecting what the united forces of the universe have attempted, but in vain.

"This fact conveys two important lessons for every Government. First, that God is at last wearied of enduring iniquity, and with facility overthrows it; and secondly, that

* I give Azeglio's illustration in his own words, but I dissent from his manner of stating the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws.—W.

the English Government, however powerful, does not believe itself sufficiently so to oppose universal opinion; and for no other reason is it powerful and mighty, than because it never abandons its broad and solid base. When opinion changes, the Government changes. What, therefore, the Government of England cannot do, let no others believe it can, and least of all the Government of Rome.

"As an ancient principality and an ecclesiastical sovereignty, it may still possess vast power, if it knows how to use it; if it follows the example of the English aristocracy, changing its policy seasonably in reference to opinion, consenting to its just demands, understanding that it is sometimes better with a good grace to grant a part, to avoid being violently deprived of the whole. But instead of this, abandoning that power which properly belongs to it as the ecclesiastical sovereignty, and therefore held in reverence by the Catholics of the whole world, it rests for support on two forces, which, being destroyed (and this will happen sooner or later), will hurry that Government with them to ruin: these are, at home a mercenary army—abroad a foreign army.

"The fact of calling in mercenary Swiss, proves that the Sovereign has no one in whom he can confide; it proves too that he is loved by no one. His power is upheld by violence, and must fall with its failure. Foreign armies keep him on his throne; this proves that he can place no reliance on his own subjects, whilst it renders him odious to the Italians striving for independence; and out of Italy it appears a horrible spectacle to all just men (though they may be strict Roman Catholics), to see Austria grasping the Romagna, in order that the Pope may govern as he pleases. This is the reason that in Italy and abroad, not only Protestants or other adversaries of Rome, but the most devout Catholics and priests themselves, lose their esteem for the Pope's temporal government. They declare it to be prejudicial to faith and religion—they would wish it either removed or restricted to a narrow compass—in a word, the two forces on which he relies could not assist him, did any general disturbance shake the equilibrium of Europe. How imminent such a danger is, every one must perceive.

"Very great difficulties encircle the Government of Rome. To enumerate them would require a volume. I will merely allude to one, which appears to me most important. In other states, ministers chosen from the same people, feel that their private interest is connected with that of the public, as well through respect for their ancestors, as by hope for their descendants. This is not the case in an ecclesiastical government. Every pontiff with his ministers and all those under him form an isolated system, which has no regard for the future. All the acts of the Government are referred to a certain standard, viz. the probable duration of the Pope's life. The greater number of those holding situations being foreigners, and not bound to the state they rule by any tie, their aim is to insure themselves the greatest possible gain in the shortest possible time.

"For this reason, if even a pontiff were to be elected gifted with a high knowledge of state affairs, and with equal virtue to employ it for the benefit of the public and without a thought for himself,—if this pontiff resolutely wished to reform abuses by which so many profit, those benefiting from such abuses would not obey him, nor would he have the means of constraining them, and they would always find some way, secret or otherwise, to frustrate his intentions.

"But to say a thing is difficult, is admitting it at the same time to be possible. The necessity and perils of the state are such that the Pope must endeavour to effect this possibility. The only way, perhaps, to instil new life into the dying ecclesiastical principality, is to reform the state according to the experience acquired in a severe school. Let the Pope truly reign. The distribution of the authority of the state amongst natives, and the exclusion of foreigners, are reforms demanded by justice. They were promised after the events in 1831. The promise was not kept, and this fact has rendered more overwhelming than ever the necessity of cancelling the foul blot of injustice, made worse by deception. The few lines above written, I am aware, contain very important matter. They contain designs which require genius, prudence, and great nerve in whosoever will undertake to execute them. Confident am

I that love of justice, and above all sincerity in a governor, would overcome many difficulties. In affairs of state, rapid transitions should be avoided, because true it is, a monarchy, a constitution, or a republic may be proclaimed, but no human power can upon a sudden make a people monarchical, constitutional, or republican, if not so disposed by custom and opinion.

"But even without commencing fundamental reformations the Government might begin a system calculated to gain public opinion, and exonerate it from the accusation of being an enemy to every kind of progress. Why, for example, forbid its learned men to attend the annual scientific congress? Why perceive danger where Austria herself does not? Why not forego the shameful profits of the lottery? I know why. For economical reasons; but is it not too dreadful to see the head of the Church keep open the doors to admit a vice so corrupting, whilst the more civilised nations have shut them? Why oppose, openly or secretly, every endeavour to improve the education of the people? The reason is too obvious. It fancies such reforms spring from an extended design of liberals to reform the State. But I repeat, does it imagine it has more to fear than Austria? If it confessed such to be the case, would this not be the most damning of all confessions? Is it not too shameful, that whilst it is up in arms against Aporti on account of his manual for schools, the censorship permits 'Il Libro dell' Arte,' the book of dreams, to teach gamblers how to win in the lottery, 'L'Indovinatore grillo &c.'— a truly moral instruction for the people. I like sincerity, and therefore admit that the instruction of the people will in the end change the State, and render the return of many abuses impossible. But education is inevitably spreading everywhere. The Papal Government is encompassed, besieged by it, and will not be able to prevent its invasion nor retard its progress. Education may create revolutions, but it renders them at the same time less mischievous and sanguinary. Why so obstinately oppose the construction of railroads? Always for the same reason, the fear that they may convey more ideas than merchandise.

"I have said what I believe few deny, opinion is the real mistress of the world; and that it would be prudent for the

Papal Government to submit to it. What I have said to governors I say to those governed; opinion has been at all times adverse to rash undertakings. The courage for conspiracies, and physical courage, we Italians do possess like all those of quick imagination and hot blood. But we have in a less degree moral courage. To recommend this, and show its utility, all my arguments tend. Their meaning may be summed up in a few words, namely, That we Italians must first bring into action moral courage, to obtain from our governments improved institutions and temperate liberty; then military courage, to obtain independence, when it may please God to give us the opportunity.

"From one end of the Peninsula to the other, every one may unite in the common cause to accomplish a great work —a work, which being conducted in the ways of truth and virtue, may call down upon it the benediction of God; who turning at last His countenance upon us, will perhaps see that if the past faults of Italy were very grievous, we have been for many ages severely punished for them."

The Marchese has added an appendix of figures to prove that the annual expenditure of the Papal Government largely exceeded the annual income. I have printed the manifesto of the discontented subjects of the Pope.

*Demand of the Pontifical Subjects contained in the Manifesto addressed to the Princes and People of Europe.*

1st.—That a general amnesty be proclaimed to all political offenders from the year 1821.

2nd.—That a civil and criminal code, modelled on those of the civilised countries of Europe, and the institution of juries, with publicity of trials, be granted.

3rd.—That the Inquisition, or Ecclesiastical Tribunal, shall exercise no authority over laymen.

4th.—That political causes may from henceforth be tried and punished by the ordinary tribunals, and by a fixed law.

5th.—That the Municipal Council may be freely elected from amongst the citizens, and that a Supreme Council of State be chosen from amongst deputies nominated by the provinces.

6th.—That the Supreme Council of State shall reside in Rome, and have a voice in affairs of state.

7th.—That all employments, civil, military, and judicial, be thrown open to laymen.

8th.—That the Bishops and Clergy may have the superintendence of religious instruction only; and not that of secular education.

9th.—That the Censorship of the Press be restricted in terms sufficient to prevent any injury to the Catholic religion, to the Sovereign, and to the private character of the citizens.

10th.—That the foreign soldiery be dismissed.

11th.—That a guard of citizens be enrolled, to whom may be entrusted the preservation of public order.

12th.—That, in fine, according to the spirit of the age, the Government enter on the path of improvement marked out by the other civilised nations of Europe.

Having studied the above historical narrative of the government of Pope Gregory XVI. (especially as it existed in its latter years), sketched by a man of ability, a sincere Roman Catholic, and one thoroughly acquainted with his subject, we have laid bare to our view the abuses of the Papal system.

Yet nothing would be more erroneous than to visit the odium of this system on Pope Gregory. I had the honour of being presented to him. On his face was stamped kindness, goodnature, I might say innocence. There was no blemish on his morals, he was virtuous in private life, and possessed of theological learning: I will not believe he could have been guilty of an act of cruelty or even unkindness. But he was a monk, and had the capacity of a monk for civil government. That sixty venerable priests should elect a bishop, seems not at all inconsistent with reason, but that the bishop so chosen should possess absolute temporal authority, is manifestly so.

We may derive another important lesson from the perusal of this tract: that an educated Roman Catholic expresses his opinions on the temporal misgovernment of his Church with an unflinching boldness. In what he has written he has described the Pope's temporal government, and he appears to have a low opinion of the education afforded by the Papacy, in its spiritual character, to its subjects. A tree is

to be judged of by its fruits; and, if Azeglio writes truthfully, we have before us the fruits of the Papal system of government.

Heartily, however, may we unite with him in wishing to the Roman people improved institutions, and freedom suited to their condition.

It is deserving consideration, that while Azeglio writes boldly against the Pope's temporal authority, or the abuse of it, he does not even question the Pope's absolute spiritual authority. This form of despotic power Azeglio does not condemn. He maintains the Catholic unity.

## CHAP. XXXI.

The Appian Way.—Horace's pleasant Journey.—Contrast between Ancient and Modern Travelling.—Albano.—Aricia.—Velletri.—The Pontine Marshes.—Terracina.—Mola di Gaeta.—Cicero's Tomb.—Capua.—Naples.

In the year 188, after the abolition of the monarchical government, Appius Claudius the censor constructed the road we are now to travel, the first real highway, which was rightly called after him the Appian Way, as by the poets it was named for its superior excellence, "the Queen of roads." This ancient road was, in fact, a raised causeway formed of three layers of materials and paved with flint stones; time could make on such a work little impression. From examining the remains of similar pavements in Rome, we can understand the severity of the fatigue in travelling over so hard and rough a substance. Moreover, although the ancients surpassed us in many things, they had no conception of the comfort and elegance of our modern carriages, nor indeed would our conveyances have been well adapted to their roads. We have a description of their vehicles by Gibbon, in one of the most entertaining of his essays.

"The carriages, if we may judge of them by subsisting monuments, were small, open, and inconvenient. They had two or four wheels, but not being suspended, must have been very fatiguing to travellers on the paved military roads. These carriages were of various kinds; and what is extraordinary, almost all the different kinds had been borrowed from the Gauls. The Romans adorned them with silver, gold, and sometimes with precious stones—a barbarous and misplaced luxury, indicating more riches than taste. It was reserved for modern times to invent those soft and elegant machines, which gratify at once the effeminacy, laziness, and impatience of travellers."

In a Roman carriage, and on such a road, we can comprehend Horace's remark,—

> "The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure,
> To those who choose to travel at their leisure." *

And therefore it was very natural for our witty poet, remembering that he had, no doubt, an entertaining companion in Heliodorus the rhetorician, to make his first but a short day's journey.

> "Leaving Imperial Rome, I took my way
> To poor Aricia, where that night I lay."

No greater distance than sixteen miles—enough, as amusement (I shrewdly suspect) was more the object of our satirical guide than politics. Before we reach Aricia, we must traverse one of the most interesting portions of the vast Campagna. Quitting Rome in the early morning, the solitariness of this road, the prodigious remains of fallen grandeur we behold, the associations which such scenes awaken, inspire the traveller with solemn feelings. The remains of magnificent aqueducts which span the plain with their noble arches and pillars, are the most striking objects in our landscape; but we have on every hill views of tombs and temples, until by a gradual ascent Albano is reached, at the distance of fourteen miles by a straight road from the Eternal City. We have passed the tomb of Clodius, and we now stand before the remains of the monument raised it is said to great Pompey, a massive ruin.

Turning to gaze on Rome over the Campagna, the uninterrupted extensive view is one of the most singular on earth; nor can we hurry from Albano without walking through the grounds said to have belonged to Pompey, and by the villa of Domitian to Mount Albano, and around the Alban lake. It is but a small sheet of water, and supposed to fill the crater of an extinct volcano; the surrounding objects are highly picturesque — Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's villa crowning one summit; Rocca di Papa, perched on the extreme top of the Alban mount opposite to us; the Franciscan Convent at the foot of Monte Cava; the renowned Alban mount, seat of the national worship of the Latin

* "Minus est gravis Appia tardis."

Confederacy; and the Capuchin Convent on our right, (the brethren having secured the most beautiful site in the district,) all these objects, with mountains, and wood, the olive, and an occasional cypress, form an impressive scene.

Resuming our journey, we pass a ruin fifty feet square and twenty-five high, being the remains, as the antiquarians have discovered, of the tomb of Aruns, Porsenna's son; it is an Etruscan ruin. The road to Aricia lies through a classical country, but the inhabitants have a most unclassical appearance. Horace was here received with moderate hospitality, seasoned however by the wit of his friend; modern Aricia would greet the traveller now with still more humble fare. Its situation is striking, for it is built on the pinnacle of a high hill, and surrounded with scenery which, compared with the Campagna, is rich and beautiful. There is a church here with some frescoes, and a large palace built by the Chigi family like a barrack. A few people move about listless, and apathetic, in the town which gave birth to the mother of Augustus.

It must not be supposed that the wise censor, Appius, ran his imperishable road up this steep ascent. The Appian Way kept the level ground; but the princely family of the Chigi, in order to reach their fine palace on the hill, contrived (a manifest job) to get the high road run through their town, to the annoyance of wearied travellers. From the heights of Aricia, Monte Giove (on which they say Corioli was built) is visible; the town which gave his surname to the haughty Roman. We have in traversing this region an incentive to the perusal of history, classics, poetry, and Scripture; a spot is pointed out some miles beyond Aricia, named the Three Taverns (*tribus tavernis*). The verse in the Acts instantly recurs to the memory. We think of the great Apostle who trod this path, and who helped to found a religion in the west, which has extinguished paganism, and will overspread the world.

Catching a view of Genzano, another town romantically placed on a hill, we reached Velletri (famous for a sound wine) known as the ancient Velitræ, and as the place where that consummate hypocrite, Augustus Cæsar, was born. The accommodations are here tolerable: a venerable old lady acted with dignity as housemaid—sister, I presume to the

hag at Radicofani. The invalid must be indeed ill-tempered, who is not, soothed, nay delighted, travelling through such a country as this; pleasing thoughts, even school-boy recollections dispel gloom, and fill the mind with bright hopes.

The country around Velletri is agreeably diversified, tolerably cultivated, and naturally rich. In two hours we reach Treponti, near the edge of the Pontine marshes. Governments change, but the physical aspect of the country remains unaltered; and pretty much as they were two thousand years ago, the Pontine marshes are now. Their dismal appearance is exaggerated; and as to any pestilential malaria, in the months of January and March, it cannot affect the traveller. I breathed freely, walked firmly, and ate heartily; and as to smell, give me the Pontine marshes, in preference to many a spot in Rome itself, where the odours do not savour of Arabia. The day was soft, clear, warm; all nature was gilded by the rays of a sun which we felt and beheld with delight. Surely, we exclaimed, this must be June, not January; but January it was, and into the marshes we plunged; that is, drove smoothly along the best road in Italy, well made, well kept, planted with trees on either side, and having a canal parallel to the road for twenty miles, whose ditch-like waters were burthened with few boats. Monotonous the road is, but not disagreeable. From the earliest period in history this vast district was unwholesome, and continued more or less so, notwithstanding the boasted efforts of the Roman emperors. The prodigious energy of the ancients, assisted by slaves and a numerous population, overcame many obstacles, and reduced to cultivation large tracts then inhabited, now desolate. But whenever their labours were relaxed, nature resumed her sway, and the Pontine marshes became a pestilential waste. The extent of these humid plains in length is 42,000 metres, in breadth 18,000. Appius constructed his road right through the marshes, and it is well remarked, that the soil must then have had a great degree of consistence, to support the pressure of his enormous causeway; but it was not equally so, as the censor had to turn from his right line to avoid slimy spots; and it is observable, that whenever his successors adopted a different line from that of Appius, they went wrong. There were

several stations on this famous road, as the Forum Appii, Tres Tabernæ, Ad Medias: these were no doubt market towns. At Forum Appii, Horace arrived towards evening of the second day of his journey, having accomplished from Aricia twenty-seven miles.

"The night o'er earth had spread her dusky shade,
And through the heavens her starry train display'd."

The poet went on board the canal boat tugged by a mule, at night, but I can well believe his slumbers were not profound.

"The fenny frogs, with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats loud buzzing drive away our sleep."

If the canal of Horace resembled that which I saw, I cannot conceive a more disagreeable voyage than his; and we can understand the refreshment it afforded our poet, after such a passage, to bathe in the bright waters of Feronia.

"Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha."

The place now called Foro Appio in the Pontine marshes, is a miserable habitation almost in ruins. There we stopped to refresh our horses; the *padrone* had gone to mass to a neighbouring barn, and taken the key of his delightful abode with him. Our walk enabled us to catch the character of the surrounding flats; unhealthy they must be, for the people who crawled out of their miserable hovels had a pallid aspect. Here again were we reminded of Saint Paul, who probably at this very spot was met by the brethren, "whom when he saw he thanked God and took courage." None so truly great ever trod this path before or since.

The road we now travel was the work of Pope Pius VI. The Pontine marshes belong to the apostolic chamber. Pius VI. before commencing their drainage indemnified those who had the right of pasturage thereon, but he afterwards committed a fatal blunder in giving the drained ground on perpetual leases to a few great individuals. Of the 40,000 acres partially drained, 7,000 are capable of tillage, and the remainder being fit for rice, Indian corn, meadows, &c. The road, however, was a more successful undertaking; a great

and useful work: along its smooth surface we pleasantly drove some eighteen miles to Terracina.

At Terracina the magnificence of the south burst upon our eyes: a lofty rock overhangs the town facing the blue waters of the Mediterranean: on its summit Theodoric the Goth built a palace, showing that his taste was equal to his genius in government. Palm-trees, the cactus, aloes, myrtles, flourish in luxuriant profusion. An inviting road stretches along the shore. Sauntering for a mile from the town, I felt the delicious climate of Italy, and beheld a sunset so glorious, that the pencil of Claude could but faintly delineate its splendour. Unluckily a drawback occurred to our happiness. Returning to our hotel we met the convicts (some hundreds) coming from their daily task; they were chained to each other, guarded by a troop of soldiers; so dreadful a band of ferocious criminals I never beheld—the spectacle was appalling. The worst convicts are sent to Terracina to labour in the harbour.

The hotel is judiciously built on the edge of the shore, so the traveller may be lulled to repose by the music of the waves. The moon lit up the starry sky with her gentle lustre, and more than once we flung wide the casement, to enjoy a view of the Mediterranean by moonlight. At our modest meal, I opened the delightful volume of Mr. Rogers, and read with pleasure his remarks on the advantages of travel, as kindly and charitable as they are wise.

*5th January.*—The road from Terracina winds for two miles along the Mediterranean, which is on the right, then ascends to the left the mountains leading to Fondi, through groves of olives affording a pleasant shade from the rays of the sun. Fondi, formerly Fundi, is an abominable town, inhabited by a fierce people, who resemble, and no doubt many of them are, brigands; and, if judged of by their countenances, would stiletto the stranger for a ducat. All the officials, down to the soldiers on guard, extorted their customary bribe. Did modern Fondi resemble the ancient Fundi, I can comprehend why Horace, although loving repose, hurried through it in contempt. Crossing the line of hills anciently known as the Cæcubus Ager, we descended through a beautiful country towards the lovely bay of Gaeta. There are few scenes even in Italy, com-

parable with this. We have here a full view of the Mediterranean: Gaeta, picturesquely situated on the steep promontory which encloses the bay, is crowned by a circular Roman tomb called the Tower of Orlando — the ancient Cajeta, memorable as having received the urn containing the remains of the foster-mother of Æneas. The shore of the bay towards this bold promontory, is lined with bright-looking villages; the blue waters of the Mediterranean undisturbed by a breath, sparkled in the sun; the sky above was serene and brilliant; the trees in the orange groves around were loaded with inviting fruit; all nature was luxuriant. To a stranger from the cold North, in such a season of the year, this seems a fairy land. But the supreme glory of these heights, is an object not to be approached with any feelings but those of deep melancholy and tender regret—Cicero's tomb—a ruined sepulchre consisting of a circular tower standing on what is now a vineyard on the side of the road above the coast, and overhung by a carob-tree, is pointed out as the orator's tomb. The sepulchre is unquestionably that of a Roman of distinction; its general structure is not unlike that of Pompey's, already mentioned; for whomsoever built it was meant to last for ages. What adds to the probability of this being the sepulchre of Tully is, that we are on the site of the ancient town of Formiæ, and we know that here lay one of the most delightful of Cicero's villas—that he fled from Rome when the cause of freedom perished, and that near Formiæ he was murdered by assassins despatched by Mark Antony. His head was carried to Rome to glut the vengeance of the tyrant; but his body may not improbably have been buried here where it lay a mangled corse; and in better times a suitable tomb may have been raised on the spot which Cicero would himself have chosen for the purpose. I entered the vineyard, approached the sepulchre of departed greatness (for I surrendered my mind to the full belief that I was beside the grave of Cicero) and surveyed the ruin with affectionate sorrow. I then ascended the outside of the sepulchre—it is broken, so that we may scramble up without difficulty and I mused on the past; indulging the hope that the spirit of Tully enjoyed the pure felicity that

in life he coveted for his hereafter, with the great lights of the world "*Et mehercule tu Catone.*"

What an ignoble death did the scholar, orator, patriot, and philosopher meet! and yet it was worthier of Cicero, than the suicide of Brutus, of Cassius, or of Cato. Middleton says the orator died with Roman firmness; he ought to have perished, exclaiming to Antony in his own noble words—

"Contempsi Catilinæ gladios non pertimescam tuos."

The drive to Saint Agatha passes through a delightful country, a cultivated plain southward of the Gulf of Gaeta, intersected by one of the best roads in Europe, constructed of limestone and smooth as a table; nor was this fine country destitute of noble remains of antiquity. About nine miles from Mola, we passed a long line of arches of an aqueduct constructed perhaps 2000 years ago, a ruin now, but what is left of this great work of utility seems likely to stand for ages, a memorial of the labours and civilisation of a great people We also passed the ruins of an amphitheatre, and the fragments of a theatre, which indicate the ancient town of Minturnæ celebrated for the adventures of Marius. I recommend the traveller to avoid Saint Agatha, for the inn is cold and cheerless, while those at Mola and Terracina are excellent for Italy. The Albergo in Capua was unmatched in all Italy for everything abominable; the odours which assailed the traveller in descending to the entrance, would have discomposed the nerves of the firmest Scotchman. This town must surely have contained more luxuries when it corrupted the soldiers of Hannibal than it does now. There is a railway open from Capua to Naples, which the traveller ought to take, as the road is broken and neglected. The cultivation of the surrounding country continued very superior to that of the Papal States; we saw rich crops of grain, with mulberry or orange trees thickly planted everywhere through the fields. At last we stopped before the gate of Naples; the douaniers made their appearance to extort, the meaner officers to beg—I bribed as usual, and got on by five o'clock into the city.

## CHAP. XXXII.

Naples.—The Chiaja.—The Villa Reale.—A Walk along the Shores of the Bay.—Neapolitans and Romans contrasted.—Out-of-doors Existence in Naples.—Lazzaroni Life.—The Monk and the Puppets. Particulars of Neapolitan Economy.—Character of the People.—Ancient Neapolis compared with modern Naples.

LET no man be induced to fix his residence elsewhere in Naples than on the Chiaja. If he chooses a dismal street in the interior of the city, bright summer is exchanged for gloomy winter. The Chiaja as a street or public walk, is unequalled in the world. It stretches in nearly a straight line along the shore of the Bay of Naples; the street is handsome and spacious, and lined with palaces; it is flagged all across with lava, except a wide horse-path. There are no houses on the side next the sea, and thus the view of the bay is uninterrupted. By the edge of that bay, between the pavement and the sea, is constructed the celebrated promenade, called the Villa Reale, running from one extremity to the other of the Chiaja; it is nearly a mile in length, with walks wide and pleasant, affording a grateful shade from every variety of tree suitable to the climate; fountains refresh the air, and the walks are adorned with statues and temples.

A very low broad wall separates the gardens from the strand, along which we may walk, gazing at the smoking Vesuvius, or the sunny waters of a bay which has no equal on earth. There is a little mole, which projects into the sea near the end of the walk, provided with seats judiciously placed so as to command the best view of the objects I have described. Here the Neapolitans lounge; those who are too lazy to walk, drive up and down the Chiaja at the fashionable hour, so that this quarter of the modern city presents a constant scene of gaiety and animation. The interior of the crowded metropolis boasts of one grand street, the Strada di Toledo, running from the shore in a straight line to the north; it is an English mile-and-half long, is regular, broad, and paved, the houses on either side being lofty and massive, and

having flat roofs. This is the street of business, and has an imposing effect in the eye of a foreigner.

There are several piazze; one spacious and elegant, before the king's palace, the others more attractive from the behaviour and amusements of the people always assembled in them, than from their construction. With respect to the rest of the streets in the city, they are straight but in general narrow, and without the least architectural beauty, or even design; they are always cheerless; and when it rains, filthy and almost impassable. Let the invalid therefore keep to the Chiaja; the active tourist will explore the shores of the bay, which present a surprising succession of novel and interesting objects, including Herculaneum, Pompeii, and the most astonishing phenomena in nature.

Standing on the beach, we perceive that Naples lies at the bottom of an amphitheatre, the buildings extending along the shore in a semi-circular form for a space of five miles. The bay is thirty miles in diameter, enclosed between two promontories, Sorrento to the south, and Cape Miseno to the north, and on the east it is sheltered by a noble range of mountains, covered with vineyards and luxuriant vegetation. The breadth of the entrance is about five leagues; it is distinguished on the north by the islands of Ischia and Procida, and towards the south-east by the celebrated Isle of Capri. This last prodigious cliff, which is about four miles from the point of the promontory of Sorrento, lies parallel to the mouth of the bay, and in some measure protects it.

There lie on our right, concealed from view by Posilippo, the picturesque isle of Nisida and the bay of Baiæ; while on our left Sorrento separates us from another spacious bay, that of Salerno. Projecting into the water near the harbour, is the fort of Castel dell' Uovo, a picturesque-looking object; beyond this fort is the mole, where all the loungers, idlers, fiddlers, and lazzaroni of Naples may be met. If we prolong our walk from the mole by the shore, turning from the fort called Del Carmine, we arrive at the market-place, where Masaniello began the insurrection which made him master of Naples. Vesuvius, with its double summit and fiery volcano, and the various towns, and villages, and vineyards between us and it, fill up our view. The lofty rock overhanging the city on the north, is crowned by the fort of Saint Elmo, and close to it is a very interesting Carthusian convent, which no

woman must enter. One of the finest views of Naples and of the bay is from this spot.

Before we set out however, let us glance at the people and their habits, more interesting to some than the brightest scenes in nature, or the choicest works of art. Housed in the Chiaja in a ducal palace, I was not a little entertained at making my contract with a veritable Neapolitan Duke, wedded to a relative of the unfortunate Murat, and of ancient Spanish descent. His Grace drew up a very long paper of twenty clauses for me to sign. If the windows were blown in by a storm, I was bound to replace them; and should any of my family die of consumption, the furniture was to be burned and replaced by new — this last clause is sanctioned by law. The Neapolitans believe, that the complaint of which the English so often die (consumption) is infectious; therefore they enforce the rule of burning the furniture in the apartment where the death has happened. I got an insight at once into the habits and condition of the nobility, so called, in Naples. The old feudal law was not after the expulsion of the French, restored here as it was in Rome, where the rules of primogeniture still prevail. Almost all the estates in Naples have been split up, and most of the nobility are poor; but, having preserved their palaces, many of them derive a large income by the somewhat undignified practice of letting out in compartments to English families the greater part of the palace, they living in an obscure corner. His Grace of —— occupies the ground floor on each side of the porch, while the whole of the building, up to the very top, is let out in the way I have mentioned. It is to us somewhat unusual to see an old man exhibit all the liveliness of youth, but in Paris and Naples the old men are as brisk as the young. The Duke, when he had secured his tenants, indulged in all the amusements of Naples — but he had peculiar tastes; in his small saloon he had six canaries and a few handsome cats, a case of books, from which he one day drew forth to me in triumph a French translation of Shakespeare, in order to prove his acquaintance with English literature. He kept a stock of little dogs, some of which he occasionally sold at a profit, and he had several pet rabbits in the court yard. Sometimes the porter and messenger were dressed in gaudy liveries, and appeared on a family coach, in which the Duke capered up and down the

Chiaja in holiday splendour. From what I could ascertain, six hundred-a-year of our money would be a fortune to a Neapolitan nobleman. Some few have still considerable incomes.

As regards the people, they are in all respects the reverse of the Romans, in look, manner, dress, disposition and civilisation; insomuch that it is difficult to believe them to belong to the same country; an union between races so different would seem to be impossible. The Romans are quiet in their streets, almost gloomy; the Neapolitans are in perpetual revelry. Naples seems ever in a carnival: it is scarcely possible to suppose that the people we behold appear in their real characters; the business of life is turned into a masquerade. The delightful climate in which they live may have much influence on the habits of the people; their want of education and of industry more. Crowded as Naples is, it appears to a stranger to possess a population exceeding that of London, for this reason—the whole mass of the inhabitants, man, woman, and child, rush with one consent into the streets in the morning, and continue there, shouting, grinning, dancing, or at their trades or occupations till night. Little real business all the while is done. Naples, for its size and importance, has less trade than any such city in the world. The people supply the want of business by noise and clamour.

Their dwellings are cheerless and wretched; when, therefore, the brilliant sun shines in the morning they pour down from their lanes and narrow streets into the broad Piazza, or the Chiaja, or the Mole. The men do any little work they get; the women bring their chairs and sit down and knit, or sew, or wash, or cleanse their hair in the streets*; while the juvenile lazzaroni, of whom I have reckoned one hundred in a short distance, tumble about in the dust, or roll an orange from one sewer to another — or if on the shore will dive for a farthing; and thus their intellectual day passes, not omitting their enjoyment of the animating exhibition of Pulcinella, a spectacle to be seen in all parts of Naples, and announced by a national air, highly musical. The lazzaroni, if in the term I may include fishermen, porters, messengers, &c., are physically a fine race, they

* Sunday is the favourite morning for this operation; I have sometimes seen three or four young women seated one behind the other engaged in this exciting occupation.

seem as if preparing to go to bed while pursuing their occupations in linen drawers and a nightcap; they disdain shoes or stockings. Their gait is an amble, between a walk and a run, and they are equally ready for playing or fighting. I believe their felicity to be complete, with maccaroni and Pulcinella. Punch is a very important personage in Naples; he dresses up and retails the drolleries of the day, he is the channel of the passing opinions, and could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. The fishermen who drag their nets at the end of the Villa Reale (dressed as described) will suddenly drop their rather profitless business, (the fish is small and scanty,) seat themselves on the beach, and play with dirty cards; their gravity during this sport being more ludicrous than their merriment. An amusing picture of street life in Naples is contained in the passage quoted from the Improvisatore:—

"Close beside this stood a little puppet theatre, and a still smaller one was erected before it, where Punchinello made his merry leaps, peeped, twirled himself about, and made his funny speeches. All round was laughter. Only very few paid attention to the monk who stood at the opposite corner and preached from one of the projecting steps. An old broad-shouldered fellow, who looked like a sailor, held the cross, on which was the picture of the Redeemer. The monk cast flaming glances at the wooden theatre of the puppets, which drew the attention of the people away from his speech. 'Is this Lent?' I heard him say, 'is this the time consecrated to Heaven? the time in which we should humble in the flesh — wander in sackcloth and in ashes? Carnival time is it? Carnival always, night and day, year out and year in, till you post down into the depths of hell! There you can twirl, there you can grin, can dance, and keep festive, in the eternal pool and torment of hell.' His voice raised itself more and more. The soft Neapolitan dialect rang in my ear like swaying verse, and the words melted melodiously one into another; but all the more his voice ascended, ascended also that of Punchinello, and he leaped all the more comically, and was all the more applauded by the people. Then the monk in a holy rage snatched the cross from the hand of the man who bore it, rushed forward with it, and exhibiting the crucifix, exclaimed, 'See, here is the true Punchinello! him shall you see, him shall you hear, for that you shall have eyes and ears, "Kyrie Eleison!"' And, impressed by the holy sign, the whole crowd dropped upon their knees, and exclaimed, in one voice, 'Kyrie Eleison!' Even the puppet-player let fall his Punchinello."

I may add some particulars of daily life. The cows are driven to the doors in the morning to be milked; nobody

would believe he got *milk*, otherwise. Herds of goats with bells are also twice every day driven into the city for the like purpose, while the national conveyance *(curriculo)* flies along the Chiaja, with a dozen people hanging on and around and behind it, all so balanced that one horse can draw it and gallop. No filth remains in the streets, for unlike the Romans, the Neapolitan gardeners employ lazzaroni to go about with asses, loaded with two deep pockets of strong matting at each side, into which they pack daily the offal of the city: they thus scour the streets effectually. There is gas, but it escapes; there are sewers, but they have no fall, being open to the bay when the wind blows from the south-east they are to some extent washed out; otherwise, as there are no tides, the consequences are not agreeable. There are volumes of dust, but never laid with water, and raised sometimes by sweeping. It results, that the higher your apartment is, the better, as well to escape these annoyances and the unceasing noise, as to secure the view.

I conceived a repugnance to the lower class of Neapolitan people which I could not overcome: their wild behaviour, incessant uproar, ignorance and superstition, disgust a stranger; while to an invalid the din of Naples is intolerable. A man may occasionally smile at the amusing follies of a light-hearted people, but it is not possible to behold the degradation of his fellow-creatures, and preserve a cheerful spirit.

Possibly the Neapolitans are not more wicked than the inhabitants of other parts of Italy; they are unquestionably more uncivilised, and there is an utter want of dignity in the mass of the nation, which may be taken as decisive evidence of moral degradation. For this mournful condition of the people, the government has much to answer.

It might be entertaining to compare for a moment ancient Neapolis with the modern city; the contrast is extraordinary. Naples was originally called Parthenope, from a syren of that name who was buried there. The Athenians having fixed a colony here, it was called a Greek city, and the name changed to Neapolis. It became one of the favourite retreats of the luxurious Romans, both because it preserved the manners, and it may be supposed the language of a Grecian colony, and because here they could escape the noise, and bustle, and business of Rome; accordingly, it has been

praised by the poets, and selected as a calm retreat, congenial to sentimental minds. Horace refers to it—

"Et otiosa credidit Neapolis!"

Virgil chose it as his residence, no doubt wisely. Statius sings the praises of Parthenope to his wife Claudia.

"Has ego te sedes———
———— transferre laboro:
Quas et mollis hiems, et frigida temperat æstas;
Quas imbelle fretum torpentibus alluit undis.
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti.
Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia leges
Norunt: jura viris solum, et sine fascibus, æquum.
Quid nunc magnificus species cultusque locorum,
Templaque, et innumeris spatia insterstincta columnis;
Et geminam molem nudi tectique theatri,
Et Capitolinis Quinquennia proxima lustris;
Quid laudem risus, libertatemque Menandri,
Quam Romanus honos et Graia licentia miscent?
Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ:
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima litora, Baias,
Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ
Dulce sit:"

We may however, infer from Tacitus, that Neapolis became corrupt (although it may not have been noisy) in the time of Nero: that monster retired thither after his most atrocious crime, and when thirsting for theatrical fame, fearing to expose himself in Rome, he selected Neapolis as a suitable place for the display of his vile talents.

Nor can we behold the lofty rock of Capri without a shudder.

"Who has not heard of Capreæ's guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?"

From the fourth and sixth books of Tacitus we learn, that the gloomy tyrant Tiberius chose Capri as his retreat, when business, the people, senate, Rome, and virtue itself, had become odious to his depraved mind. The climate attracted him, the beautiful landscapes pleased the monster. Capri was then covered with the luxurious villas of the tyrant, which were afterwards demolished by the indignant Romans; and it would be well for the honour of human nature, if the memory of Tiberius could be effaced from the page of history.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

### NAPLES.

The Climate.—Excursion to Pozzuoli.—The Lake of Agnano.—Virgil's Tomb.—The Phlegræan Fields.—Volcanic Formation of Monte Nuovo.—Baiæ and its Historical Associations.—Islands of Procida and Ischia.

To awaken every morning and behold the sun shining in a brilliant sky, and all nature gay, is exhilarating to the invalid. You are cheated into the belief that it is summer: an English January is not understood here. Fragrant violets are offered for sale at every corner; the orange trees, presenting their tempting fruit, persuade one to believe that grim winter has no power in this favoured region. Then the people, lightly clad, buzzing about and basking in the sun, and the shops adorned with flowers and filled with tempting fruit, induce the stranger to suppose there is in Naples a perpetual *fête*.

But if the climate be brilliant, it is deceptive. Allured by appearances I drove about in an open carriage on the Chiaja; but unwisely quitting this sunny and sheltered district, and passing the Tufa rock (the Chiatemone) which screens the Villa Reale from the chilling blasts sweeping down from the lower range of Vesuvius then covered with snow; I encountered a wind blowing keenly while the sun shone brightly, and the consequence was a sudden chill followed by a severe cold, which checked my rapture and reduced my strength. Alternately well and ill in Naples, I concluded, that whenever Rome suits, Naples disagrees with the invalid, and I was induced to quit the city, and visit at an earlier period of the season than usual, the islands in the bay and the places of most interest in this matchless neighbourhood.

Let us roam over the once famous district to the west of Naples, known by the name of the Phlegræan Fields. The drive up the Strada Nuova, (a continuation of the Chiaja,)

begun by the unfortunate Murat, and now completed—stretching along the shore and ascending the mountain towards Pozzuoli, is one of the most admired excursions. The prospect of the bay lined with white habitations, glittering in the sun, and of the burning mountain, becomes as you gain the higher elevation, more commanding. At the distance of three miles, an artificial cut 700 feet in length through the mountain, is entered, the extremity of which forms Cape Coroglio. Having emerged, a noble prospect bursts upon the view: the cultivated valley of Bagnoli, the gulf of Puteolano, the hills rising behind Pozzuoli, the rocky island of Nisida conically shaped, with fortified castle on its lofty summit; even Baiæ in the distance.

This portion of the Bay, not visible from the city, is only second to that of Naples, properly so called; and the best spot for the view is that whereon we have been standing. It is then very delightful to descend slowly on Naples, and enjoy the wonderful scene,—ruined castles, villas in the most picturesque situations, sometimes built on little promontories jutting into the sea, and again seated on the mountain above your head; all the varieties in the scenery even to Sorrento; the eye being seldom long withdrawn from Vesuvius spurting forth smoke and fire, not to be beheld without a sentiment of terror. We may however, agreeably diversify the route returning by the lake of Agnano, the Roman tunnel, and Virgil's Tomb. The waters of this lake abound in sulphur, and bubble up at the margin; it is singular in not having any streams either entering into or issuing from it, but is kept in motion by subterranean gases resembling the rise and fall of tides in the sea.

In the neighbourhood, Lucullus and other luxurious Romans had magnificent villas for the sake of baths, which the waters of the lake supplied. Nothing now remains of these proud edifices but substructures of bricks, the country around is desolate. There is in the vicinity of lake Agnano, a singular excavation, very ancient, called the Dogs' Cave, in which a disagreeable experiment is made for the pleasure of heartless spectators. The door of the cave is unlocked, and the atmosphere being impregnated with vapour invisible to the eye but the nature of which is not clearly

ascertained, an Italian speculator who keeps dogs for the purpose, seizes an unfortunate animal and thrusts it into the cave till it becomes after a few convulsions apparently lifeless; then, withdrawing the dog, flings it on the ground; in the fresh air the animal speedily recovers, and seems little the worse for the experiment. I saw a party of Neapolitans going to enjoy this spectacle. The owner of the dog dragged the reluctant animal to the cave. We turned aside in disgust. The air in this cave will extinguish a light, and prevent a pistol going off. Everything in this extraordinary region is out of the course of nature.

On our return homewards, we entered the tunnel bored by the Romans through the hill of Posilippo, (which separated Naples from Pozzuoli). This grotto, as it is sometimes called, resembles a natural more than an artificial passage under the hill, being the third, of a mile in length; and although lofty, is very dark. It is alarming to drive through it, for horses, mules, goats, carriages, and all kinds of conveyances going to and returning from the city, pass and repass at the same time; and the Neapolitans keep up a continual shout, which, with the other noises and the darkness, make it most disagreeable. Just as you escape into the open air, you scramble up a steep height, to reach what is pointed out as Virgil's Tomb. Walking through a vineyard, we arrived at what seemed a ruined mound, overgrown with the green plants of the country. This structure is not unlike the Roman tombs already mentioned; one chamber remains entire; we descended into it, and mused over the poet whose works, composed near this spot, have been the delight of succeeding ages. This chamber is stripped of ornament; a sarcophagus doubtless stood here, but has long since disappeared. That Virgil was buried hereabouts need not be doubted. The inscription that he wrote formerly placed on the tomb, and which may now be read on the adjacent wall, is in these words:—

> "Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces."

The expressions show that he was aware his ashes would be removed to this place.

Another and very agreeable excursion may be made to

the modern Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli. Prosecuting our drive from the extremity of the new cut spoken of, we descend towards the shore, having exactly opposite the curious Isle of Nisida, and the Lazaretto. A perfect level, on which the road runs by the sea, extends hence to Pozzuoli which is distant about five miles from Naples, and probably was in ancient times the larger city of the two. It lies on the edge of a little promontory jutting into the water, forming one extremity of the celebrated Bay of Baiæ, a steep hill rising up behind it. The situation is excellent, but the modern town has little to recommend it to the notice of the traveller. What was a flourishing seaport in Roman times, has now decayed into a miserable fishing-place, overspread with filth. The antiquities of the place are the temple of Serapis, a ruin in good preservation, attesting by its extent and magnificence the grandeur of the original building. It was not discovered till 1750; it is said to have been then nearly entire, and might instead of being despoiled, have been easily restored to its original state. Had the Government restored this temple, it would have been one of the most interesting monuments in Italy.

The Amphitheatre is in a surprising condition of preservation, although having suffered from an earthquake; it was capable of containing 45,000 persons, the most convincing proof of the extent and splendour of the ancient Puteoli. The guide showed the site of Cicero's villa. Unquestionably the orator seems to have possessed a greater number of luxurious villas than suited the character of a philosopher. The modern church of St. Proculus, who suffered martyrdom in the same year with the famous Januarius, is pointed out as the temple of Augustus. To reach this temple we must ascend through narrow streets, utterly abominable; those who prefer fresh air and the sea will find their way to what is called Caligula's Mole, but the approach to the bridge is more offensive than even the ascent to the church. When we reach the water's side, we see stretching over towards Baiæ the remains of thirteen piers out of twenty-five originally built, belonging to Caligula's Mole.

Addison insists that the mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's Bridge. Possibly on the spot where we are now standing, St. Paul landed; we read

in the Acts, "And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium; and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli."—What more interesting than to trace the progress of the mighty Apostle on his glorious mission, from this place to the Eternal City? Puteoli was an ancient Greek city, famous for its justice, whence it was called Dicæarchia: its name Puteoli was derived from the numerous hot and cold springs with which it abounded. The Romans saw its advantages for commercial purposes, improved the harbour, and made it a great naval station.

It seems the earth around Puteoli had the peculiar effect of hardening in the water, a quality which made it most serviceable in the construction of a mole, or any building whose foundations may have been laid in the sea. So vehement was the passion of the Romans for this now abandoned region, and so valuable the ground, that they thrust the foundations of their villas into the sea, affording an opportunity to Horace, in one of his elegant odes, to lash the vices of his countrymen.

February 19th and 20th.—Having exhausted the space round Naples and Pozzuoli, we are prepared to explore the extraordinary district which lies between this place and Baiæ, and push across to the islands of Procida and Ischia, which, from their situation and singular appearance, invite a visit. The morning had no resemblance to the bitter days of our ungenial spring; the sun shone brightly in the heavens, the waters of the bay sparkled under its beams, and the air was soft and delicious. The ground we traversed has been celebrated by poets, was the chosen residence of patriots and tyrants, and is remarkable also as having been torn by terrible convulsions of nature. The recollection of what this district was, populous and splendid, contrasted with its present aspect and condition, teaches an awful lesson. Rome preserves traces of her glory. All the proud monuments of grandeur in this region have been swept away. Cities have vanished, lakes have dried up, hills have been swallowed by the yawning earth, which again, as in wild sport, has shot forth little mountains from her heaving bosom. "The great winding-sheet of nature" has here

encompassed the earth in folds of destruction; earthquake after earthquake has ravaged this beautiful region, changing all things, even the climate. Poets naturally seized on this wonderful country as the appropriate scene for their Tartarus and their Elysium, for here was combined the awful with the beautiful.

Diverging from the shore, near the remains of Cicero's villa, we paused first before the Monte Nuovo, not far from Lake Avernus. This child of an earthquake (for such is the mountain thus appropriately named) is nearly round at the base, and narrows gradually as it rises in the form of a cone at the top; covered with verdure externally, it shows no proof of its volcanic birth. This new mountain was flung up in the great eruption of 1538.*

The Lake Avernus is the next object commanding our attention on this excursion, and beyond it, and nearer the sea, is Lake Lucrinus. Crossing a field from the road, and standing on an eminence, we look down on the Avernus which is now stripped of all its horrors, manifestly reposing in the crater of a volcano: the sun shining full upon its waters, the lake presented rather a light and pleasing view, its base being skirted with plantations, and its sides clothed with vineyards; nor is it any longer deserted by the feathered tribe. No description could be more unlike the modern Avernus, than that drawn by the poets; no more unsuitable spot in which to fix the infernal regions; nor

* The following is the account of the formation of this Monte Nuovo, by Pietro Giacomo di Toledo, quoted by Sir William Hamilton in his "Campi Phlegræi." The writer was, I believe, an eye-witness of the phenomenon.

"At last, about two hours in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiously, smoke, fire, stones, and mud composed of ashes; noise like thunder. The smoke was partly black, and partly white: the black was darker than darkness itself; and the white was like the whitest cotton. The stones that followed were by the devouring flames converted to pumice —which were much larger than an ox. The stones went as high as a cross-bow can carry, and then fell down, sometimes into the mouth itself. The mud was at first liquid, then by degrees less so, and in such quantities, than in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised of 1000 paces in height." This is the mountain we now see.

was there any unpleasant odour to warn us we had arrived —

"Ad fauces graveolentis Averni."

The shape of the lake is oval, and it is hardly one mile across. With respect to Lake Lucrinus, which lies beyond the Avernus and nearer to the sea, it is a mere pool of three or four acres in extent; its shores once crowded with villas, are now wholly destitute of interest.

Both these lakes were connected with the sea in the time of Julius Cæsar; Avernus, by the assistance of an earthquake is now half a mile distant, and Lucrinus, but a few yards from the beach, is connected with the sea by a sluice. As there is a considerable depth of water in each of these lakes, a good harbour might easily be formed by cutting a communication between them and the sea. Lucrinus was famous for shell-fish in the days of Horace. There are a few habitations along the once densely inhabited shore between Pozzuoli and Miseno. To get a view of the place in which Cumæ stood, we must ascend to an ancient ruined gateway called Arco Felice, which seems to have been the suitable approach towards a great city; scrambling up a steep short hill to the right of this porch, and crossing a vineyard, a complete view is caught of the plain which was wholly occupied by the city of Cumæ. This city was one of the earliest founded by the Greeks in Italy; flourished, and decayed, and even in Juvenal's time was called *Vacua Cuma*. In the days of Horace, Cumæ and Baiæ were alike celebrated for their baths. In our sight was the rock where stood the famous temple and oracle of the Cumean Apollo. Here the Sibyl gave forth her inspirations, and her grotto is still visible and visited. To the north of Cumæ stands the tower called the tomb of Scipio Africanus. Cumæ had a harbour formed by a lake which was made to communicate with the Avernus, but by a convulsion of nature the Cumean lake was separated from the Avernus, and having no communication with the sea, its waters have overspread the surrounding lands, changed them into a marsh, and infected the air.

Making a circuit, we descend towards Baiæ by the lake of Fusaro, which represents the Acherusian marsh; and certainly it must have changed wonderfully for the better since Virgil wrote, for a more agreable excursion there can-

not be than by its sunny shores. This lake communicates with the sea, its waters are salt, and it abounds in excellent oysters. At the extremity of Lake Fusaro is a pool, which some assert to be the ancient Cocytus—

"Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem."

Nothing terrified by the aspect of the Tartarean regions, we descended agreably to Baiæ, once a delightful retreat, the abode of fashion and pleasure; hither came the rulers of the world to recruit their strength and revive their spirits. The warm baths of Baiæ made it a luxurious city. It is now a ruin; even its salubrity has passed away. There are however, large remains of two temples, the one dedicated to Venus, the other to Mercury, while the fine old castle standing on a little promontory exactly opposite Pozzuoli, is a striking object in the bay whose beauty cannot be despoiled. Not far from the castle of Baiæ, and on the shore, is pointed out the tomb of Agrippina. Tacitus has told her mournful history; it is connected with this place—we cannot think of it without a shudder:—when Nero wished to despatch his mother, Anicetus his freedman in command of the fleet at Misenum, with diabolical ingenuity suggested the model of a ship on such a construction, that when at sea the timbers might fall asunder and crush Agrippina or plunge her to the bottom; her death would be ascribed to shipwreck.

"Nihil tam capax fortuitorum quam mare."

The stratagem delighted the monster; the infernal machine was constructed. Agrippina was invited to a villa called Bauli, between Misenum and the gulf of Baiæ, and her suspicions were soothed by the feigned affection of Nero, who at a late hour of the night attended her to the shore, and fondly bade her adieu. Delighting in aquatic excursions, she went on board with two domestics. The night was calm, the stars shone brightly in the sky, "*Noctem sideribus in lustrem et placido mari quietam quasi convincendum ad scelus, Dii præbuere.*" At a short distance from the shore the deck fell and crushed her attendant, but the props of her chamber being firm, saved herself and her companion; the latter exclaiming that she was the Emperor's mother, and invoking aid, was instantly beaten to

death with oars and poles. Agrippina silently eluded the assassins, plunged into the sea, and struggled towards the shore, was picked up and conveyed to her villa on the Lucrine lake, where she was afterwards murdered.

Hitherto we have crept along the shore of the bay; instead however of prolonging our route to the point of the promontory Cape Miseno, we must scramble over the promontory to visit the Elysian Fields, immortalised by the genius of Virgil. The Mare Morto, a shallow lake, the Lethe of the poets, must first be crossed. I tried to excite some classical enthusiasm in passing over this region; but although not destitute of beauty, the vineyards and the ground are so far excelled by other places in this lovely land, that we should wonder why even poets chose it as their Elysium, did we not know how changed the aspect of Nature is.

We were now at the edge of the sea, opposite Procida, for which island we gladly embarked in a four-oared barge. It will occupy an hour to row to this rocky isle, anciently called Prochyta. The rock is densely inhabited. The town is dirty, and when we escaped from its long and narrow streets, our walk lay between high walls which closed the view on both sides. Soon we caught a view of Ischia and the bay, joyfully re-entered our barque, and pulled for the volcanic isle. An hour's hard rowing brought us under the castle, still fortified, standing proudly on a high cliff jutting into the sea.

There was an appearance of business upon the quay of Ischia. We found that the hotel Sentinella, desirable for its situation and supposed comfort, was three miles distant; so mounting mules, and attended by our stout boatmen carrying our bags, we advanced cheerily under as bright a sun as ever gilded the horizon by its setting beams. Our ride was delightful; the bridle-path varied and romantic—now presenting scenes of almost tropical vegetation, and again, as we ascended the mountain, scenes of desolation—the lava shot from a volcano 500 years ago, looking fresh and lumpy, as if discharged yesterday. The delicious air, the novelty of the scene, and the magnificence and variety of the prospect, made us forget all fatigue, and exult in our

enjoyment. Bare existence here is bliss; moreover, to be permitted quietly to enjoy what we beheld (a thing utterly impossible in and around Naples) was no slight addition to our happiness. I should observe, that the people of Ischia, whether they preserve anything of their original Greek extraction or not, are wholly distinct in behaviour and dress, from the half savage lazzaroni of the capital, or the detestable race which block up the avenues to Vesuvius; there is a quietness about the Ischians peculiarly pleasing; moreover, they are handsome, virtuous, and industrious. We were rewarded for our fatigue, the situation of the hotel being in the most beautiful spot in the volcanic island. We were unexpected guests at this season. There were beds and maccaroni; little else. Beef had seldom been seen in Ischia; mutton or veal never in Lent. There was a fowl; I asked was it alive or dead? Living, was the reply. In an hour we tried to eat him, but were forced to revert to the maccaroni. But when did I before sleep so soundly! our fire was lit with myrtle wood, the floor was swept with brooms of myrtle; the vegetation was fresh as might be expected in gentle summer.

A glorious sun-rise summoned us from slumber. Having feasted on fish and coffee, we remounted our mules, and rode away through the island; our guides conducted us by bridle-paths over mountains fragrant with wild violets, myrtle, heath, and other luxuriant products of this delightful climate. We were then obliged to descend towards the coast guarded by the old castle. We passed fields of lava six centuries old, the land still suffering from the withering destruction of an eruption now so ancient. In one spot only did we see smoke issuing from the suppressed volcano, but the whole island looks as if shot up by a convulsion of nature from which it may again suffer. This volcanic isle anciently called Pithecusa, contains twenty-seven square miles, and is productive of rice, silk, excellent oil, wheat, and fruits. To vary our returning route, we rowed right across the bay, fourteen miles to Pozzuoli. The waters of the Mediterranean clear as crystal, sparkled in the sun, and we enjoyed the little voyage with a peculiar relish. Passing under Cape Miseno, I failed not to remember him who was the com-

panion of the mighty Hector, whose name the genius of Virgil stamped on the promontory before me, and which it will retain for ever.

> "At pius Eneas ingenti mole sepulchrum,
> Imponit suaque arma viro remumque tubamque,
> Monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo,
> Dicitur eternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."

## CHAP. XXXIV.

### EXCURSIONS FROM NAPLES.

#### Pompeii and Herculaneum.

We must restrain our curiosity, and before we visit the exhumed cities, devote some days to the examination of the Royal Museum and its rare contents. This museum is the chief object of attraction in Naples, and there is, or can be, no similar collection in the world. Let the traveller omit the churches, and when he can, visit the *Studii publici*, where the curiosities drawn from Herculaneum and Pompeii are spread before him in boundless profusion, and yet in the exactest order. The gallery of ancient paintings found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, is invaluable; the critics say, as to some of these paintings, that the composition is superior to the execution, while others assert that Raffaelle did not excel the frescoes more recently obtained in Pompeii. This latter assertion I disbelieve. It appears the collections got in Herculaneum are the most numerous, and certainly it is not possible to behold these frescoes without astonishment. They are fresh and vivid in outline, figure and execution, almost as when thrown off by the artist before the Christian era. It would be a laborious task to particularise these paintings, or to dwell on their peculiar excellencies. I believe they amount in number to nearly two thousand.

The galleries of ancient sculpture also contain many rare specimens of this art, in which the ancients must for ever continue to be our masters. In the last room stands the celebrated Toro Farnese, found in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla in Rome. This is an immense work of splendid sculpture, containing four full-sized human figures; the bull and one or two small figures not interfering with the action of the piece. The base on which this great work

rests, is adorned with sculptured animals of various kinds; some feeding, some hunting, others in the act of seizing their prey. The representation in marble is that of two intrepid youths holding back a bull with the most extraordinary energy and force; their attitudes full of muscular power and spirit. A woman, supposed to represent Dirce, nearly prostrate on the ground, is bound by the hair of her head to the horns of the bull, ready to be borne along in its mad career—to prevent which catastrophe, the youths, sons of Lycus King of Thebes, strive to restrain the furious animal. The fourth figure is that of a graceful female (Antiope), standing behind the bull, and apparently directing the young men to save by their strength the prostrate Dirce (whose face is full of terror) from destruction. The story illustrated by this great work is, that Antiope having cause to be jealous of Dirce, commands the youths to avenge her in the way the artist exemplifies; then repenting her severity, she enjoins her obedient sons to save the unfortunate object of her jealousy. This great piece of sculpture is not only larger, but in my opinion much grander, than the Laocoon of the Vatican. The Etruscan compartment is filled with antiquities of that curious people; vases, and bronze sculpture of animals, figures of men and children, in various actions and positions.

The library is a grand apartment containing 300,000 volumes. In another room are the Papyri, found in Herculaneum nearly a century ago. A vast deal has been written about them, but less has been done in their elucidation than was expected. The volumes actually published of the unrolled Papyri, deciphered by an ingenious but tedious process, have rather lulled than raised the curiosity of the learned. The English government bestowed a considerable sum of money and labour on the task of restoring these long-buried manuscripts; but the exertions of their agents have not been crowned with much success. The apartment in the museum containing the kitchen furniture of Pompeii is well furnished, and the examination of it most entertaining; we have saucepans of many shapes, resembling those which may be in use for the delicate French cookery of the present day. The scales for small weights, the jugs and other vessels, are not dissimilar to ours. There was an immense

variety in their lamps and candelabras in form and decoration; some of their small lamps, very elegant in execution and design, are copied in the shops of Naples. Their vases were of the shape so commonly seen in almost every museum on the continent; a fine lady's toilet was discovered, with all sorts of knick-knackery, and a large supply of short broad bottles, containing cosmetics, rouge, and whatever could minister to female vanity.

Having seen the contents of the houses in Pompeii, we must now see the houses themselves. The best account (because that of an eye-witness) of the volcanic catastrophe which overwhelmed the devoted cities, is given by the younger Pliny, in his well-known letters to the historian Tacitus. The elder Pliny was in command of the fleet at Misenum, and when the eruption broke out sailed across the bay to Stabiæ, the modern Castellamare, to succour the terrified inhabitants in escaping, and was himself when near the shore suffocated by the ashes which fell upon him; possibly his corpulency impeded his movement and hastened his fate. The letters were written by the younger Pliny, who remained at Misenum and graphically described the awful scene. This was not however, the first disaster which had overtaken Pompeii. In the fifteenth book of Tacitus it is mentioned—"*Et motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum, Pompei magnâ ex parte proruit.*" Many proofs of this earthquake are visible through the city.

There are two modes of approaching Pompeii: one by railway; the guide conducted me from the station to the quarter of the city by which we ought to make our exit, because it was most convenient for him. Inquiring for the Street of Tombs, I discovered the artifice, and made a very fatiguing circuit, in order to enter Pompeii by its Appian Way. What is now called the Street of Tombs is outside the city, and forms an approach equally affecting and solemn. There is something deeply interesting in the fact, that the nations of Rome and Greece in the midst of life, desired to be reminded of death: their respect for the dead was unbounded. We would shrink from making an approach to a great city by a thoroughfare lined with tombs; yet it seems not inappropriate to present to the public eye the monuments of those who exalted their country. The street of Tombs at Pompeii

is wholly unlike the present condition of the Via Appia: in the latter but a few memorials remain; in the former, although some of the monuments are mutilated, they stand nearly as originally placed. There is a great variety also in their shape and construction: we have the cippus, which could not have contained a body; again, a short monumental pillar; then a family tomb; next, such a columbaria as we have already described in Rome; lastly, cenotaphs with inscriptions still legible, and whether owing to the climate or to the light nature of the ashes which covered them, these monuments look fresher than those erected one month in the modern cemeteries under our gloomy sky.

It seems strange, that the gay people of Pompeii should have made a principal entrance to their city, by a road lined with the monuments of their dead. But it is remarkable, that amidst these tombs stands one of the most interesting houses in Pompeii—the villa of Diomedes. This spacious habitation is built on the slope of a hill, the doorway elevated five or six feet above the street, so that there is a space at the back of the house for an extensive suite of rooms between the level of the peristyle and the surface of the ground. The order of the peristyle is very elegant. The columns, their capitals and entablatures, and the paintings on the walls are in good preservation; the apartments are numerous. Two rooms, most agreeably situated at either end of a long gallery looking out upon the upper terraces of the garden, command a view of the whole gulf of Naples to Sorrento and the island of Capri.

In one of the apartments appropriated to the luxury of the bath, four panes of glass about six inches square, were found in the window.

Under the portico, and on a level with the garden, are several rooms supposed to have been the summer residence of the family, from their refreshing coolness. They are peculiar in possessing vaulted ceilings richly painted, as few ceilings were found in Pompeii; these paintings, and those on the walls, are fast fading. The garden is spacious; near the gate was found a skeleton, supposed to be that of the proprietor, and beside him a bunch of keys and a bag of money — a miserable satire on human nature! In the subterranean vaults where wine and oil were

stored, and to which a staircase led from the house, were discovered huddled up together the skeletons of seventeen persons covered by a mass of ashes of extreme fineness, supposed to have slowly entered by the vent-holes, and thus consumed the victims with lingering torments. The breast and neck of a girl, said to display extraordinary beauty of form, and the very texture of the dress in which she was clothed, so fine as to be taken for gauze, were distinctly impressed on this winding-sheet of death. On other fragments were visible the impression of jewels worn on the neck and arms; jewels were also found. Two of the skeletons were those of children. The city gate called that of Herculaneum, is not lofty or imposing; but we must remember, Pompeii was but a second-rate city at best. Here in his stone sentry-box was found the skeleton of a soldier on guard, whose spear and helmet have been preserved.

The streets are very narrow and gloomy; marks of carriage-wheels are still visible, there is a raised pathway, and huge stepping-stones are laid down to assist in crossing at convenient places. The widest of the streets is not 30 feet across, and there are not many in which it would be possible for two *bigæ* *, if they met, to pass each other. The houses we visited are named either after the articles found therein, the paintings on the walls, the person who directed the excavation, or from some other accidental circumstance: and throughout the streets are seen signs over the shops, indicating the trades pursued within; for example, two men carrying an amphora or vase for wine, probably served as a sign for a wine-shop—a goat, denoted the vendor of milk—and an amusing painting of one boy hoisted upon another's back undergoing a flagellation, was no doubt, a *striking* illustration of the schoolmaster within. If the reader can imagine himself walking through a street wherein the tops of the houses were cut off, he will have a good idea of Pompeii. The habitations were low, and fronted by a dead wall, which gave them a cheerless and even repulsive aspect, not unlike many to be seen in Italy at the present day.

The Forum was more than 400 yards distant from the Herculaneum gate. We must stop to examine some of the principal dwellings, such as the house of the *surgeon*, so

* Two-horse chariot.

styled from the quantity of surgical instruments found therein, most of them made of bronze. It is an amusing fact, that a box of pills was discovered in Pompeii—curious evidence of the antiquity of the apothecary's art; a loaf was found with the baker's name stamped upon it. The houses of the tragic poet, of Sallust, of Pansa, of the great and little fountain in the Strada Mercurio both of which are kept locked to preserve the mosaics ornamental frescoes, &c. must also be examined; as likewise the house of the *Faun*, where there is a marble sphynx, and some beautiful mosaics; amongst others, that of a dove drawing a bracelet from a box. There are many more deserving a visit, such as that called after the French general, Championnet, in whose time a good deal was effected by the French in excavating Pompeii.

The house of Pansa occupies a space of some 300 feet square. The plan of this building is common to all the rest; a door close to the street leads through a little vestibule into the atrium—a marble hall nearly square, with a basin of water in the centre. Several small chambers are on the right and left as you enter the atrium, also recesses for seats. Decorations were lavished on this the public division of the habitation—frescoes, paintings, marble pavements, mosaics, and statues—and we may assume flowers, with a cooling fountain: a great deal of ornament is here crowded into a small space. We next are conducted through the tablinum into the peristyle, which is exactly opposite the outer door. The peristyle is handsome, spacious, adorned with pillars, a colonnade, having in the centre another basin of water. On each side were the sleeping-rooms, small and dark: the kitchen is at the end of the peristyle on your left. A curious religious painting was here found, representing the worship offered to the Lares, under whose protection and custody the provisions and all the cooking utensils were placed. The stove in the kitchen is much like those charcoal stoves used in the present day. Nearly opposite the kitchen was the triclinium, or banqueting room. Passing on, still in a straight line from the door, we came to a portico separating us from the garden, which closed in the whole dwelling. This garden could not have been very spacious, but it was ornamental, and adorned with

statues and a refreshing fountain. It will be seen from this description, that the apartments of a house belonging to a person of distinction were all on the ground floor. Around this building were chambers let as shops, like those we see at the present day, composed of walls with the front open to the streets; one was occupied by a baker, as the implements of his trade were discovered. These shops had separate entrances from the side street, so as not to interfere with the privacy of the mansion.

Not inferior in interest to the house of Pansa is that of Sallust, in the street leading from the gate of Herculaneum to the Forum. Though of small proportion, the several rooms to the right of the atrium were peculiarly elegant; two of these cabinets were paved with marble, the walls partly lined with the same material, and adorned with admirable paintings still in good preservation. A niche contained an image, a gold vase, and twelve bronze medals of the reign of Vespasian; and near this spot were found eight small bronze pillars, supposed to have formed part of a bed. A beautiful fresco of Actæon covers nearly the whole wall of the court. In the adjoining lane, four skeletons were discovered, apparently a female and her attendant slaves; perhaps the occupants of this elegant apartment. Near her lay several ornaments of gold, and five massive bracelets. I visited with increased interest a large house recently excavated; the paintings, as might be supposed, were fresh and brilliant. The walls were chiefly covered with drawings of animals, lions, tigers, bulls, horses, and wild beasts in pursuit of their prey. A Neapolitan artist was copying them accurately. This is generally done immediately after the excavation is finished. There are now 100 houses uncovered.

We next proceeded to visit the excavations actually making; there was unusual bustle amongst the officials, for the Empress of Russia was expected, and a house was clearing out for her inspection. A workman dug up in my presence a little sphynx in terra cotta, then threw down his spade, wiped with a wet cloth the wall from which the ashes were shovelled, and showed us paintings similar to those we had just seen.

Pompeii was not destroyed by an eruption of lava, but by a suffocating shower of soft fine ashes, cinders, and liquid matter, which in the course of a week covered the city,

penetrating every dwelling, and filling up every crevice. The consistence of the matter and its nature, accounts for the preservation of the buildings and their contents; and the length of time which it must have required to cover Pompeii with twelve feet of ashes, enabled the majority of the inhabitants to escape, although numbers must have perished. The skulls of skeletons were found in the streets, which had been fractured by big stones projected from Vesuvius, five miles distant.

Among the public buildings are baths in admirable preservation; they are spacious, decorated, and arranged in excellent taste. The circular apartment is specially deserving of attention; paintings, frescoes, and carved figures adorned it, and glass windows were found there, as were glass utensils in the city.

The theatres are perfect in form; the seats and stage remain; perhaps the inhabitants giddy in pursuit of pleasure, were here seated under a brilliant sky when the earth rocked beneath, or the volcano burst upon their heads. One theatre, the largest, was without a roof originally, and may have held about 5000 persons. There are no remains of the marble which is said to have adorned it. The small theatre in the same quarter of the city was roofed. The amphitheatre is at some distance, and would contain 10,000 persons. The public buildings, the temples, theatres, basilica, market, are clustered around the forum. This area, which was covered with slabs of marble, presents the grandest view to be seen in Pompeii. Here are columns—some entire, others broken, some standing, others prostrate —ruined temples and pedestals, and at the north-east corner a triumphal arch. On the right, as you enter the Forum, stand the majestic ruins of the temple of Jupiter; to which you ascend by a flight of steps, and seated on the platform in front of the portico, survey the whole — repeople it with the votaries of pleasure or superstition, or the angry litigants pressing to the hall of justice — and gaze upon the volcano which overwhelmed them.

Crossing the forum to our left, we reach a building kept locked, and fancifully called the Pantheon; it is curious in this respect, that in the centre stand twelve pillars around an altar; in the row of buildings within this enclosure were

lodged the priests, a numerous body of impostors. Walking to the extremity of the Forum, and turning to our right, we come to the ruins of the Basilica, or hall of justice. The size of this building astonished me; it is 230 feet long and 80 broad, of magnificent dimensions, sustained by splendid columns, with the Prætor's throne still visible. Here we have an example in a provincial town of the empire, of a hall of justice such as exists not in the length of the Peninsula in modern times. Justice anciently did really exist, and was administered with purity and with external splendour.

The little temple of Isis is more interesting — it is complete in form, divisions, and arrangement. I relished the visit exceedingly, because I got from behind into the secret shrine where the crafty priests played off their rogueries upon the people. A number of articles appertaining to the worship of Isis were discovered, and the skeleton of a priest, who clutched in his knavish hand a bag of money — his god — while he left behind the sacred things of Isis, whose virtues doubtless he thoroughly understood. Near this temple several skeletons were found, which proves that the worship of Isis was popular; her statue was discovered, and it is evident that her priests met the fate they deserved. A third part of Pompeii is now restored to light, and wants but the people to complete the reality of a city.

You pass from the theatres into a spacious market, and leave the city by the gate nearest the railway. With respect to the size of Pompeii, its greatest length was not a mile, its breadth half a mile, its area about 160 acres. It was protected by a wall and six gates. Its situation was excellent, close to the sea-shore. The guide will point out to the stranger rings to which vessels, he says, were moored; the ruined city is now half a mile inland, and the river Sarnus is dwindled to a rill. These changes, however great, are not surprising, considering the nature of the soil, and the revolutions it has undergone. It surprised me to find so few persons visiting Pompeii, remembering we were near to one of the most populous cities in the world; but the Neapolitans would not relish the profound silence, the death-like solitude, of the Street of Tombs; we turn each corner, almost expecting the dis-

embodied spirits to present their shadowy forms, and reproach us for intruding on their solitary domains. It is not possible to feel cheerful in Pompeii; whatever we behold in this strange place reminds us of an awful catastrophe. We look up to Vesuvius, and lo, the volcano still vomits forth its burning lava, hot stones, and ashes. We know not whether the fair cities at its base may not be overwhelmed as Herculaneum was, by a fiery torrent. The natural phenomena engross our attention; we gaze on the brilliant sky, the beautiful bay, the voluptuous city; we examine with interest the curious objects of exhumed Pompeii, but to Vesuvius we again and again turn with wonder and with terror.

Herculaneum presents to the eye but little, in comparison with Pompeii; yet, what we do see in the open air because not extensive, is more accurately examined and remembered. Descending as if into a square garden, we have before us all on which the light of heaven shines. Even after Pompeii, the remains of the few houses, with their frescoes and paintings, are deeply interesting. When unequal to the fatigue of traversing the streets of Pompeii, this remnant of Herculaneum afforded an agreeable substitute. The theatre, many feet underneath the town of Portici, is the chief object of attraction. A gallery or subterranean passage has been cut through the mass of matter which overwhelmed Herculaneum, along which, by the help of torches, we grope our way till we reach the orchestra. The seats and form of this vast theatre are visible. Many valuable statues were here discovered, and also some admirable pieces of sculpture.

Very extensive excavations have been made since 1713 when Herculaneum was discovered: the most successful in the time of Charles, King of Spain. The museum of Naples was furnished by these discoveries with a prodigious variety of all the ornamental and useful articles of life; and also, as already remarked, with the Papyri manuscripts. When the treasures of antiquity were extracted, the excavations were again filled up, except those preserving the approach to the benches of the theatre. The mass of matter we actually see pressing down the city of Herculaneum, is a dark grey stone, brittle, and easily cut through; and as it did not

adhere to foreign bodies, marbles and bronzes were preserved; it is said, that exact models of statues were frequently found in this composition. Herculaneum may have suffered from the eruption which buried Pompeii, but torrents of lava from subsequent eruptions which it is impossible to remove, have covered the unfortunate city to a depth of from 70 to 112 feet. Portici is built over Herculaneum, no doubt in ignorance of its site.

## CHAP. XXXV.

Ascent of Vesuvius.—The appearance of the Volcano from Naples.—Base of the Cone.—Experiments in the Molten Lava.—Eruptions.—Projectile Power of the Volcano.—Changes in the Size and Formation of Vesuvius.—A certain Mode of checking an Eruption.—Sir William Hamilton's Theory of the Origin and Growth of Volcanic Mountains.

THE ascent of Vesuvius I hesitated to venture on, fearing want of strength for the task; but tempted by a cheerful party on a summer day in February, I set out on an excursion which promised both pleasure and instruction. During my residence in Naples, I never retired to rest without gazing from the balcony on Vesuvius; it ceased not to vomit forth fiery matter, and at night the volcano appeared in its terrible grandeur, shooting up from the summit a bright flame, while down the side flowed a narrow stream of lava which in the darkness appeared like molten gold trickling from the crater. The beautiful villas, smiling vineyards, and flourishing towns, near and around the burning mountain, may in a moment be involved in destruction.

It is eight miles from Naples to the base of the cone of Vesuvius; we drive above five miles, and then meet the horses which are to convey us as far as they can safely go. The base of the mountain is covered by the vineyards which produce the pleasant wine called Lachrymæ Christi.

The ascent at first is gradual, and there is time and opportunity to look about: villages, solitary houses, vineyards are passed, and we turn into what may be properly described as a vast field of lava. Suddenly we are in the midst of arid desolation; the change is startling. The ground we now tread was fertile as that behind us; it has been for ever withered, not a green thing is visible: all the works of man and productions of nature have alike been blasted.

The colour of the lava, which lies in ugly heaps over the ground through which our path winds, varies in proportion to its age; the older it is, the more earthy is its appearance. The activity of Vesuvius far exceeds that of Ætna; there were great eruptions in 1794, 1805, 1813, 1822, 1831; and while I was in its contiguity, smoke, more generally flame and volleys of ignited stone were projected into the air. Flashes of lightning vary the darkness of the smoke, while sulphureous vapours are emitted. Sometimes lava is poured out from the crater of the volcano; at other times the fiery liquid cannot boil up to its mouth, but bursts forth from cavities in the flank of the mountain and pours into the plain as we see at the present moment. The lava moves slowly, but with irresistible force,—when congealed as it is in the tracks we now traverse, it becomes hard and heavy like lumps of frozen mud. Lava annihilates every particle of vegetable matter it touches, being impregnated with sulphuric and muriatic acid.

It is possible by a circuitous route, to drive up to the Hermitage where parties generally rest and refresh themselves on their descent; but this approach deprives the stranger of the interesting ride through the fields of lava, more appropriate in ascending a volcanic mountain. Having reached the Hermitage, we must soon conclude our ride and toil over a rugged path, to the base of the cone of Vesuvius. Here a difficulty would arise to individuals who like myself could not undergo the fatigue; but a simple contrivance has been resorted to, namely, an arm-chair resting on poles, which borne by four stout porters, carries the invalid in safety, though certainly not in ease, to the summit. About a mile from the station alluded to, guides, and porters with the chairs were awaiting us. Looking up, we perceived that the steep sides of the mountain were covered thickly with ashes, and the foot sank deep into the soft yielding mass. The labour of ploughing through it is very great; the strongest young men of our party frequently sank down. For myself, seated in the chair, I was dragged up for a time quietly enough, till two half-naked fellows rushed forward, laid hold of the poles, and tried to wrest them from my leaders. A fight began, each ruffian had a stick, which he applied with such violence to the head of

his opponent, that blood spouted forth. I laid on the combatants with my cane; no more regard was paid to me than though I were a lump of lava in the chair, tossed about according to the fluctuations of the contest. The battle ended, the rascals bound handkerchiefs round their heads, and proceeded during the remainder of the ascent peaceably. They are liberally paid for three quarters of an hour's work, hence arose the battle for possession of the stranger, which I was informed was quite a usual occurrence. When it was possible to look about, I perceived the face of the mountain to our right was covered with lava, lying in broken masses, over which one or two individuals slowly picked their way. The lazzaroni prefer toiling up through the ashes, which covered that part on which we were. Near the summit were soldiers with fixed bayonets, placed as a guard, and absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace, if not of life.

Deposited to my great joy on the edge of the ascent, I felt a great heat without perceiving any immediate cause for it. A person thrust into my hand a stout white stick, and demanded a paul; he then took it from me, ran a little way, and pushing it into the lava, drew it out on fire. We were now walking over an extensive plain of lava: the colour of that near me was black, but on thrusting the stick down, it yielded easily to the pressure, and the red fire appeared through the orifice. A little further on, the lava was moving very slowly like thick mud rolling down the hill. Fields of hot lava must be crossed to get to the inner and upper base of the cone, and in some places the heat was oppressive. There were little elevations scattered over this plain, on which the guides would lead us to stand and look around. A number of professional beggars persecute the stranger, and prevent his enjoyment of one moment's peace. Some roast eggs in the lava; others dip a coin and raise it imbedded in the volcanic matter, which soon hardens like a crust, retaining the coin firmly. Others thrust in sticks, and brandish them in the air on fire; whilst some drag you to look through a crevice at the fiery matter underneath.

At length we approached the crater, the ascent to which seems as if covered with cinders, brick-dust, and rubbish; in fact, the sugar-loaf mountain we so greatly admire from afar,

when we walk upon it loses all its beauty. But what a phenomenon was now before us! every instant there shot forth columns of smoke, then flame, then volleys of red stones were hurled into the air! The sound which accompanied these eruptions was like a thundering underneath the awful mountain. Sometimes I thought a huge bellows was at work, or an immense steam-engine in motion. The fiery matter was projected straight up into the air; there was not a breath of wind, and the greater part of the ignited stones seemed to fall back into the yawning cavern. It is not possible in such a scene to divest the mind of a sensation of terror; thousands have visited this volcano in safety, yet might a sudden destruction overtake us where we presumptuously stood, in one instant. The fate of Pompeii recurred to our minds; and the ruin of the flourishing towns now lying around the base of the volcano, and provoking their fate, seemed not merely possible but probable. None of our party peeped into the crater, nor did the guides then recommend it.

The projectile power of this volcano is prodigious; it is said that large stones have been cast to the height of nearly 4000 feet above the crater; and no doubt, in the masses of lava we now see lying about, pieces of stone are often involved and hardened; many of the lumps are so much larger than the rest as to resemble rocks. The mountain has two summits, one only of which is properly Vesuvius, the other Somma; and many think that what we call Somma was the ancient Vesuvius. It is during the ascent that we perfectly see the two summits and their relative proportions. Although it is so tedious a task to reach the top of this mountain, its perpendicular height is but 3700 feet; nor should we forget that the shape, and size, and aspect of the volcanic mountain have changed, and will continue to change somewhat in every great eruption. This is easily accounted for—the mass of lava, ashes, stones, flung out from time to time and thrown down the sides of the mountain, must alter its shape and form, and we may expect it to grow more bulky every day.*

* The description given by the poet centuries ago of Etna is true of Vesuvius to-day: —

"Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla;

The descent is comparatively easy, although the fine ashes are the most disagreeable substance through which any man ever walked. Heartily fatigued, we rested some hours in the Hermitage, and returned to Naples after dark; boys lit torches and ran before the carriages, and we enjoyed the awful spectacle of the burning mountain, which appeared from our position to blaze with unusual fury. The best description of the eruptions from Vesuvius, and of the nature of volcanic mountains, and the character of the country around Naples, is that drawn up by Sir W. Hamilton* in his splendid work entitled *Campi Phlegræi*, a book scarce and not portable. In March 1764, Hamilton saw a great eruption of lava from the side of the mountain; large stones thrown on the lava did not sink, but floated on the surface. The current ran with amazing velocity, equal to the Severn near Bristol. The same gentleman witnessed the eruption of 1766.

In 1767, a little mountain was formed within the ancient crater of Vesuvius, which in eight months grew 155 feet; it was perforated, and served as the chimney of the volcano. *This, Hamilton thinks, was the way in which the whole of Mount Vesuvius as we now behold it has been formed*, and thus may the various irregular strata in the neighbourhood of volcanoes have been made. Sir William Hamilton saw the smoke issuing from Vesuvius form itself into the shape of a huge pine tree, just as Pliny describes it in his letter to Tacitus,—this column of smoke bent with the wind, and reached twenty-eight miles, to Capreæ. It is curious that white smoke always accompanies lava. In October of this year, 1767, he writes:—

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Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit:
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo."

* This gentleman was British ambassador at Naples, of whom Gibbon in his Autobiography has remarked:—"I was presented to the boy King, by our new envoy, Sir William Hamilton, who, wisely diverting his correspondence from the Secretary of State to the Royal Society and British Museum, has elucidated a country of such inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian." The numerous plates add greatly to the value of this work.

"I was making my observations on the lava, standing on the mountain, when on a sudden I heard a violent noise within the mountain: the sides split open. From this new mouth a fountain of liquid fire shot up many feet high, and then, like a torrent, rolled on directly towards us. It seemed as if the mountain would split in pieces; and indeed it opened this night almost from the top to the bottom. The mob in Naples on this occasion set fire to the Cardinal Archbishop's gate, because he refused to bring out the relics of Saint Januarius. Cinders and ashes fell in quantities in Naples. In the midst of these horrors, the mob, growing tumultuous and impatient, obliged the Cardinal to bring out the head of Saint Januarius, and go with it in a procession to the Porta Maddalena, at the extremity of Naples towards Vesuvius; and it is well attested here, that the eruption ceased the moment the saint came in sight of the mountain; the noise ceased about the same time. The lava ran six miles—in one place two miles broad—and filled the Fosse Grande 200 feet deep. Forked zigzag lightning shot from a vast column of ashes, the smoke of all volcanoes being pregnant with electric fire. Vesuvius itself has risen 2000 feet in the same manner that Monte Nuovo has risen."

Our author's theory is, that mountains are produced by volcanoes, and not volcanoes by mountains, and that Vesuvius has so been formed by degrees; and this he rests on the nature of the soil that covers the ancient towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the interior and exterior of Monte Nuovo*, with the sort of materials of which it is composed.

"The ancients," writes Mr. Hamilton in describing Vesuvius, "never mentioned two mountains. Monte Somma was of volcanic origin; but that now so called was, I believe, that which the ancients called Vesuvius. Its outside form is conical; its inside is like a great theatre. The eruption in Pliny's time threw down, I suppose, that part of the cone next the sea, which would have left it in its present state; and I also believe that the conical mountain, or existing Vesuvius, has been raised by succeeding eruptions: all my observations confirm this opinion.

"There is no virgin soil in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius; and different strata of erupted matter are to be met with even to a great depth below the level of the sea. In short, I have not any

* See an account of the way in which the Monte Nuovo was formed in the chapter on the Phlegræan fields.

doubt but that this volcano took its rise from the bottom of the sea: and, as the whole plain between Vesuvius and the mountains behind Caserta (which is the best part of the Campagna Felice) is, under its good soil, composed of burnt matter, I imagine the sea to have washed the feet of these mountains until the subterraneous fires began to operate at a period of remote antiquity. The soil on which Naples stands—all the high grounds, Pausilipo, Puzzoli, Baiæ, Misena, Procida, and Ischia—appear to have been raised by explosion. Their conical shape can be traced."

When we consider the way in which Monte Nuovo was formed almost recently, it is difficult to resist the conclusion of Sir W. Hamilton, formed on accurate examination, and supported by analogies, that Vesuvius ancient and modern has grown up under the influence of volcanic fire.

# CHAP. XXXVI.

## EXCURSION.

Stabiæ, modern Castellamare.—Sorrento, and the surrounding country described.—Capriæ and the Blue Cave.

A FAVOURITE summer residence of the volatile Neapolitans is built upon the site of the ancient Stabiæ, of which no trace is now discernible. It shared the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and is memorable as the scene of the death of Pliny, who perished on the shore from suffocation caused by the noxious and sulphureous vapours which prevailed during the terrible eruption from Vesuvius. The sea has receded from *Castel a mar di Stabiæ* as from Pompeii; the modern town is however on the shore, and has, from its situation and the surrounding scenery, much to recommend it. The town is skirted by wooded mountains, intersected by shaded roads and bridle paths, the rides through which are delightful. Here, while the sun shines too brightly for exposure to its rays, one may ride along cool and pleasant paths opening out frequently into noble prospects of wood, mountain, and sea. The commencement of the ascent is by a spacious road lined on each side with magnificent timber, and leading to the summer palace of the king, in a commanding situation, but very simple in its arrangement. These wooded mountains are studded with villas and villages, and the English who may be condemned to a summer residence in Italy would possibly find exercise more practicable, and as many enjoyments here as in any other part of the Peninsula. The hotel is tolerable, and one hour's drive conducts the traveller to Pompeii: so he has varied and abundant enjoyments within reach. There is a little haven formed by a mole at Castellamare, where they pretend to build vessels of war, but their chief business consists in the cutting and exporting firewood to Naples.

But Sorrento invites the traveller to share its delights. Six miles to the south-east of Castellamare stands what was the abode of Tasso, at the edge of a bold cliff overlooking the bay. What a drive! The road constructed by the Neapolitan Government reflects the highest credit on the skill of the engineer; there is nothing to equal it in this kingdom. It runs along the mountain-side, and is frequently cut through ledges of rock. The structure is excellent, resembling the best of the roads in Switzerland, but unlike them in this respect, that with mountain views on the one hand, upon the other this road commands views of the loveliest bay in the world. The distance between Sorrento and Castellamare is occupied by romantically-situated towns and villas, which, with the mountains and the bay, and the groves of oranges, lemons, and myrtles, present a prospect which must be seen to be understood, for it cannot in suitable language be described.

This side of the Bay of Naples affords a singular contrast to the loneliness and wretchedness of the districts around Baiæ; and an excursion to the island of Capriæ exhibits the luxuriant fertility and fascinating beauty of Italian scenery more than any other around Naples. No doubt, the charm with which the inhabitant of the cold north beholds Nature spreading before his eyes her innumerable attractions, is enhanced by the brilliant sky above him, which lights up every object with cloudless splendour.

We stopped when it was impossible to drive further, except into the sea. From a terrace on the summit of a cliff, we looked down upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean towards Capriæ, shooting its perpendicular sides into the air—towards Misenum on the opposite coast,—and lastly, towards Naples, shining in the sun. Could we wonder that here poetic genius loved to dwell? Turning in to the hotel, we found it called The Tasso, and a good bust of the immortal poet appropriately adorned the saloon. They insist this mansion was the birth-place of the poet, that it was originally built on the site of an ancient temple, and that the chamber in which Tasso was born tumbled over the cliff into the sea. This last assertion is very probable, for some of the existing apartments rest on the edge of the cliff now propped up by buttresses, which, giving way, would hurry the superstructure

down with them. But while it stands, let us enjoy the view of those scenes, the contemplation of which fed the youthful genius of one of the chief of Italian poets. They here tell you that when the father of Torquato Tasso came to Sorrento, delighted with its situation, he exclaimed:—

"L' aria si sereno, si temperato, si salutifero,
Si vitale che gl' uomini che senza provar
Altro cielo ci vivono sono quasi immortali!"

Although I cannot believe the inhabitants "flourish in immortal youth," yet I can well conceive the general healthfulness of its climate, while all admit the singular beauty of its situation. The sea, unruffled by a breath, tempted us to venture, in a "bauble boat, upon her patient breast." The descent to the shore led us along winding passages between high walls, of which character are most of the streets, and even the roads, around Sorrento. The boatmen rowed to the cave which they amusingly designate that of Polyphemus, a short way up the coast; it is easily entered in a small boat, and spacious within; but, undoubtedly, this is not the cave wherein the artful Ulysses avenged himself on the hungry giant—

"Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens."

In proceeding along the coast, the ruins of ancient buildings are plainly visible at the bottom of the sea, through waters clear as crystal. The sea gained on the shore in this region, and ruined many famous temples, as that of Ceres, which once adorned the promontory of Sorrento, standing on its edge.

A delightful excursion may be made on mules to St. Agata, on the summit of the mountain a few miles distant. The approach to it gives an excellent idea of this singular country. There is no carriage road, except the one described leading to Castellamare. The passages across the mountains consist of mule-paths, often resembling flights of stone steps, up and down which these sagacious creatures find their way in perfect safety. The paths leading up to the mountains lie between high walls, either used as enclosures, or to prop up the soil. Over these walls peep the orange trees, their branches laden with golden fruit; and at intervals we catch glimpses of the beautiful scenery, which unfolds itself more

fully as we ascend. From the height of St. Agata there is a splendid prospect of the whole Piano di Sorrento—villages, churches, and groves which even in February are rich in foliage; but the peculiar charm of this road consists in the striking prospect of the Bay of Naples on one side, and the Gulf of Salerno on the other. We are sufficiently elevated on the promontory to command both. A view so unequalled in grandeur should on no account be omitted.

A walk of one-half mile conducts the traveller to a height, whence looking into the Bay of Salerno, he may behold some rocks, called Islands of the Sirens, where certain mischievous ladies it is said, loved to dwell, and employ their sweet Italian voices to lure the hapless mariner to ruin—

> "Monstra maris Sirenes erant, quæ voce canora
> Quamlibet admissas detinuere rates;"

but the true Sirens were certainly not here.

I found Sorrento was not all sunshine; on a second visit to it in March, the weather was stormy and bitterly cold; the suddenness of the change in temperature, with the prevalence of high winds, render the Neapolitan climate one requiring peculiar caution; the invalid will assuredly feel the greatest care to be essential.

A principal object of this visit was to see the Isle of Capriæ and the blue cave. An agreeable party were seated at an early hour in a six-oared boat, and started full of hope; but we had scarce rowed three miles when the sea grew rough, and some ladies sick; so one division preferred to land at Massa, and return across the country on mules to Sorrento, while the rest resolutely persevered and were rewarded for their determination; the wind abated, the waves subsided, and they got into the Blue Cave, returning to Sorrento before seven o'clock, affecting extravagant raptures for the object their disappointed companions did not see. I am not sure, however, that the day on shore was not spent quite as agreeably.

And yet, in calm weather, the excursion to Capriæ and the Blue Grotto must be exhilarating and delightful. The peculiarly bright azure colour which clothes every object (including the dress and countenances of the spectators) within the cave, arises no doubt, from the circumstance,

that the orifice in the face of the perpendicular cliff, which will only admit a small boat even in a calm day, extends to a great depth, and becomes wider below the surface of the water; so that nearly all the light which reaches the cavern passes through a dense mass of water, reflecting the hues of the Neapolitan sky.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

Excursion by Nocera to La Cava.—The Convent described.—Salerno: The Temples at Pæstum.—Amalfi and the Pandects.—Conclusion.

HAVING enjoyed a few days' sight-seeing in Naples, we resumed our excursions; and on a sunny morning started by railway to Nocera, where an open carriage awaited our arrival. Our drive to La Cava was agreeable—the weather rather too warm, the road good, and full of life and bustle. We had intended remaining the first day in the new and spacious hotel, near La Cava. But although the house resembled a palace, and stood in a charming situation, yet, when entered and examined, it seemed as if it had been shut up for the winter, that visitors were no longer expected, and that a fire suddenly kindled would hardly dispel the chilling atmosphere in the tiled, deserted chambers. We therefore departed for Salerno. Visitors are not expected at these summer hotels so early as February and March; and the traveller had better betake himself to the neighbouring towns, and thence make his excursions.

The extreme beauty of the surrounding country, and the celebrity of the ancient monastery of La Cava, made us resolve on retracing our steps the ensuing day, in order fully to explore the district. The descent to Salerno, by a capital road recently improved and enlarged, is highly interesting. A noble bay, inferior to that of Naples only because it wants the islands; the shore extending round the base of lofty mountains in a curve, Salerno rising from the coast to the heights behind, and glistening in the sun—combine to refresh the eye of the traveller, although wearied in beholding the glorious scenery by sea and land, of this wonderful country. We were quickly settled, exactly opposite the bay; the view of which alone repaid the fatigue of our journey. There is constant variety in such a place as

Salerno, were it only in observing the costume, manners, and civilization of its mixed population. The old cathedral possesses pictures, statues, and tombs, but like the churches of Naples, it is conceived in bad taste, and exhibits the usual jumble of styles. As we passed along the streets, we met the funeral of a young girl. The corpse lay dressed out on a bier, exposed to view, as is customary is some parts of Italy,—an appalling sight.

The next day we enjoyed a delightful ride to La Cava; diverging from the road, we ascended a wooded mountain for two miles, and then reached the celebrated convent. This venerable pile has stood for ages, was respected even by Napoleon, and contains a precious collection of ancient manuscripts and books, the preservation of which was made the condition of its existence by the Conqueror. The ladies of our party were permitted to enter the church only; but a gentleman appeared, who politely conducted me over this ancient establishment. I saw the libraries, antiquities, refectory — in fact, every part of the building. The brethren who occupy this convent are gentlemen by birth, education, and manners; their dress is simple black, that of the Benedictines: they walk out when they please, visit the poor or the gentry, and occasionally the metropolis. Returning to the church, I found two of the brotherhood conversing politely with the ladies of my party. It was proposed that we should hear the fine organ of the chapel play; the noble instrument yielded some deep tones, and involuntarily the heart in silent worship, seconded the solemn music of the church.

The gentleman who conducted me over the convent said that he wished much to visit Paris and England. I asked, would that be permitted? he replied, permission was occasionally granted to travel. I ventured to inquire how long he had been in the convent; he answered with a sigh, twenty years. I remarked that his was a tranquil life. "True," he replied, "but monotonous." The speaker was about thirty-five years old. With all the superior advantages of such a monastery as La Cava, I believe the inmates cannot be happy. It seemed extraordinary that one of these gentlemen should venture to express patriotic sentiments, and an anxious wish for the regeneration of Italy. I inquired,

How did he expect that to be accomplished? and heard the reply with sorrow — *By the French.* After a lengthened visit refreshments were politely offered, and we departed highly pleased with this celebrated monastery. On our return down the valley by another route, we were enabled to appreciate the beauty of the situation in which this convent stood. A rapid river rolls past its walls; wood and dell, pasture and vineyards surround it, and a mountain rises opposite covered with foliage and dotted with dwellings, which, in the distance, shows a bright and charming aspect. There are agreeable walks in every direction — a cool refreshing air prevails; and there are views as various and romantic as could be desired by the enthusiastic lover of nature.

On the morning of the 13th February, we prepared for our excursion to Pæstum. A carriage with four strong horses abreast was procured, and at an early hour we started. The country around Salerno is fertile and pleasant; but no particular description can I venture to give of it beyond the suburbs; for a cold so intense suddenly set in that it was dangerous to risk exposure to the air. The biting wind which now blew, lasted exactly three days; a short period, but long enough to sweep off a section of the population. There had been heavy rains recently, and the rivers were swollen, with every prospect of increasing from the melting of the snow on the mountains. We reached the Sele, a turbid river, over which there is no bridge; consequently carriage and horses, men and mules, are carried across in a *pont volant*, a most unpleasant operation. Our grim Charon growled forth, that if we were going to Pæstum we had better return quickly, for should the river swell, the boat would not stir.

We galloped away, the country becoming more and more desolate and waste: at last it seemed as if we had reached a wilderness; here our coachman, at a distance of twenty-eight miles from Salerno, drew up. What a contrast to the beauty and fertility of Sorrento now met the eye! so far as it could reach, lay a dismal waste, seeming as if withered by a scourge from God. I looked towards the sea, and scarce half a mile distant, stood the majestic ruins we longed so much to behold. Ruins I ought not to call them. Solid,

massive temples rose up before our eyes; lodged in the ground so firmly, as to appear likely to stand erect till the disruption of all things. At the first glance I imagined them to be perfect, and looked about for the grand city they adorned, and the crowds which thronged their sacred precincts. Alas! the city, the people, civilisation, health, have vanished! Unbroken solitude, wide-spread misery, and pestilential malaria have succeeded. Here in this desolate waste are the grand and solemn ruins of three temples, perfect except as to the roof; the pillars of such prodigious strength, as to bid defiance to the ravages of time. It is impossible to behold this scene without a feeling of awe; these relics of a religion gone from the face of the earth stand as they stood 2500 years ago. A sickly guide conducted us; a group of miserable half-naked mendicants surrounded us. Every body we beheld wore the aspect of famine and despair. We proceeded to an inspection of the prodigious ruins, during which the cold was so intense that no degree of muffling, even with exercise, could keep the body warm.

The visitor is generally conducted first to the Temple of Hercules, the largest, and standing between the other two: having seen with astonishment its majestic grandeur, the others appeared comparatively inferior. The impression produced by an examination of the front of this temple is that of wonder at the solidity and thickness of the columns, which appear as if curtailed of their original proportions, and crowded too much together. But the style is Doric, and here we have the most perfect illustration in the entire Peninsula of the stern simplicity of this order of architecture. The Greek taste must have been severe when it preferred such erections. After a little while, the air of heaviness wears away, and the several parts of the noble structure seem to be all in harmony with each other. The impression ultimately produced, is that which results from the contemplation of any object of sublimity. I believe the columns in front are six in number, each twenty-nine feet in height, sustaining a massive entablature more than twelve feet high; the diameter of the columns nearly seven feet, the length of the temple less than 200 feet. There is an outer and inner division; the wall of the cell has fallen. Supporting the outer peristyle is a range of the same Doric columns,

fourteen in number, at each side running in an exact straight line towards the sea. All these majestic pillars are perfect as when the Greeks in their day of glory raised them. Having walked round the outer range, we enter and behold what is termed the inner peristyle; here we have two stories of little Doric columns, one above the other, with an architrave between them, nearly all perfect. The circuit of this inner division, while it shows the smaller columns, also by contrast exhibits the strength and solid grandeur of the outer range. The walls and roof have given way, but the Doric columns seem to be immortal. When this temple was perfect without, and filled with all its decorations within, what a brilliant spectacle it must have presented!

The Temple of Ceres is also a noble ruin; although inferior to that we have described, it is similar in design and proportion. The third structure is called sometimes a temple, again a basilica; its precise use has not been ascertained. It has nine columns in front, and differs from the adjoining temples in this remarkable respect, that it has a row of columns right down the centre of the interior parallel to those in the side. This grand edifice has been named the basilica; but it has no resemblance to the shape or form of the basilicas of ancient Rome.

The hours flew in the examination of these amazing ruins, which, whether we regard their extent, preservation, antiquity, style, or grandeur, are certainly not equalled in Italy, and it may be presumed, scarcely excelled in the world. I ought to name the material of which the temples are built:—a yellowish stone, known as *calcareous tufa*, a species of porous limestone, generally found in the vicinity of springs or rivers, which, although soft to cut, and easy to extract from the quarry, has the valuable property of becoming hard from exposure to the air. The preservation of these time-honoured remains has been further promoted by the circumstances, that the situation of Pæstum is remote, carriage difficult, and stone more easily and cheaply procured elsewhere.

Returning to the Albergo, we found it a filthy hovel, occupied by a company of brigands in appearance; so retreating to the carriage we hastily took some refreshment, while the beggars clamoured for food; then escaping while daylight remained, re-crossed the river, and reached Salerno

late and heartily fatigued by the day's exertions. I learned then for the first time, that a guard usually attended parties to the ruins of Pæstum, in consequence of an Englishman and his bride having some twenty years since been plundered and murdered while on this excursion. The assassins, who I believe were stimulated by a treacherous hotel-keeper, were arrested and guillotined; and there is little danger now of brigands at Pæstum.*

A pleasing excursion may be made hence by boat to Amalfi, of which Sismondi writes, that it was "illustrious for the invention of the compass, and for the preservation of the Pandects of Justinian." This notion of the revival of the Roman law, from the alleged discovery and seizure of a copy of the Pandects by the Emperor Lotharius, at the siege of Amalfi, in 1127, is now regarded as a fiction; although it was stoutly maintained by many, that all the copies of the Pandects known in the world are derived from the copy so surprisingly picked up at Amalfi. This story was denied by Italian writers of the eighteenth century; and, in our day, the history of Roman jurisprudence has been written with consummate ability by Savigny, who has extinguished all belief in what is rightly described by the learned as the legend of Amalfi.

I have thus, in a series of short excursions, endeavoured to take a survey of the most remarkable places around Naples. My feeble powers are unable fitly to describe a country famous in classic history, and familiar to the scholar through the imperishable creations of poetic genius. Nor is it less difficult to bring clearly and truly under the reader's eye those objects on which Nature has stamped everlasting beauty.

* The story related is the following:—The landlord of the inn at Eboli caused the murder of a newly-married English couple on their way to Pæstum from his house, where they had rested the previous night. The landlady related the particulars of this horrid catastrophe to the writer and his friend a few months afterwards, and took them to the refectory to see her murderous lord and master. This man had obtained the king's pardon by making all speed to the Royal presence to convict his accomplices; and happened to leave the palace at the moment when the British Minister was entering it for the purpose of demanding justice upon the perpetrators of the atrocity, of which he had just been informed. The delinquents, excepting this wretch who contrived the scheme, were all executed.

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

Disclosures of a Neapolitan Advocate.—The Criminal Code.—Courts of Law and Administration of Justice in Naples.—Morality.—Crime, and Lawyers.—The Priests and their Practices.—Revelations of a Neapolitan Nobleman.—The Tofana Poison.—The Superstition of the Evil Eye.—Miracle of Saint Januarius.—Religious Toleration exemplified in the Narrative of Facts relative to the Opening of an English Church.

HAVING been taught by experience the advantages to be derived from conversations with lawyers in Rome, I was anxious to become acquainted with an honest and learned member of the same profession in Naples. Without some frank and competent legal guide, I felt certain I should never arrive at a correct knowledge of the virtues or vices of the legal and political system in this country. My Oxford friend had, luckily, an introduction to such a gentleman, of which I availed myself. The advocate was thoroughly acquainted with our language and literature, and possessed a liberal and enlightened mind. Having made known my wishes to this valuable acquaintance, he undertook not only to procure for me the amended criminal code of Naples, but to explain its practical operation. His sensible remark was—Many things look well on paper which are vicious in practice.

Next day I had on my table a book entitled *Leggi della Procedura ne' Giudizji penali contenute nella quarta parte del Codici, per lo Regno delle Due Sicilie.* The volume contains the code of 1819, with additions since made, and a brief commentary.

The first book consists of what may be termed police regulations, a phrase of wide signification in continental jurisprudence, prescribing the mode of lodging informations, and of preparing the criminal process for the public trial or discussion. These provisions of the code are clear and methodical.

The result of the preliminary investigation is transmitted

immediately to the Supreme Criminal Court, which within twenty-four hours deliberates upon the matter in private. If the crime be punishable with slight imprisonment, the accused will be liberated till the day of trial; if the facts attested in the statement do not legally inculpate the prisoner, the Court will order his discharge forthwith; if the accusation be *primâ facie* well founded, a warrant for the detention of the prisoner is made out, and he is committed to prison. If further enquiry be desirable, judgment is suspended. A modified system of bail is permitted. These regulations are infinitely superior to the provisions of the Papal Code.

By Article 166, when the trial is resolved on, all the preliminary investigations deposited in the Cancellaria become public, that is, accessible to the accused, his friends, and advisers. This is just. The prisoner may select his advocate; if he decline to do so within twenty-four hours, one will be officially assigned. Most continental kingdoms, I may observe, employ an advocate to defend accused men who have not means to do so out of their own resources. Exceptions to evidence — to matters of form, are considered by the judge; and experiments, as to detect poison or the like, if necessary, are made in his presence, at which the whole court may assist if the case should require it. The cause is now ready for trial; lists of witnesses are then exchanged between the prosecutor and the prisoner, accompanied with an exact description of their respective professions and residence; the advocate for the prisoner must sign his list. (See Article 195.) I may observe, that this regulation seems rational, and calculated to attain the elucidation of truth; each party has the means of inquiry afforded as to the character and knowledge of the witnesses to be examined on the trial; and the trial does not resemble a game of chance, as it sometimes does with us.

Certain persons are excluded from being received as witnesses — namely, parents and children, brothers and sisters, the husband or the wife of the accused. This is according to their ideas, in conformity with the law of nature. The exclusion seems to apply to all criminal cases, differing thus from the Tuscan Code. Secondly, the informer, whose information has been recompensed by money, is excluded;

and thirdly, the defenders of the accused, whose knowledge of the facts has been gained by the confidence reposed in them. Every other objection goes to the credit of the witness merely. If, before the trial, new witnesses or facts be discovered, they may by the Court be included in the process or statement prepared for the prosecution. A day is now fixed for trial by the president, with the assent of the Minister of Justice, an important functionary in Naples. The accused within twenty-four hours after notice of trial, may apply, on reasonable grounds, for a postponement. All witnesses in the list are summoned by the president; should any refuse personally to attend, he must pay the expenses created by his absence.

Chapter III. of the second book treats *Della Publica Discussione.*—Article 219 is suspicious; it permits a trial to be had with closed doors, when a public debate would offend against *morals,* or *cause scandal* or *inconvenience.* It is also in the power of the Secretary of State and Minister of Justice, for the reasons assigned, to order the trial to proceed with closed doors. No doubt such a power may be abused. The succeeding article gives the president power to permit a witness to be examined in private. No witness can be called who is not named in the list; and those who have deposed in the preliminary inquiry to matters of skill or experiments, or to the mere discovery of facts, and who have been *already sworn,* need not be called—their depositions suffice.

Witnesses under the age of fourteen are not sworn. After each examination, the president asks the prisoner if he wishes to reply to what has been proved; but does not rigidly interrogate him as in France; no cross-examination is allowed—the accused may put questions through the president after a witness has been examined by the Court. The Court, when all has been heard, calls upon the public advocate to speak. The advocate for the accused (Article 269) has the right expressly reserved of speaking last. The judges next deliberate in private, and are bound to consider questions of fact in a form prescribed apart from the legal considerations applicable to the case. Both the crown and prisoners have an appeal to the Supreme Court of Justice, but it must be

exercised by notice within three days from the day of sentence.

With respect to the prisons—there are many good regulations laid down in the third book of the code. Article 595 forbids any gaoler to receive a prisoner except under a warrant from one authorised to grant it, and expressing on the face of it the cause of the arrest. There is a term of prescription fixed for the prosecution of crimes, from twenty years to one year; the greatest offences fall within the longest term. With respect to the punishments appointed, they are not very severe in general, although sometimes inconsistent —for example, to set fire to a church devoted to the Roman Catholic religion is punishable with ignominious death; the punishment of strangling is inflicted for destroying or scattering *the host.* Stealing sacred utensils from a church is punishable with thirteen or fifteen years' imprisonment, a ring and chain of iron being attached to the right leg. Stealing the vessel with the host in it is punishable with banishment to an island, and hard labour *for life.* Whosoever, in teaching, preaching, or haranguing in any way whatever in public places, without any impious design, *shall propound dogmas contrary to the Catholic religion,* shall be punished by public censure, and by suspension for one or two years from the office or profession he has abused. If, however, the offender shall aim at the *impious object of subverting or altering the dogmas of religion,* he will be punished by perpetual banishment from the kingdom. No crime is more abhorred than that of religious discussion.

The laws against political offences are severe. The following enactment seems, however, not unjust: "Whosoever, by discourses in public places, or assemblies, or by printed placards or papers, shall have directly provoked the subjects of the king to commit any of the crimes previously prohibited, shall be subject to the punishment appointed for offence provoked by him." There is of course a rigid censorship over the press. *Every Association,* whether literary or religious, is unlawful unless expressly permitted by the Government, and may be dispersed. Capital punishments are chiefly confined to cases of deliberate murder and treason.

The above outline of the Neapolitan criminal code affords a sufficient idea of its nature and provisions. Upon the whole it is very much better than I expected; and, apart from the despotic principles asserted in ecclesiastical and political cases, the Neapolitan people would not have much to complain of, were the provisions of this code honestly and impartially administered in all cases without exception. Having examined the code, I felt prepared for a visit to the courts of law, and arranged with my friend the advocate accordingly.

The courts are situated in what resembles an ancient castle, with lofty stairs and spacious halls: when fairly inside the long public hall, the din, dust, and heat were such that I could scarce recover my composure; a crowd of suitors and advocates and people were squeezing up and down, and fighting their way I knew not whither. The advocates were continually exchanging bits of paper like notices; my friend mentioned that many of these slips contained proposals for settlement of disputes, as it was desirable to keep as many causes out of the tribunals as possible. Elevated above the crowd sat a number of clerks in boxes, who plied their pens busily; the professional men constantly thrust papers before these scribes to copy. Having fought our way down this long crowded hall, we turned into another, off which the courts branched. I soon perceived that the man next me had chains on his legs; he was a prisoner waiting outside to be tried, a handsome dark-eyed, dissipated Neapolitan; several rings decorated his fingers; his friends, including two questionable looking women, were about him, and there was much mirth among the party; the guards who lounged about joined in the merriment cordially. The court doors were now thrown open, and all rushed in. Four judges were seated on the bench. The prisoner described, with three others, stood in the corner, and the prosecuting official advocate sat at the end of the circular bench before the judges; I was introduced to this gentleman, and accommodated with a seat beside him. The prisoners had been condemned already, and were now tried a second time for the crime of stabbing, committed in prison. The charge was read, the crown prosecutor occasionally inviting the attention of the Court to

particular passages in the process. The chief judge then interrogated the prisoners: on every reply given, the advocate near me remarked, "*That is a lie.*" I inquired what was the use of questioning prisoners in this manner, when it was evident they would, in self-defence, speak falsely. He replied, questioning was not generally resorted to, but for such a crime as this committed in prison, interrogation was permitted. The manner of the prisoners was insolent; that of the speaking judge undignified. He told the prisoners frequently he knew they were telling lies; and they in turn railed at the judge. I inquired what might be the annual income of the chief justice in this court. The official advocate mentioned a sum equal to about 350*l.* of our money. The puisne judges receive 250*l.* Naples is overstocked with advocates. Addison's sarcasm is applicable at the present day.

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the Marquis answered him,—that for his swine, he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service."

In the evening, my Neapolitan friend began to initiate me in the mysteries of the legal system. I observed, "The public trial must be a great protection in political cases." "Your first mistake," replied the advocate; "that code you read does not apply to political cases. The political offender is taken to a private room, and tried before commissioners specially named by the king in each case, two of whom are generally household officers; he may name judges and advocates to assist. In fact, what becomes of the political prisoner may not be known; his trial may be secret, and no part of the procedure is published, nor do the ordinary forms apply to this class of offences." "That," said I, "is very bad." To which he subjoined, "Nothing can be worse." Another abuse of a startling character consisted in this: no person holding office under the crown—that is, soldiers, police, revenue officers, &c. can be sued for any wrongful or oppressive act committed by them, unless a written permission be first obtained from the king. "Thus," said my sensible informant, "although those officials violate the code

every hour, by arbitrarily imprisoning innocent individuals, it is almost certain no redress whatever can be had against them, for the king would be sure to refuse admission to prosecute his officers. The practice of the criminal law was only tolerable in cases of common crime committed by the people." "Well," said I, "you are no doubt in a much better condition in your administration of civil justice?" "Considerably worse," was the reply. "Why so?" "Owing to the *uncertainty* which prevails in our tribunals," said the advocate, "it is almost impossible for any man to make his will in this kingdom; for although he may conform to the requirements of the law, yet when the will is disputed, and all the facts of the execution are written on paper, an ingenious advocate will cavil successfully, and the will may be, and is, frequently overturned." "Then what is decided to-day furnishes no precedent for the case of to-morrow?" "I had two will cases lately which exemplify this uncertainty. Having in the first instance to maintain the formal execution of a will, I failed, and an honest man's will was set aside on a trifling pretext; in one week after I had a will to attack on the same identical grounds, and failed again. Reminding the judges of their own decision on the former case, they answered me by observing, 'They were older and wiser men that week than they were the week before.'"

"Why did you not print the two decisions in juxta-position?" I asked. "Because we cannot here print a law case in the civil courts without the leave of the Minister of Justice, and *he* will not grant leave when the judges desire him to refuse it; thus you see what a system ours is." "Explain," I said, "your mode of proceeding in a common action." "A summons is issued; the evidence is all taken before a single judge, who reports upon the whole case, and then the matter is debated before the court. Thus the grand object is to get the report of the single judge in your favour; on alternate days he sits in private, and while the cause is pending, the respective advocates must visit him in private and separately. This is the worst part of our practice. I have often revolted against it; but unless I yielded to it, while the system continues I should not have a single client. On one occasion I remember meeting my adversary at the judge's door, and I pressed upon the judge

to receive us together, but he would not hear of it; the old custom, he decided, must prevail. Unhappily, the salaries of our judges are very small, and their expenses considerable; they often borrow money from successful advocates—&c., &c."

All this was quietly stated by a man of truth; the results are obvious to the reader. With respect to the effect of the Neapolitan system of laws and institutions on the morality and crime of the people, the following details will assist the reader's judgment:—

In Naples they reckon 13,047 births in the year, and amongst them 2,164 illegitimate; and in that kingdom the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate is as four to 100. The population of the city has fluctuated within the last half century, but is now believed to be 380,000, of whom 220,000 are declared to be persons without any fixed employment. With respect to the state of crime, we may expect it to be formidable. There were 4,104 sentences pronounced in the tribunals in a year, and 22,050 cases where the crimes were not prosecuted, for want of evidence or discovery of the guilty. There were before the tribunals of correctional police in a year, 144,465 cases, of which only 32,297 offenders were convicted. Amongst the serious crimes, were 115 of violence against the government officers, 5 of parricide, 37 *di conjugicidio*, 21 of murder of relations, 15 infanticides, 9 of poisoning and attempts at poisoning, 134 premeditated homicide, 46 attempts at murder, 89 involuntary homicides, 482 stabbings, many horrible crimes, 129 burning of houses, 75 thefts with murder, 1,700 robberies, &c.

The number of female criminals is comparatively small: there were 95 persons condemned to death in 1833. The picture given of Sicily by Mittermaer is dark: thefts innumerable—destitution—insecurity of property. As to murders, there are nearly 200 in a year, and a great difficulty exists in procuring evidence; insomuch that the Procurator-General of Trapani returned, that out of 34,214 persons summoned as witnesses in the years 1838-40 in that single province, 1,277 were incarcerated for obstinate refusal to give evidence. Trapani is by no means the worst province in Sicily. The ignorance of the Sicilians seems deeper

than that of the Neapolitans, insomuch that, out of 315 persons accused in 1838 in Trapani, it was discovered that only 11 could read and write.

My sagacious friend the advocate observed on another occasion, that he had little hope of a real reform in the political condition of the people, until the bulk of the population was better educated. The lazzaroni class, he said, were sunk in ignorance, while amongst the professional and middle classes were a great number of able and reflecting men, alive to the ignominy of their condition, but not seeing any practicable means of extrication.

Our next conversation was relative to the priesthood. The number of ecclesiastics of all sorts (some 10,000 or 12,000) in Naples, naturally attracts attention, and we inquired of the Neapolitan advocate in what the utility of such an army of priests consisted? He quietly replied, "For the business to be done, we have not priests enough." "How can that be?" "I will explain," said he briefly: "if all the ecclesiastics in Naples were engaged from morning to night, they could not say even half the masses for the dead which they ought and are bound to say." This statement surprised me exceedingly. The advocate resumed: "The population of Naples is immense, and there is hardly a respectable family the members of which have not for a long course of years bequeathed sums of money to ensure the saying of masses for the repose of their souls. In process of time the number of masses to be said in one year accumulated to such an amount, that now 10,000 priests could not say them. A principal source of revenue to the priesthood is derived from legacies charged on land for these purposes. These charges are enforced by our tribunals, and it will sometimes happen that in two or three generations the greater part of the rents of a moderate property will be appriated to the payment of the priests for saying masses for the dead. This actually occurred in my own case: the rents of my small paternal property were so appropriated. But the Pope will never permit the priesthood to abstract more than one-half the annual rental, or one-third; and if the successive gifts for masses for the dead by successive owners of a patrimony swallow up the proportion mentioned of the rents, there is a mode of proceeding which I myself

adopted to obtain redress. A memorial is prepared to the Pope containing a statement of the property, of the claims upon it for masses, and of the residue applicable to the support of the family. If His Holiness thinks the residue too limited he increases it, fixes the sum for the priests, and remits his judgment to Naples, where it is received in the law courts, and has the effect of reducing the amount of the charge on the land.

"With respect to the masses for the dead, said and unsaid, a tabular statement is also submitted to the Pope each year; and he, taking into consideration all the circumstances, pronounces his decision that the masses remaining unsaid shall be considered as said, and so they are accordingly." This statement placed the doctrine of masses for the dead in a very absurd point of view, for if several million masses were to be chanted for the deceased, then the priests would be occupied in singing masses for the dead, while every duty of consolation, advice, and education towards the living must be unfulfilled. And this literally happens in Naples; for with 90,000 ecclesiastical persons throughout the kingdom, and 10,000, including monks and friars, in the capital, the majority of the population are sunk in ignorance and superstition.

As to morals, Naples is admitted to be one of the most profligate capitals in Europe. In former times, the ladies of Naples hit upon an ingenious device to rid themselves of tiresome husbands. A deadly liquid poison was invented called *Acqua Tofana*, which lay on the dressing table of affectionate wives, undistinguishable from perfumes to an ordinary observer, and used as occasion required to dispatch a troublesome spouse. The inventor of this fatal poison was an infamous old woman, named Tofana, who was executed in Naples in the 18th century. An antidote has been discovered in lemon-juice, which has lessened the value of the poison.

The most singular superstition of modern times in Naples, is that connected with "*the evil eye*;" it is very prevalent and generally believed. I first heard of it in an account given of a ball, at which an unpleasant accident occurred which broke up the party at once. While the gay folk were enjoying themselves, suddenly a large lustre that had

been well secured in the morning, fell down with a crash: this excited some attention, but the cause was quickly discovered. A Neapolitan nobleman had shortly before arrived, notorious for the faculty of exercising *the evil eye.* The company cast significant glances one at another, and glided away lest some more disagreeable occurrence should take place.

This superstition, or something akin to it, is current in many countries. It is pretty generally understood, that some persons have the power by casting a malign look at you, to cause cramps, tooth-ache, a slip of the foot between two flag-stones, bankruptcy, the murrain amongst your cattle, the miscarriage of a wife, the death of a child; in short, any of the ills to which flesh is heir.

This power of fascination is known in Naples by the title of "*jettatura,*" and when any person believed to possess it enters a room, none but the ignorant or foolhardy will remain. Curiosity prompted me to inquire if any book was published on the subject of this national superstition, and I found one, entitled

"*Cicalata sul Fascino, volgarmente detto Jettaturo, di Niccolas Valetta.*"

that is, A chat or familiar talk on the subject of fascination by the evil eye, commonly called *jettatura;* the work of Nicolas Valetta. Then follows this motto,—

"*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"

The contents of the chapters are exceedingly diverting.

The last chapter is of a piece with the rest of the performance, and accordingly I translate a passage from it.

"A Proposal.

"1. Whether man or woman have most power of the evil eye.
2. Whether one who wears a wig have it largely.
3. Whether one who wears spectacles.
4. Whether a pregnant woman.
5. Whether monks, and of which order.
6. Whether one who approaches us after any harm which we have suffered, has a peculiar power of the evil eye.
7. To what distance the influence of the evil eye extends.
8. Whether it can proceed from things inanimate.

9. Whether it works mostly at the side, in front, or behind.

10. What gesture, what voice, what eye, and what characteristics of countenance are appropriate to those who have this faculty, and enable one to recognise them.

11. What ejaculatory prayers ought to be recited, in order to preserve one from the evil eye of the monks.

12. What words, in general, must be rehearsed as a preservation against the evil eye.

13. What efficacy in this respect has horn, or any other commodity.

"And in fine, a distinct list of all persons proved to have got the power of an evil eye, within the city and the kingdom of Naples; of all orders and ranks of society:—esquires, ladies, judges in the several courts, advocates, cathedral dignitaries, doctors, gentlemen, tradesmen, artizans," &c.

The miracles wrought in and around Naples are numerous and gross; but the famous miracle of St. Januarius requires to be specially noticed. I arrived in Naples the day after the miracle was performed in the cathedral, and conversed with several who were present on the occasion.

The reader is perhaps not aware of the nature of this performance. The skull and bones of a man dead for centuries, are brought into the church and placed opposite a phial which is said to contain some of the blood, in a congealed state, of the same dead man; and the fiction is, that the juxtaposition of the dry bones and bottle makes the blood to liquefy miraculously. Thousands of credulous spectators behold the miracle with implicit belief; and the moment in which the bottle handled by the priest shows the blood to liquefy, is hailed with rapturous delight by the people. The king, the whole court, and nobles, attend in state on the first of January, when the liquefaction is sure to take place. In reference to this ceremony, deliberately acted in the nineteenth century, in the house of God, and in a polished capital of Christian Europe, I had a curious conversation with a young Neapolitan nobleman. This conversation was not sought by me, nor held under any the least confidence. The conversation began by the Neapolitan thus:—

"Believe me Signor, the Catholic religion is the best in the world."—Answer: "I am glad to hear you say so; sincerity in our belief is of the utmost importance. Since you

introduce this topic, may I ask what is your belief as to the miracle of St. Januarius?" The Neapolitan replied without hesitation: "I believe it to be an imposition!" "Does any man of your rank in Naples believe it?" "Not one," he replied. "Permit me then to inquire, how do you justify witnessing the imposture and appearing to sanction what you know to be false?" He coloured slightly, and then gave a reply never to be forgotten by me. "Signor, you are a stranger, and evidently unacquainted with the state of things in this kingdom. There exists a compact between the government and the priests, each to support the other in power. The priests will sustain the government so long as it sustains them; and when this miracle is acted, it is part of the bargain that the king and the court shall attend, and so must I and every one who holds a place under the king, be present — for if the nobility and sovereign were absent, the people might suppose their absence proceeded from unbelief — therefore the priests insist on our presence; but you mistake in supposing this performance has anything to do with the Roman Catholic religion."

The same individual spoke frankly of the intolerance of the country. "Nothing" said he "would induce me to change my religion. I firmly believe it to be the best; but if I did change my faith, I should not only lose my situation and my property, but I *should of necessity fly the country.*"

When the French invaded Naples, their general Championnet, while he derided the fraud, availed himself of it to impose on the Neapolitans the belief that the French were favoured by heaven, and accordingly ordered the priests to *do the miracle* of St. Januarius forthwith. They, through fear complied The Neapolitans flocked to the church, and when liquefaction took place, they declared that it was plain that the French were a misrepresented and very pious people: thus were they reconciled to the invaders of their country.

It is needless to discuss what religious toleration exists in Naples — there is not a shred. Curiously enough, while the government has inclined towards free-trade, it has retrograded in religious toleration; formerly marriages might have taken place between Protestants and Catholics by the

parties going to Malta or elsewhere and being there united, the law of the place of a marriage being recognised in Naples; but as several such marriages occurred, the priests took alarm, and got a new law passed, by which no marriage in the kingdom is valid unless registered; and no registry can be had without producing to the registrar certificates from a priest of the parties having received the sacraments of the Church of Rome. A mixed marriage is therefore now impossible, unless by a dispensation from the Pope himself.

The English have a place of worship in Naples, and an occurrence took place respecting its establishment a few years since, which exhibits the toleration in matters of religion allowed by this government. The number of English residents in Naples being very great, it was found desirable to have a church; accordingly it was resolved to build one. Application was made to the government by the British ambassador, and the permission was granted to open a place of Protestant worship, on the terms that the building should not have the external appearance of a church. The ground was bought, and the foundation-stone laid by the ambassador himself. The day after, an order was issued to stop the erection of the church; on inquiring the reason, it was answered that the Archbishop of Naples would not permit it to be built. A long correspondence followed, which ended in the Neapolitan government declaring, that although the English could not have permission to build, yet if they chose to procure a room and fit it up as a church they should not be interfered with. The ground was therefore sold at a considerable loss, and a room taken for a term of years, and fitted up as a church. No interference on the part of the government occurred until the place of worship was about to be opened, when they again informed the English that the Archbishop would not allow an heretical church in Naples, and that they could only have service in the house of the ambassador or consul. The English were therefore obliged to take a house for the consul in the same place with the church, in order to comply with the requisition of the government. The result in point of expense being, that instead of paying 700 ducats a year, the English residents were obliged to pay 1,900 ducats (330*l.*) yearly, that

they may be permitted, in the enlightened kingdom of Naples, to worship God on the Sabbath-day according to their consciences.

As to the political future, it gives hope of the educated Neapolitans to remember, that when in power during the last revolution they were not cruel in their conduct, nor extravagant in their views; and it is also a very interesting fact, that during the sittings in 1821 of their short free parliament in Naples, the debates were conducted with a degree of order and propriety which pleased and surprised the English spectator. A happy omen it may be for the future, should the march of events give political power to those fit to have and to use it, and restore with suitable limitations constitutional liberty to this country.

## CHAP. XXXIX.

The Agriculture round Naples.—Expenses of Living.—Brief Remarks on the Principle of the Papal Government viewed as a Political System, suggested by the death of Pope Gregory.—The Municipal System of the Roman States.—The obsequies of Gregory XVI.—The Election of Pius IX.

EVERY inch of the land between Capua and Naples is cultivated to the highest perfection, yielding the grape, corn, and vegetables in profusion—exactly the reverse of the aspect of the country approaching Rome.

I inquired by what tenure this productive garden was held, and was informed that it is usually let on very short leases, and generally in small parcels. Some proprietors let their whole property to a sort of middleman who sublets it in divided portions, but the owners generally prefer the small tenants. The quantity let to each varies from five to eight *moggie*, say from four to six English acres; and the leases are for two, four, six, or eight years. The reason of the lands being let on terms of two years at the least is, that the vines it is observed, bear alternate years good and bad crops, and therefore to obtain an average, the lease must be for two years. Although the farms are so admirably cultivated, the men who labour do not look, and are not comfortable or prosperous. Their dwellings are poor, for necessarily their capital must be small, although they in the aggregate produce largely.

There is an immense mass of poverty and destitution in Naples, but the provision in the way of hospitals, and houses of reception for the sick and poor, is superior to what one might be prepared to expect. Perhaps however, it will generally be found, that where a government affords to the people the least facilities for helping themselves, it feels itself obliged to supply the largest amount of elemosynary assistance. The mortality of this city is great, and

the mode of burial of the poor repulsive. There is, however, little reverence for the dead in Italy.

In quitting this kingdom I may observe with respect to the cost of living, that Naples is an expensive capital, especially for those who reside a short time only; because house rent is very high. To those who make it their permanent abode, and understand the habits of the people and the language, the expense will (wise folk say) be about one half that of living in London.

*June*, 1846.

In the Tyrol I heard the news of Gregory the XVI.'s death, an event of vast importance at the epoch in which it happened. Would the change of Popes be for good or for evil? The Pope, chosen from the college of cardinals, is generally a man advanced in life, supposed to possess learning and virtue, to be free from pride, and adverse to profligate or corrupting pursuits. One might suppose such a sovereign, selected on the score of personal merits, peculiarly fitted to promote the happiness of his subjects. The idea, moreover, of sanctity attached to the character of the Pope, adds to his power of doing good; and the union of absolute authority over Church and State in his hands, would appear to remove the chief obstacles which impede the execution of the benevolent designs of less absolute princes. As we read that the virtuous despotism of the Antonines over the empire was the best government the Roman world ever saw, so might we naturally expect the government of an absolute apostolic king to be the best for the Christian world.

The reverse has unfortunately proved to be the fact; the vice of the system seems to consist in the personal character of the government. The sovereign being elective has no connexion with his predecessor, nor care for his successor; nor can he guess who that successor may be. Possibly the new Pontiff may be in every respect the opposite of his predecessor. The whole administration changes with the Pope; a new set of ministers and officials come into power, whose chief business it may be to grasp what they can, during the brief tenure of their political existence. Love of country, or disinterested patriotism, is hardly to be expected. A political government of this description is fraught with evils.

It appears from the fourth book (vol. ii. ch. i.) of the Count de Tournon's work, that the papal government is really most complicated in its machinery. The author traces this complication to the union of three distinct offices in the Pope, 1st, that of supreme pontiff; 2nd, that of bishop of Rome; and 3rd, that of temporal king. The cardinal secretary of state, the Cardinal *Camerlengo della Santa Chiesa* (appointed for life and who assumes the government on the decease of a Pope), the treasurer-general and governor of Rome, *all being prelates*, are the chief officers engaged in the political administration. The seventeen delegations are governed by cardinals. "The priests, writes the Count, seize all public employments." There is an official person called senator of Rome, who represents the ancient senate in which Cato spoke. But the interesting part of the chapter referred to is the latter portion of it, which explains what most people are ignorant of, that there was the foundation of a good municipal system in the Papal States, really calculated to give the people control over their local affairs. The large towns were entitled to have a municipal council of 48 members — lesser towns, 36 or 24 — villages under a thousand inhabitants, 15; nominated at first by the sovereign, afterwards renewed by the council, and chosen from all classes of the people nobles or farmers. The council were to make out a list, from which the governor of the province was to select the local magistrates. This council ought to have had the assessment and disbursement of all local taxes and expenses, such as police, the doctor, the schoolmaster," &c.

The Count de Tournon fairly subjoins this remark to his statement of the municipal system:

"Ce mode d'administration municipale, évidemment emprunté au système français, étonnera ceux qui croient que dans les États du Pape tout est soumis à l'arbitraire et au bon plaisir. Sans doute les abus de pouvoir y sont communs; mais la loi écrite y est plus favorable à la liberté qu'on ne le croit communément."

The theory of the municipal system in the Roman States is shown to be good, the practice may be very different.

Much was expected from Pope Pius IX.; he was the astonishment of Italy. The stately ceremonies observed on the

death of his predecessor, and on his own election, are so graphically described in the subjoined letter from an Italian lady in Rome to her English friend in Switzerland, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of translating it for the gratification of the curious.

*Rome, July 16th,* 1846.

"PREGIATISSIMA SIGNORINA,—As you have expressed a wish to have some information respecting the obsequies of the deceased Pope, as well as of the solemnities attending the installation of the new pontiff, I willingly comply with your gracious request.

"About the hour of nine o'clock in the morning of the 1st of June ult. Pope Gregory XVI. ceased to live. In the afternoon of the same day, the Cardinal Camerlengo went with mourning equipage to the Vatican palace, there to inform himself of the death of the sovereign. On arriving, he immediately uncovered the face of the corpse which was concealed by a veil, and with a golden hammer he softly struck the temples, and having assured himself that it was death, he ordered that it might be registered by the notary present. On leaving the Vatican he found according to ancient usage, the Swiss guard drawn up, and their captain addressed to him these words, '*Chi ci paga?*' (Who pays us?) To which the Camerlengo replied, '*Vi pago io,*' (I pay you.) They then formed into two files, and accompanied him to his palace, whereupon he became vice-sovereign. Immediately on his arrival he ordered, that the great bell of the capitol should announce to the inhabitants of Rome by means of thirty-three tolls, the death of the Pope. To this bell all those of the numerous churches of our city pealed forth their echo.

"Imagine how my poor head then suffered!

"Two days after, the body of the deceased Pope was exposed to view in the Sistine Chapel, dressed in the pontifical robes, with the papal cap upon his head, surrounded by the guard of noblemen habited in mourning, which was also worn by the entire garrison of Rome. The third day he was removed into St. Peter's Church, where he was placed upon a stage or platform, and a solemn *requiem* chaunted. Afterwards he was taken into the *Capella del Sacramento,* his feet stretched out and uncovered, in order that the

people who flocked thither might kiss them. He remained there three days, and about seven o'clock on the evening of the third day, he was buried with great pomp, in the presence of all the cardinals. The following morning, which was the sixth from his death, the Church of St. Peter was opened; in the midst of it there was erected a splendid mausoleum of a square form, with four doors of the Egyptian order; within this was placed the sepulchral urn, covered with funeral drapery, and visible by the subdued light of a taper; on the four sides were four colossal statues, representing Justice, Power, Wisdom, and Charity, besides four immense cornucopias filled with candles. This mausoleum remained exposed for three days. Saturday terminated the Novendiali. Thus the obsequies are termed, because they last nine days.

"The Sunday following, being the 14th day of June, at six in the afternoon the cardinals in great pomp went in procession into conclave. On the evening of Monday the 15th, a rumour was circulated throughout Rome, that the new Pope had been elected. On the morning of Tuesday the 16th, the piazza of the Quirinal presented a magnificent *coup d'œil*. The sky was most beautiful, the piazza crowded with people, the troops drawn up in array, and all with their faces turned towards the balcony. At nine were heard the blows of hammers breaking down a window that is ordinarily built up. Shortly after, the Cardinal Camerlengo appeared with the bearer of the crucifix, and announced to the people the exaltation to the papacy of the cardinal, who took the name of Pius IX. The populace responded with shouts of joy.

"But what a surprising spectacle! At that moment the new Pope appeared on the balcony; the uproar of the people, who threw aloft their handkerchiefs and hats, the waving of banners, the ringing of bells, the firing of artillery from the Fort of St. Angelo, the continual discharge of cannon, the sound of the trumpets of the military bands, combined to produce an unusual emotion of joy and surprise. The Pope, quite overcome, blessed the people in tears, and then, transported by the sight of so much exultation, stretched out his arms in token of thankfulness for the kind feeling

evinced by the people. Thus terminated that wonderful scene.

"In the afternoon of the same day, the Pope visited St. Peter's. On his arriving at the bridge of St. Angelo, the governor threw down the chain which closes up the barrier. The banners were then raised amidst discharges of artillery; proceeding to the piazza at St. Peter's, which was crowded with troops and people, he passed through the midst of it with solemn pomp. Arrived at the church, he admitted the cardinals to an embrace, thence he returned to the Quirinal, and thus the day terminated. The following Sunday, in full procession, he went at eight in the morning to St. Peter's, and ascended to the hall called the Hall of Vestments, where he robed himself as Pope with all but the triple crown, in lieu of which he had the mitre; and preceded by the pontifical court, and by the sacred college, he was carried in a chair down the stairs of Constantine as far as the porch of St. Peter's, where a throne was erected which the pontiff ascended, and admitted the canons of St. Peter's to kiss his knee. After this, the Cardinal Mattei archpriest of this church delivered a discourse, in which he submitted to the Pope his authority in the said church, and begged him to enter and chaunt the papal mass. The Pope then reascending the chair, was accompanied by the same procession into the church. No sooner had he entered, than the Cardinal Mattei presented him with a purse of crimson velvet, containing two scudi and a half, pronouncing these words in Latin, 'Pro Missâ,' (for the mass). Then the Pope went into the chapel of San Gregorio, where he alighted and seated himself on a throne, one being here also erected; and having disrobed, he arrayed himself in other vestments, and added a jewel in the middle of his breast, a symbol of ecclesiastical sovereignty. Afterwards he intoned the third Psalm, which was chaunted with sweetest music by the whole choir of the pontifical chapel. Ascending the chair anew, the pontiff was carried to the tribune, where he alighted and changed once more his dress, as did also the cardinals, and began the ceremonies of the papal mass; which being finished, he robed himself afresh, and with the mitre on his head, attended by the *flabelli* or fan-bearers, and followed by all the diplomatic corps in full uniform, he

ascended to the balcony, where, in order to give the benediction a magnificent throne was prepared in which the Pope seated himself. The vice-deacon chaunted certain prayers, and afterwards in the presence of the immense concourse of people congregated on the piazza, and of all the troops who formed a square, he took the triple crown, ascended the throne where the Pope was sitting, and crowned him. At this act, all the people waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted with joy; the band struck up, military banners waved amidst the bayonets of the soldiers, and the Fort of St. Angelo fired salutes with its artillery. Had you been present, how you would have enjoyed this exciting scene!

"In the evening, Rome seemed as it were a ball-room all illuminated. On the piazza of the Pincio were two full orchestras, playing the finest pieces of music. On the Piazza del Popolo, we had a grand display of splendid fireworks. Thus ended the ceremonies; nothing remains except one, the Taking Possession, which is reserved for the autumn. With regard to the character of the new Pope, I will say nothing else than that he is a veritable angel come down from heaven for the benefit of the miserable. He has sold a great many of his horses, and given the money to the poor. The Pope's table which formerly cost fifty scudi a day, he has reduced to only two scudi and a-half; and in like manner, he has curtailed every expenditure of the household, in order that he may bestow the money on the poor and lessen the debts of the state. He gives public audience to all; he has signed a permission for railroads; in fine, we hope to see Rome restored to a new life. In another letter I will tell you all that takes place, and whether our hopes are realized."

## CHAP. XL.

Genova la Superba.—Dr. Arnold's eloquent Description.—The Harbour and the Heights.—Climate.—Aspect of People.—Priests and Monks.—The Scientific Congress.—An Italian Parliament.—The Literary Men of Italy.—Writings of Manzoni; their Tendency favourable to the Italian Character.—Political Speculations of the principal Literary Men in Italy.—Ambitious Projects of Charles Albert.—The future of Italy.

In the month of September, 1846, I found myself for the second time in Genova la Superba, the appropriate epithet applied to the once triumphant queen of the sea. Venice and Genoa, prosperous and free, and owing their wealth and greatness to their wide-spread commerce, forcibly remind the British traveller of his own country, her commerce, name, and power, diffused throughout the world. Here a company of merchants, possessed of unfruitful rocks, without territories or extensive population, through commerce and a high spirit of enterprise, became princes of the earth. "In the fourteenth century," writes Gibbon, "the Roman empire (I smile in transcribing the name) might soon have sunk into a province of Genoa, if the ambition of the republic had not been checked by the ruin of her freedom and marine power." The splendid city now presents an aspect of faded grandeur; its beautiful palaces are too large, and their decorations too rich for the fortune of their present occupants.

But the bright waters of the Mediterranean, the mountains, the whole scenery towards La Spezzia, afford a combination of objects unparalleled, even in this favoured region. In one of Dr. Arnold's lectures on Modern History, there is an eloquent passage descriptive of Genoa, which I think felicitous:—"Some of you, I doubt not, remember Genoa; you have seen that queenly city with its streets of palaces rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with

the long lines of its bright white houses the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent lighthouse tower. You remember how its white houses rose out of a mass of fig, and olive, and orange trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury: you may have observed the mountains behind the town, spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous, where the ridge of hills rises to its summit and hides from view all the country behind it. Those towers are the forts of the famous lines, which, curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipolæ, converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet as I have said on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table land, running off towards the interior, at the distance of between two and three miles from the outside of the city. Thus a very large open space is enclosed within the lines, and Genoa is capable therefore of becoming a vast entrenched camp, holding not so much a garrison, as an army."*

To feel the force of Arnold's description, should the traveller enter Genoa by land, he must take an opportunity of rowing out to sea for a mile or two, and there enjoy the singular prospect spread before him. Nor ought he to omit referring to the description of Genoa from the inimitable pen of Mr. Dickens, by far the most appropriate sketch in his "Pictures from Italy." The climate of Genoa is cold, and partakes too much of our northern sharpness for invalids to endure throughout the winter.

With respect to the harbour which is about a mile and a half in length facing the south, and protected by two moles, leaving a space of more than half a mile between them, I had a striking example of its insecurity. When the wind blew from the south, the sea rushed in with tremendous force; and a fine ship was wrecked in our view within the harbour. An English steamer, from the lucky circumstance

* The account of the memorable siege of Genoa, in 1799, and the moral reflections on the blockade by the English, are worthy the noble character of Dr. Arnold.

of having her steam up, escaped the like fate, and got behind the old mole. The gulf has long been remarkable for storms, and for scarcity of fish.

I cannot say I would willingly select Genoa for a winter residence; independently of climate, it becomes irksome to be obliged to clamber up precipices every day, and no common strength is required to take ordinary walking exercise in so extraordinary a city, where passages leading to the heights are nearly perpendicular.

The streets are narrow, houses six stories high, the shops and lower apartments dark and gloomy; and the best chambers being generally the uppermost, you may reckon one hundred steps ere you reach the goal. Strangers wisely fix their residence opposite the harbour, to command a view of the bay; you must ascend fifty steps before you can see over the splendid promenade raised on arches, built of white marble, stretching along the edge of the harbour. This promenade cannot be endured when the sun shines brightly, for the glare caused by the rays of the sun on the white marble is not tolerable. In the evenings and mornings this walk is crowded; when the Genoese women so modest in appearance and graceful in figure, move about; their dress admirably calculated to impress the traveller's eye, from its elegance and yet simplicity; their muslin robe displays the shape, and a long white veil or scarf called *pezzotto*, falling from the head over the shoulders, shades, but does not conceal their delicate beauty. I have never seen a female dress more becoming. The men are plain; the merchants immersed in business, and crafty. A proverb says, The Genoese have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. Every second person you meet is either a monk or a soldier; the town swarms with these unproductive members of society. It is calculated that there are 1800 monks in and around Genoa; attached to the cathedral of San Lorenzo alone are *fifty-six priests*. The churches are some, externally curious, all very rich, but decorated in bad taste. The Strada Nuova, lined with stately palaces, "looks as if built for a congress of kings." The mere sight-seer may be satisfied with these splendid edifices and their rich contents, but the inquiring traveller will not fail to visit the many excellent benevolent institutions in and around Genoa,

and above all the Deaf and Dumb Institution, under the management of a pious priest, one of the most interesting establishments I ever examined.

I arrived in Genoa just as the Scientific Congress, which began the 14th September, was breaking up. The papers of the Congress were procured at the University, and an Italian gentleman explained to me much that passed in the sections which did not appear in the proceedings as published. The business was conducted in ten separate sections. That which included agriculture and statistics was termed "*Sezione di Agronomia e Tecnologia.*" The proceedings of this section resembled those of a parliament convened to discuss every question of interest to the inhabitants of the whole peninsula of Italy—the vintage, the harvest, the failure and disease in the potato crop, the corn laws, the currency, the state of crime in Italy, the benevolent institutions which existed or ought to exist, the education of the people in all its branches, and the whole subject of railways. These important matters were separately debated with ability and boldness.

Orally, the members expressed the justest views respecting Italy, her present condition and future prospects. The papers read were suffered to be printed, especially when the authors lavished praise on the King of Sardinia. For example, Il Signor Canale, an advocate, read a clever paper on the ancient navigators of Genoa, the adventurous spirits who "prepared the way for the stupendous conceit of Columbus," and concluded by a thanksgiving for living in times when sovereigns contended with a noble emulation for the improvement of their people, adding, "I allude to His Holiness Pius IX. and the King of Sardinia, the union of which two names may perhaps *unravel the secret of the future destinies of Italy.*"

The idea of forming Italy into one great kingdom, including in it the project of expelling the Austrians, is a favourite notion with many; and there can be little doubt that Charles Albert desires to rule a brilliant empire, and therefore permits to be spoken what he wishes to have done.

The proceedings of such an association form no mean part of the stirring history of Italy in the present day. Having analyzed the proceedings it struck me, that if the

members of this intellectual parliament should succeed in breaking down the miserable jealousies and divisions which separate one Italian state from the other, and in consolidating the opinion of the whole country on practicable and worthy objects, it would not be in the power, nor would it be the interest of rulers to resist longer improvements demanded by enlightened opinion; and the belief then might not be extravagant, that Italy, which once ruled the world by the empire of her power, and afterwards by the empire of her genius, might again delight, instruct, and illuminate Europe.

It may not be uninteresting to refer briefly to the writings of the remarkable authors who have figured in Italy of late. They have accomplished much for their country, and in an honest fashion. Their writings breathe a patriotic, moral, and frequently a religious spirit. Foremost amongst these is Alessandro Manzoni, descended from a daughter of the celebrated Beccaria, and connected with the most eminent Italian authors of the age. His literary labours have been labours of love.

The tendency of the writings of Manzoni has been doubly beneficial; calculated to engender in the Italian heart a spirit of patriotism, to stigmatize the folly of those jealousies and animosities which used to set the states one against another, and led to their subjugation and degradation. The second aim of Manzoni's writings has been to inspire in the minds of his Roman Catholic brethren just conceptions of pure religion. A devout Romanist he may be, but he appears to be tolerant, sincere—I had almost said, evangelical. He represents the Roman Catholic religion under a very sweet and pleasing aspect; yet while he believes all its chief doctrines, he manifestly disbelieves the fables invented by monks and impostors.

There is something stirring and vehement in "Il Carmagnola," a tragedy of Manzoni's, into which he has infused a lofty patriotic spirit. Carmagnola was a noted captain of the mediæval condottieri soldiers in the service of Venice, entrusted with a command in the wars with Milan. He was victorious, became suspected, was inveigled to Venice, and condemned to death. The plot gives fine occasion to inveigh against civil strife, and to inculcate union and nationality throughout the peninsula.

The pungent chorus, bitter against the foreigner, while it denounces intestine war, affords an excellent specimen of the style of writing which kindled a flame throughout Italy, and naturally gave offence to the Austrian Government against which it was aimed.

We may briefly examine the opinions of the liberals of Italy with respect to the means by which they expected her regeneration was to be accomplished. Some seemed to think, through the Papacy; others, through the Papacy in combination with Sardinia. They undoubtedly did not wish to deprive the Pope of his spiritual pre-eminence. As to Massimo D'Azeglio, we may collect from his writings, that while he would maintain what he calls Catholic unity, he would be content to have the Pope a superior bishop and nothing more. All these political authors are in favour of Catholicity, although they may attach different ideas to the term. None think it necessary to argue in favour of an enlarged or enlightened religious toleration, nor do they evince the least inclination towards Protestantism. Their national vanity is flattered by having an Italian bishop regarded as supreme Head of the whole Church.

Professor Mittermaer, of Heidelberg, has analyzed the opinions of the influential political writers. Cesare Balbo, like Macchiavelli, laments the loss of national independence, partially agreeing with Gioberti—he is more practical. A chief obstacle, Balbo thinks, in the way of a complete regeneration, consists of the division of Italy into so many separate states. He argues four questions: 1. The possibility of establishing *one* independent Italian state; 2. Of an Austrian empire in Italy; 3. A set of small republics; 4. A confederation of the existing Italian kingdoms. He favours the idea of a *confederation* as most practicable, and speculates on getting rid of Austria, by compensating her for the loss of her Italian provinces out of the ruins of the Turkish empire. Ultimately, Balbo depends on the great political events which may be expected soon to happen, and exhorts that preparation be made by educating the whole people, and by union throughout the Peninsula in everything. Balbo's idea of compensating Austria out of the Turkish provinces was repudiated generally, as was the project of Count Rozzo, to establish a great Austrian empire in the peninsula. The

opinions of the moderate liberal party were represented better by Count Mamiani, (who published in Germany,) and Count Serristori, the enlightened Governor of Sienna: their idea (and it was rational and judicious) was, that Italian regeneration could not be accomplished without the effective co-operation of the masses of the population; and therefore that the energies of all good men should be directed more towards improving the moral and intellectual education of the people than to the setting up any particular theory of political government.

It is a delightful fact, that throughout the writings of these able and distinguished men, there is nothing which savours of scepticism or irreligion. All, in urging forward their ideas of liberty enforce the good doctrine, that to its right enjoyment, virtue, sound education, and religion, are essential. This is true patriotism. To such literary and political writers Italy owes a deep debt of gratitude.

The idea of establishing a great sovereignty in the peninsula under the King of Sardinia, and of expelling the Austrians, is entertained I have no doubt by that artful monarch, and by many who think that by an union between Charles Albert and Pius IX. the German might be ousted; and this may be the key to the late policy of liberality adopted by the *soi-disant* radical Charles Albert.

The same bitter feeling prevails against the Jesuits here, as in France, Bavaria, and Germany. I remember observing to a Genoese, that I wished to see Silvio Pellico, who was then alive but at a very advanced age; he replied, "the old fool was not worth looking at now; he had lost his wits, and written on behalf of the Jesuits, whose creature he was." Whenever the educated classes regain political influence in Genoa, the monastic orders may suffer, but the Roman Catholic religion, with slight modifications, I conceive, will continue to be the religion of the people.

## CHAP. XLI.

Criminal Code of Genoa.—Turin, &c.—Punishments.—Their Classification and Character.—Prescription in certain Cases.—Its Law of Toleration.—Political Offences, how repressed.—False Testimony, how punished.—Duelling, how dealt with.—Forms of Procedure.—Working of this Code.—Morality of the People.

THE criminal code of law in the states of the King of Sardinia is creditable to the government, methodical, compendious, equal towards all, and based upon certain fixed principles; moreover, having a due regard to the admeasurement of punishment in proportion to the crime, and careful of human life. This code bears date November 1839; with some additions in 1840, and it is published by authority in a convenient form. It consists of three books, containing 739 sections. The first book treats of punishments, and of the general rules for their application. The division is, 1st, Death; 2nd, Hard labour for life; 3rd, Hard labour for a time; 4th, Confinement and labour; 5th, Imprisonment in a fort; 6th, Interdiction from public employment.

The second class of punishments is *correctional*, consisting of imprisonment in houses of correction, wherein offenders are classified according to their ages, and put to useful labour, sharing in its produce. Next, is a compulsory residence in an assigned locality, at a given distance from the domicile of the offender and person offended. 3rd. Suspension from public employment, or from the exercise of a profession for a season, or a fine not exceeding fifty lire. That third class are named police punishments. Arrests, limited confinement in the place or dwelling specified in the warrant. Payment of fines not exceeding fifty lire. Lastly, there are *accessorial* punishments. The pillory; public acknowledgment of guilt; suspension from the exercise of any employment or business whatever; special police surveillance; submission to the authorities,

which means a formal undertaking given in presence of the judge never again to commit the like offence.

In a subsequent chapter, the duration of all punishment is prescribed, the discretion of the judge being wisely limited. Besides restitution, the aggrieved party may recover reparation for any injuries he may have received. The commutation of punishments is regulated; that is, where the judge may apply a lesser degree of punishment, he must obey certain rules graduating the same. Persons of twenty-one years of age are subject to the full severity of the law; those under fourteen years of age, acting without discernment, are not subject to criminal punishment; but youthful offenders may be placed in the houses of correction, if the magistrates think fit, for a shorter or longer time, till they arrive at eighteen years of age, when they must be discharged. The law as to principals and accessories is laid down very sensibly. He who instigates another to commit murder, is dealt with as a murderer.

The death of the guilty does not prejudice the civil action against his property or his heirs, for reparation of the injury, at suit of the injured man. This is consistent with natural justice. There is no limitation as to the time for prosecuting of crimes against religion; such as violently interrupting the ceremonies of the church, or trampling on the host; or for high treason, or parricide, or premeditated murder, &c. Nevertheless, as to the last-mentioned offences, should the accused not be arrested until the expiration of twenty years from the commission of the crime, the capital punishment cannot be inflicted. This commutation applies to all cases where the punishment is death, or condemnation to hard labour for life. For lesser offences a prescription applies against the *sentence* after an interval of twenty years; against the *prosecution* after ten years, or five years, according to circumstances. But in serious cases where this prescription applies, the offender who escapes the penalty must quit the scene of his crime; nor can he dwell near the injured man, or in case of his death by violence, in the same locality with his relations.

We have given a summary of Book the First.

The Second Book treats of crimes and their punishment. Considering Sardinia as a Roman Catholic country, we must

not be surprised at the severe punishment, that of *death* for scattering the host. An insult to the Virgin is also severely punished. Then follows section 164, "Whosoever, by public teaching or harangues, by writings books or newspapers, attacks *directly* or *indirectly* the religion of the State, by asserting principles contrary to the same, shall be punished by severe imprisonment," that is, for not less than *three* nor more than *twenty years!* The succeeding section provides, that if the offence has been committed inadvertently it may be expiated by temporary imprisonment. I have before remarked, that it is by the laws of a country we are to judge of its toleration; now here we have a kingdom which boasts of being the most liberal in Italy, the most favorable to freedom, which aspires to lead the national sentiment and to encourage learning and science, framing in the year 1840 a law of intolerance which would have disgraced the darkest age. The same principle of intolerance is asserted in every code I have examined throughout Italy. Nor in the wisest reform of late attempted is there the least advance made towards a legalized religious toleration. These censurable enactments have been made probably in submission to the authority of the Church, and may fall with its excessive power.* The sections aimed against the repression of political excitement are rigid. The Neapolitan law is enacted here, namely, *whosoever by speeches in public meetings, or by newspapers, &c., incites to the commission of political crimes against the State, &c., shall suffer the same punishment as that awarded against the crime itself.* Strict care is taken to prohibit all arbitrary arrests, or entering the domicile of any subject without authority. Nine sections are aimed against the advocates and lawyers who cheat, deceive, or desert their clients. The punishments are suspension from practice, and fines. False testimony is severely punished, even with death, where it has been the cause of death being inflicted on another. The laws against indecency and immorality are strict, but I regretted

* The establishment of a free constitution in the States of Sardinia has naturally mitigated the severity of the code in relation to the national religion; and, as a natural consequence, has brought the civil and ecclesiastical authorities into collision.

to hear that the purity of married life is often tainted. Deliberate murder is punished with death. An offender who kills another in a duel is punished with fifteen years' imprisonment. Setting fire to a church, or a house when inhabited, is also punishable with death.

The forms of procedure are similar to those already specified. A process is prepared, compounded of written depositions; but the witnesses may be again examined if required, in presence of the judges and accused, but with closed doors. The debate on the trial is public, and the accused must be introduced unbound, and his advocate has full liberty of speech secured to him. Upon the whole, this code is prepared with ability, and is highly creditable to its framers.

Mittermaer regrets that the criminal statistics of Piedmont are defective; it would be all the more desirable to have them in a country like this, where the people are brave and industrious, and the administration of justice sagacious and energetic. We have, however, a tabular statement of the principal crimes in the provinces, published in Turin, by the Count Alfieri. The crime of Savoy appears smallest; in Nice it is also moderate. For the whole seven continental provinces, during a period of seven years, we have: —

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| Homicides . . . . . | 712 |
| Assassinations, accompanied with plunder | 1566 |
| Stabbings and wounds . . . . . | 4994 |
| Thefts . . . . . | 7943 |

The population of the seven provinces is about three millions and a half. There are accurate returns of the number of infants exposed throughout these provinces. The kingdom reckons thirty-two foundling hospitals, and twenty-nine wheels; and the number of infants deposited, amounted, in 1829, to 18,877.

The proportion of exposed children to the population is one to 1194.* In Sardinia it has been discovered that mothers frequently expose their legitimate children in order as nurses to receive them back and to be paid by the State

* In France there is one foundling to every 255 inhabitants.

for the nurture of their own offspring,—a proof of the wisdom of institutions which encourage such a practice.

We cannot leave the codes and statistics of crime in Italy, without a few observations. It appears to be the deplorable fact, that a greater portion of the criminals are unpunished, either for want of prosecution, or because the guilty are acquitted. The causes of this evil are, the reprehensible leaning amongst the people towards malefactors; the quarrels of families; (witnesses doing all they can to save those whose cause they have espoused); and the fear of vengeance from the accused or their relations. The punishments also are injurious. The mode of banishment resorted to in some states creates idle wanderers, who turn to crime and seduce others by their example. Above all, the punishment of the galleys, *i. e.* hard labour on public works, is mischievous for want of classification of offenders. Association with atrocious criminals extinguishes the last spark of moral feeling in those not before corrupted, and, having suffered their punishment, they return to society more injurious to it than ever.

## CHAP. XLII.

Return to Rome.—Enthusiasm of the People, and why.—The Pope and his Popularity.—All Saints' Day.—"Taking Possession" by Pius IX. in the Lateran.—Description of the same Ceremony, with Reflections.—Education of the People.—Gizzi's Circular.—Prospects of Reform.—Pio Nono; his Genealogy, History, Election, and present Position briefly touched on.

*In the Winter of* 1846-7.

In the last week of October I re-entered the Eternal City; but it was not the city I had left,—joy beamed on every countenance, there was an unusual hilarity evinced by the people, the light of freedom had dawned amongst them. I was invited at once to subscribe to an English journal, an Italian newspaper, a legal periodical. I asked myself, 'Can all this be true? Is this the Rome of Gregory?' There was an extravagance in the conversation of grave men; marvels were to be effected in a moment,—railroads were to be made, academies of science restored, agriculture improved, commerce revived, the rest of the world outdone. Before, the Romans appeared the automatons of a priest; as if inspired by a divine hope, they now sprang forward as men girt to run a race. Walking up the Via Felice with a friend, we met an Italian sculptor of eminence; my friend mentioned, that "Signor —— was now going according to his daily custom to the Quirinal to see Pio Nono, who returned at this hour from his exercise." "Signor" said the sculptor, "you must excuse our behaviour towards the Pope: to you it must appear extravagant, but the English have long been used to freedom; we have been so wholly unaccustomed to it that the unusual blessing excites our feelings of gratitude to a high pitch. I go every day to look at this Pope with astonishment, never having expected to see one who would profess to govern with justice."

The season was now delightful. The inhabitants of the cold north are not aware that October is to the people in this climate as a second spring; the ground parched by heat is refreshed with rain—nature resumes her fresh colour. The vintage is secured — families long shut up in their houses by the heat, dressed gaily as for a festal day, hasten forth to enjoy their deliverance and breathe the air, which is soft and delicious. And many such days there are, partly solemn, partly joyful, at this season. On All Saints' day, the Capuchin Convent in the Piazza Barberini was laid out in an appalling fashion: the skeletons of pious monks long dead, dressed in their dull robes and stretched along the subterranean chapel where they had worshipped in life, warned the spectator of his mortality; the floor was covered with leaves, branches decked the gloomy walls, and masses were celebrated under ground, amidst the dry bones of the dead.

Different was the scene exhibited in honour of a true saint, Cardinal Borromeo, in the fine church of San Carlo Borromeo in the Corso — here all was sunshine and splendour. The new Pope alighted amidst the acclamations of the people. I saw him borne aloft on men's shoulders in unapostolic fashion along the aisles, his countenance flushed, his eye beaming with animation. The people seem to think it useful to stimulate his holiness to action, and so they applaud him to the skies.

The 8th of November came. I recorded my feelings after I had witnessed a singular spectacle. The Pope has *taken possession* in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, with splendid ceremonial. And Rome during this day was more excited in feeling than she has been for ages. The magnificent spectacle of the morning, succeeded by the voluntary illuminations of the evening, evince but feebly the enthusiasm of the people, who already experience some liberty, and hope for justice from the magnanimity and wisdom of Pius IX. More from anxiety to witness the Pope's reception by the multitude, than from love of show and pomp, I sallied forth this morning and took up my position in the Piazza of Trajan, where stands the tall column of an emperor who near 2000 years ago governed Rome with wisdom and valour.

The cannon thundered from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the procession moved on. Round the Piazza it came and a brilliant pageant it was,—chamberlains, and guards, and nobles, and prelates, and cardinals, in splendid array and curious costume of ancient fashion—dresses of many colours, and richest ornaments, and showy carriages and horses, loaded with costly trappings—and mules caparisoned in shining harness, all in proper rank and order, to describe which would require the pen of old Chaucer. But these shining figures were regarded as puppets,— the great attraction was the popular Pope. When the state chariot appeared, the acclamations rang loud and universal. His holiness seemed deeply affected by sounds rarely heard by his predecessors. He is a man of fifty-four years of age, healthy in appearance, somewhat flushed in countenance, of an amiable aspect, with intelligence expressed on his brow.

By another and shorter route than the Pope's, I got to an eminence exactly opposite the Colosseum before the procession reached that memorable spot. Under the arch of Titus passed the pompous array, and before the arch of Constantine, and round the Colosseum. Here stood the proud memorials of old Rome, and here, where famous conquerors had enjoyed their triumph and emperors held their gorgeous spectacles, a priest passed whose kingdom ought not to be of this world, and whose rule while here below should be in accordance with the principles of the religion of Christ. No city on earth could afford so singular a spectacle, or call up in the mind such associations of a mighty antiquity. It is when we dwell upon the past (and in Rome we are forced to do so), that the consciousness of the brief space of our existence is forced upon us. Life itself is but a procession, and we the actors of the passing scene; let us endeavour to play our parts virtuously and well.

By a circuitous route I next reached the lonely church of Santa Croce, which stands close to the venerable walls of ancient Rome, in a space utterly deserted. It is more than a quarter of a mile from this old church to the Lateran; without houses, with few trees, badly cultivated gardens, broken remains of aqueducts, and sad memorials of past greatness. As you approach the Lateran, this tract of waste ground widens, affording ample space between the Scala

Santa and the Porta San Giovanni, for the population of modern Rome.

We are now before the celebrated Basilica of St. John Lateran. In this place were assembled fifty thousand people at least, countless carriages, the whole garrison of Rome, and all the persons who were engaged in the ceremonial already described. The scene was varied and exciting, while you gazed on the decorated church and the anxious enthusiastic crowd; but it was very melancholy to look back or around on the old walls, and ruins, and deserted places, which told so fearfully that this was a faded city. I entered the church, and was surprised to find it not so crowded as I had expected,—the attraction was outside. The interior of the Basilica was decorated in a style of superb magnificence, of which the worshippers of our simple faith in our cold countries can have no conception. Draperies of gorgeous colours and costly materials were gracefully hung around, the huge columns were all dressed out, while the light was softened by curtains of crimson silk; and incense diffused around a fragrant perfume. The Pope, in white vestments rich with jewels, was here borne round the aisles in his car of triumph, with his fan-bearers and all his officers of state, attended by a long train of cardinals in their vestments stiff with gold, and white mitres, in grand procession. The priests chanted. All the ceremonies were at last concluded, and his holiness had taken possession, when I passed to the Piazza in front of the Basilica to witness the giving of the blessing. This is the conclusion of the ceremonial, and by far the most striking part of it. The Pope is carried in his portative throne to the front window above the great portal of the church, the huge windows are removed, an awning raised, and decorations of arras and gold-wrought draperies spread around. The pontiff can plainly be seen by the multitude in the Piazza as he is borne forward in his car. At a signal the cannons fire, the music breaks forth, the Pope raises his hand, the troops kneel, and some of the people, in profound silence. The spectacle is most imposing, but on this occasion the shouts of thousands of grateful people gave a life to the ceremony, without which it had been cold; and of the vast multitude assembled, every individual exhibited the joy of his heart. The Pope raised himself and stood upright

for some minutes before the people, the triple crown upon his head: this was the signal for fresh acclamations. He gave the blessing, waving his hand in the form of a cross. A burst of enthusiasm followed: the cannons thundered, the music sounded, drums, trumpets, and pealing of bells, joined with the people in one mighty chorus; and the pageant was over. So far as this exhibition was meant to figure forth the representative of Christ on earth, it was absurd, if not profane; as the investiture of a temporal sovereign with power, if not reasonable, it was magnificent.

The evening of the day on which I had witnessed this grand ceremonial, I had a conversation with a sensible Roman. In the fashion of the time I poured forth praises on Pio Nono; he responded rather coldly to my encomiums, and at length remarked, "It is true this Pope has done some excellent things, and may do more; but it would have been more desirable that another Gregory should have succeeded to the papacy; then, in the condition to which things had come, in a very little while the whole of this vicious system must have fallen to pieces; now, it may for a time be *patched up*." I read the newspapers with great interest; it gratified me to perceive how suddenly the Romans got up a respectable periodical literature. Some of the articles in the *Contemporaneo* were curious on the subject of education. A series of essays appeared in the early numbers, in the course of which the Italian and English systems of education were contrasted, and the preference cordially given to the English. Even the details of the newspapers were surprisingly well done, although the columns were deficient in the article of accidents and offences, of which particulars could not be had. What pleased me was the candid admission by the Italian writers, of the inferiority of the Roman people in useful arts and inventions, in agriculture, commerce, habits of business, and education, to other nations. None of that insufferable bombast about Italian genius and its grandeur, but sober painful realities were uttered, and remedies discussed in a sensible style. I think the capacity of the Italians underrated; let them have the practical conduct of their own affairs, and they will soon improve.

One very important admission now made in Rome is,

that of the ignorance of the bulk of the people. I have before me an official document, decisive on this subject, proving not only the neglect of education in the Papal States, but its fearful consequences, idleness and crime.

The paper referred to is the memorable circular of Cardinal Gizzi, Secretary of State, addressed to the various officials of the Pontifical States; it declares that the crimes, and amongst them theft, which too frequently for some time past have been committed in certain provinces of the Pontifical States, have induced the government to adopt not only measures of repression suitable to the urgency of the occasion, but also wise measures of prevention, so as to remove the causes of those crimes. "First amongst them," observes the minister, "must be remarked the idleness to which a portion of our young artisans and peasants are abandoned; hence the necessity of procuring useful occupation for these young men, and above all, to watch over the right education of children who, if left to themselves, would make us dread even a worse future." Here we have the best evidence that crime was abundant in the Papal States owing to idleness and ignorance; and nobody who resided a twelvemonth in this country could doubt the truth of what Cardinal Gizzi has avowed.

Pius IX., it must be admitted, succeeded to the pontifical throne at a season of unparalleled difficulty. Massimo D'Azeglio has portfayed in dark colours the then condition of the Papal States. The Pope had either to persevere in the policy of his predecessor, or to attempt reform: the latter course he firmly believed was best calculated to save the papacy. Born of a noble family, he was it is said originally intended for the army. When in Rome, he was induced by Pius VII. to change his determination, and enter the priesthood; and it is said, that after this pious resolution his disease of epilepsy forsook him. A pamphlet published in Rome describes the voyage of Pio Nono to Chili, and his prudent behaviour while there. He had consequently seen something of the world, knew the requisitions of the times, and the temper of the people. In his bishopric, where he conducted himself with exemplary propriety, he had learned the popular feeling. A Roman advocate informed me, that one reason which impelled the Pope to the amnesty, was his

knowledge of the fact, that innocent men had been not only imprisoned, but put to death, under the government of his predecessor.

Although Ferretti was prized for his good sense in the college of cardinals, he was not generally known amongst the Roman people. That his election was partly accidental is proved by the fact, that Cardinal Lambruschini, the minister of Pope Gregory, had at the first ballot a greater number of votes; and I believe, on the day of the election of Pius IX., the greater portion of the Roman states were thoroughly disaffected towards the government. The amnesty, his great measure, which won the hearts of the people, affected nigh 3000 persons, including men of all ranks and professions: although they are pledged in honour to attempt no machinations against the state, yet they are not pledged to conceal their sufferings, or not to strive for an amelioration of the system of which they were the victims. All these causes combined will make it difficult for the Pope to stand still, although he may be disposed to abide by the commentary written upon Gizzi's Circular:

"That it is not possible for the Pope to divide with the people, by his mere will, the supreme majesty of his power, or to alienate any of the essential attributes of sovereignty."

## CHAP. XLIII.

Christmas in Rome.—The Pifferari Shepherds.—A Church Service by Night in Santa Maria Maggiore.—St. Peter's on Christmas-Day.—Exhibition of the Presepio.—A Procession.—Jesuits' Church.—High Mass in a Greek Church.—Ceremony of taking the Veil described.—Observations on the Monastic System.—Inundation of the City.—Exertions in Relief of the Irish Famine.—Sympathy of Pius IX.—Padre Ventura again.—His Sketch of the Irish People.—The Carnival: its Derivation traced.—The Ceremonies on Ash-Wednesday.—Interview with Pius IX.—His Appearance, Manner, and Conversation.—His Character and Conduct considered in a two-fold Aspect: as a Political Reformer, and as an Ecclesiastical Sovereign.

*December* 1846 *to April* 1847.

THE day set apart for commemorating the birth of Christ is ushered in by a simple yet affecting custom which has been practised for centuries; the *Pifferari* descend in their native costume, short cloaks and pointed hats, from the Abruzzi mountains, and are suddenly heard in the streets, playing their peculiar music, consisting of bagpipe and fife. In parties of two, these shepherds perambulate Rome, awaking the inhabitants in the stillness of night by their welcome strains. They remain in the city about a fortnight, generally commencing their labours about four o'clock in the morning, and passing through each street twice in the day. Wherever they see an image of the Madonna, there they stop and play a *sonata* before it. They ask no alms, but each shopkeeper and housekeeper gives something to the *Pifferari* coming from a distance to commemorate the birth of Him who brought salvation to the world. The Romans say, it once happened that the *Pifferari* shepherds came not, and plague with famine scourged their city; they therefore welcome their humble visitors, remembering it was to shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night that the blessed revelation first was made.

Christmas-eve has arrived; a spirit of watchfulness pervades the city—you feel it—you discover that without noise

the population is in motion at the ordinary hour of repose. Churches are open and lit, solemn services are performed, thanksgivings are offered up for the tidings of great joy. The Pope issues from his palace, and attended by the college of cardinals, assists in the services in the noble Basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore.* This service used to be commenced at midnight, but now the hour is changed to nine o'clock, which is more convenient. Thither I bent my steps: a vast multitude of people were there, as much to behold the popular pontiff as the Christmas ceremony. The appearance of the interior of the Basilica surprised me. It was a blaze of illumination; the long nave was lit up by rows of glass lustres filled with wax-lights; the tribune, where sat the princes of the Church, being peculiarly splendid. I got within the enclosure formed by the Swiss guard, and found myself amidst a crowd of resolute English ladies; there was a grand ceremony; much chanting, and scattering of incense. Then Pius IX. was raised aloft, and borne in grand procession through the spacious nave, and into the chapel of SS. Sacramento, where the holy cradle is carefully guarded. This precious deposit was brought forth covered by a case I believe, of crystal, and carried through the church, to exalt the faith and delight the eyes of the pious. It is asserted deliberately, that this is the very cradle in which our Saviour lay, (not surely in Bethlehem?) after his birth. This story of the holy cradle is of a piece with that of the Scala Santa, near the Lateran, which, to the amazement of all rational beings, is asserted to be the identical staircase down which our Saviour walked from the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem; and being carefully covered, lest it should be worn by the knees of the believers, is made use of for penance by the Church, and crawled up by thousands.

St. Peter's, on Christmas-day, was magnificent in the pomp of its ceremonial; thousands were drawn thither to see the Pope in pontifical grandeur, perform high mass. A Protestant I really believe, is not qualified to judge of ceremonies to which he is not accustomed: those who are, see in them possibly a profound meaning; but we are compelled to inquire in Rome into the original teaching of the Apostles, and compare it with what we see. For example,

when Paul reasoned in this city—a fact which gives to it everlasting interest—was it *thus?* When the early Christians worshipped here, was it *thus?* Impossible to believe either of these things.

St. Peter's, on state days, affords a grand spectacle, and nothing more. But I ought to add, that Pius IX. in this and the several services which I have seen him conduct, discharged his priestly duties as one thoroughly in earnest. Quitting St. Peter's, I met a priest of my acquaintance; he wished good-humouredly to convert me: Might I not join the rest of my countrymen converts in Rome? I asked him bluntly, Did he think the ceremony we had just witnessed was in conformity with the practice of the early Christians? He answered, Certainly not; but they had the mass; and as to the ceremony, what suited one state of society did not suit another, and the *Church* should decide what was suitable now. This was plausible, although it would be hard to prove that the early Christians had the modern mass. Without any disrespect to those who differ from me, no ceremony I ever beheld of a sacred character affected my heart less than that represented with such magnificence in St. Peter's on Christmas-day.

A fortnight after, there was another pontifical high mass in the same Basilica, and I again saw the Pope, his feathers, and flappers. On inquiring what this repetition was meant for, I was answered, This was the festival of the *Chair of St. Peter*, instituted to confute the Lutherans, who denied without any foundation that St. Peter had ever been in Rome. Be the Lutherans right or wrong in their opinion, this is not a very logical way of answering their argument.

I must now conduct the reader across the Tiber, and show him the curious exhibition of the *Presepio.* In the district of Trastevere stands an old tower of other days, which we must ascend by long narrow flights of crooked stone steps: pausing to breathe in a square chamber, we read inscribed on the wall, that this tower was used as a means of defence against the Goths, and afterwards as a prison; now, happily, for the sacred purpose of the *Presepio.* Although squeezed by the pressure of the faithful, we at last reached the top of the tower, which was above the roofs of all the surrounding

houses. So soon as we could get standing room in the narrow apartment, we looked about us and perceived several little avenues, as if leading out to the country on different sides. There were diminutive shepherds, sheep, goats, asses, travellers, and water; in one avenue was a stable and cattle; near a manger appeared the Virgin, a child, the magi worshipping and bearing gifts, shepherds gazing on the infant, and angels announcing the glad tidings. The foreground was filled with all the details of a mimic landscape. Some of the avenues were closed by unreal mountains, so cleverly managed as to deceive the eye, whilst in others the mountains in the distant plains of the Campagna terminated and gave a character of reality to the scene. All this is exhibited at the season of Christmas to represent the scene of our Saviour's birth as described in Scripture, the reading a few pages of which in their beautiful simplicity, one might suppose, would better teach a Christian people what it so deeply concerns them to know.

On the last day of the year there was a procession to the Quirinal, to visit the Pope. It consisted of crowds of young men marching with banners and music; they were full of enthusiasm, and ranged themselves in the spacious piazza with great joy; as usual, they called for Pio Nono. His holiness appeared on the balcony, gave them his benediction, and remained while the young men sang a spirited hymn in two verses. It is a strange sight to a foreigner to behold masses of the people, whenever excited on any subject, hurry off to the palace of the sovereign and call him out to gratify their humour; and it is undignified to say the least, in his holiness, to make himself so very common. The motive in the people is obvious. They wish their Pope to understand he is the man of the people.

But again I must follow his holiness. He visits the Church of the Jesuits in state, to sing out the old year: the vespers were short, music good, and the people joined in the responses, which produced a fine effect. The Pope departed amidst general acclamations. It does not appear Pope Pius has any dislike to the Jesuits in a religious point of view; this visit in state to their church would seem to disprove

that: he has also been known to commend their piety and zeal.

1*st January.*—Another *festa* day; I contented myself with vespers in St. Peter's, which were more congenial to my taste than the Pope and the procession.

Amidst the religious ceremonies in all quarters of Rome at this solemn season, I must particularise that of high mass according to the Greek rite, in the Greek church of St. Athanasius. It was a curious sight. The building in its arrangements resembled that described already as existing in Leghorn. An inner shrine, where the priests alone entered, contained the altar, richly decorated. The priests, loaded with gorgeous vestments, performed a singular ceremonial. They moved in and out of the sacred shrine, and backwards and forwards, some with huge wax candles, others with tapers and gold censers. A numerous choir, outside the shrine, but inside an enclosed space like that of our communion-tables, sat with their backs to the people, and chanted at intervals. Then a priest ascended a low pulpit, and read a prayer in Greek; next, a sort of dirge was chanted by a priest, after which there was a grand procession of the host around the enclosed space I have described, in which all the clergy and choir joined; and thus the mysterious ceremony ended. I thought it in some degree impressive.

I had long desired to witness the ceremony of taking the veil in Rome, and having heard from her relative an affecting narrative of the circumstances under which a young and beautiful girl was induced to profess herself a nun, I inquired in what convent she was secluded, and was answered, it was that of the Battisterie, attached to the Church of St. Nicola di Tolentino, where there would take place the profession of a nun on the ensuing Sabbath. On Sunday morning following, the 17th of January, I hurried to the Church of St. Nicola di Tolentino, to witness the promised ceremony. It was a cheerless affair. Two Swiss sentries were on guard at the door, a circumstance which indicated the expected presence of a cardinal. First arrived a large morocco chair, then a fat cardinal. His eminence knelt down in the centre of the aisle on a velvet cushion, while two soldiers, with fixed

bayonets, stood guard over him. His chaplain, in full clerical costume, knelt down exactly behind, and took a pinch of snuff. The cardinal-vicar quickly rose. The soldiers marched him inside the railed place before the altar, where he sat down in the morocco chair. He was then arrayed in fine robes, a gold crucifix was suspended from his neck, a brilliant shone upon his finger. The novice, not very attractive in person, was next introduced, covered with a white veil, and matronized by a marchioness fashionably dressed. An elderly priest seated himself opposite the novice and her friend; the cardinal between, facing the congregation, presided in stately composure. The priest delivered his common-place discourse to the poor girl as she sat before him; told her of her approaching happiness; that she would thenceforward belong to God; that by this act of devotion her eternal felicity was secured; heaven was opening its gates to receive her. To this discourse she gently nodded assent. She was then presented by the fashionable marchioness to the cardinal, as he sat arrayed in his magnificent robes in the red chair, whereupon the novice devoutly kissed the golden crucifix. His eminence now placed a crown of thorns upon her head, and a light, although large, black crucifix of wood on her shoulder; after which the girl walked down the centre of the church, attended by her friend, descended the steps into the open air (here a number of the lower classes were assembled to see her as she passed), turned to the convent gate which she entered, never in this mortal life again to view the fair world she quitted. In twenty minutes she appeared at the iron grating near the altar in her white coif. Some questions were put to her, some prayers were said, the nuns sang sweetly from the recesses of their living tomb, and all was over.

The gilded chair was carried off, the cardinal laid aside his heavy finery, had a quiet joke with the priest, the Swiss sentries fixed bayonets, safely guarded his eminence into his coach, and I hastened from the melancholy scene. Thousands of young women are thus shut up throughout Italy; and when we reflect upon the evils of such a practice, we must admire the wisdom of Leopold of Tuscany, who, while he surrounded the novice with magisterial protection, feared

not to repress the abuses and to lessen the numbers of convents and monasteries within his dominions.

During the month of December we had dismal weather, and there was an unusual inundation of the city from the unruly Tiber. A great part of Rome resembled Venice; boats plied in the streets adjoining the river, before the Pantheon, and in the Corso. The sufferings of the lower order were severe; but the injuries caused by the event were exaggerated. To those who did not suffer, Rome presented an aspect of extraordinary interest, and the artists were busily employed in sketching the novel appearances. The Pope was attentive to the poor; the English made a liberal collection, and the nobles, who have not the wit to improve their land, gave bread.

There was about this time a meeting of the English held in Rome, for the purpose of adopting measures to relieve the sufferers in Ireland from the awful famine which had oppressed them. Pius IX. applauded and encouraged their efforts, and commanded three charity sermons in aid of their contributions to be preached in French, Italian, and English, and annexed an indulgence to the attendance on the three discourses. The discourse in Italian was preached by Il Padre Ventura; it was very spirited and eloquent, but quite unlike our ideas of a sermon; he described the poetical, military, and imaginative character of the Irish people in glowing terms; their mode of existence, their food; gave a history of the potato failure and its fatal consequences; drew a vivid picture of the priest consoling the peasant in his hovel; but he reserved the thunder of his eloquence for his description of their faithfulness to the Catholic Church. It was in the course of this sermon that Il Padre Ventura named the Methodists with a start of horror, whether real or affected I know not, "a sect of men ever the enemies of the Church." The mass of his hearers had no idea I suspect, of what Methodists really believed, and very likely regarded them as *Caffres!* The sermon was highly characteristic of the preacher and of the national feeling.

Preaching is over, and now the carnival begins—a scene of buffoonery, jollity, extravagance, and caricature, which has no parallel in the world. The carnival in Naples is contemptible compared with that in Rome, and yet the Neapo-

litans are naturally more excitable than the Romans. I bear willing testimony, however, to the invincible good humour of the Italian people. The most entertaining of their caricatures consisted in their grotesque delineations of real life in all its varieties. There was an impudent mountebank who imitated a lawyer, and ridiculed the learned profession; he was dressed in black, with wig and peruke, a false nose, spectacles and band; carried a law book under his arm which he occasionally opened; wrangled with the passengers, threatened, abused, would put the folk in his process and bring them to condign punishment. I almost considered the impostor as personal in his behaviour towards me, but I remained dumb in the presence of a master spirit. All professions are ridiculed except the priesthood; no allusion is made to monks, nuns, friars, or priests. Every other business in life is ludicrously mimicked, down to the carrying of sick men to the hospital. A patient is brought out in an open litter, wrapped in a blanket, and carried along with apparent tenderness and most diverting attention, to the house of reception. The very physic is administered to the pretended patient, who swallows the dose of wine as willingly as if it were the doctor's drugs.

What astounds the stranger is the sudden transition from the serious offices of religion to the wildest excesses of human folly, and then back again as suddenly to the pious exercises of Lent. During the sixth century, a mode of celebrating the feasts of the Nativity and of the Holy Innocents came into use, in which the gambols of the old Saturnalia appeared under Christian authority. Afterwards, a festival called that of the *Ass and the Fools* was held, which continued from Christmas Day to the Epiphany. In this it was usual to elect a chief, as the Romans did in their Saturnalia, and this monarch of buffoons was called the *Pope of Fools;* he was crowned with grapes, and paraded through the streets on an ass, preceded by a fat ox, while the people indulged in every extravagance; and to the festival of the *Ass and the Fools* of the middle ages, there has succeeded in the capital of the Christian world, the modern carnival, as absurd as any, and proving how unalterably rooted in human nature is the love for national amusement. That a rigid ecclesiastical government should expressly sanction this great pantomime seems

surprising; but the fact is, that the whole system in Rome is made up of inconsistencies; for strange to say, at the same time that the madness of the carnival rages, the cardinal-vicar issues spiritual invitations to the faithful, beseeching them to shun the dissipation of the season, to imitate the example of St. Carlo Borromeo, or St. Filippo Neri, or some other good saint, and visit the churches or stations, where holy exercises are performed.

The carnival ended, Rome is nearly emptied of strangers; the wise visitors then diligently employ their leisure. The energies of the people are prostrated: they can scarce crawl to prayers. Ash-Wednesday comes, on which day anciently the pontiff walked in procession barefoot, with all the clergy singing litanies to the Church of St. Sabina; now, his Holiness sits enthroned in scarlet cope, purple stole, and mitre of cloth of silver; the cardinals in robes of purple with fur cape—that colour or violet being the mourning of the Church. The cardinals will assume the vestments of the altar; the auditor of the *rota*, in a violet-coloured *pianéta*, will take from the altar a plate of silver gilt, filled with the ashes of the palms consecrated on Palm Sunday; his Holiness will pronounce over them the benediction; then the Cardinal *Penitenziere Maggiore* ascends the footstool of the throne, and after profound obeisance, places a portion of the ashes in the form of a cross on the head of the pontiff. His Holiness then assumes the mitre; and, the *grembiale* being put on his knees, gives the ashes to the same cardinal, describing the cross on his forehead, and saying, "*Memento, homo quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*" Thus does and says the Pope to all the cardinals, bishops, abbots; some standing, others kneeling; some kissing the knee, others the foot of his Holiness, according to their rank. Next the Pope washes his hands, using the crumb of bread and a lemon with his oblation; a sermon is preached, and indulgence for fifteen years proclaimed, and all is happily finished.

We have traversed a busy period, and reached the month of February. Pius IX. has been followed from church to basilica—many splendid ceremonies have been described; but it is time to inquire into the character of the pontiff as a man and a king—into the acts hitherto done of solid and lasting benefit to his people.

I had two interviews with Pius IX.: the first as a member of the committee appointed for the humane purpose already mentioned; the second with a private party. His manner is frank, and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment; Pius IX. addressing his fellow-men, utters what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply couched in terms of cold formality, to what was kindly addressed to him, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling poured forth at the moment. He is not what some would call dignified; and is in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX. denote plain sense and frankness of character, more than refined taste, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he never would be mistaken for a subtle Jesuit, but would pass all the world over for a good-natured English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honour of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, he spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland, and spoke in terms of hearty admiration of the exertions made by the parliament in England, in relief of the Irish famine. The vote of ten millions seemed to astonish his Holiness.

Let us now inquire what the Pope has done politically, with a view to comprehending his claims to the character of a reformer. The amnesty was a generous act, and graciously done (yet Austria has had her political amnesties, as Pellico can witness), and in a financial point of view highly prudent, for it was costly to feed 2000 idlers in the public prisons. What has been accomplished to remove the *causes* which crowded the gaols with political offenders? I cannot during this interval discover any permanent measure of reform carried, or promised, by Pius IX. There was some abatement made in duties on certain articles of imports and exports; some amalgamation of offices; certain popular appointments, as that of Cardinal Gizzi; the sanction of the construction of a railway at the expense of the people, which was regarded as a prodigious advance towards an en-

lightened policy. Permission was granted to have a political dinner; and a liberty of the press, under a strict censorship, was granted. Best of all, if anything results from it, was the appointment of a committee to examine into the iniquities of the penal code.* A committee of cardinals was also nominated to inquire into the condition of the papal revenues and finances; nor ought we to omit the forcible expulsion of beggars who infested in crowds the streets of the capital: there was also the appointment by the mere will of the Pope of a council of state—and a declared wish to extend the blessings of education, and repress crime. Now these measures are undoubtedly all improvements, and are in the right direction; but there is no security for their preservation. If accomplished, they might at any time be revoked by the word of the Pope, or of his successor.

*February*, 1847.—Up to this date no constitutional reform has been yielded; and I think the conclusion of an impartial inquirer must be, that nothing was further from the mind of the Pope than the giving a representative constitution to his subjects. How such a change could have been expected, or how it could be reconciled with the Papal authority, I cannot comprehend. The grounds of this conclusion are his declarations and his acts. Emphatically did the pontiff warn his anxious subjects against adopting notions of theoretic freedom, which could not be applied to the Papal States. Cardinal Gizzi expressed himself distinctly to the same effect. The Pope declared *he must deliver to his successors unimpaired the trust he had received.* To the assembled college of cardinals in thanking them for his election, Pius IX. promised "*to let no occasion pass by, in which an opportunity should be granted him of protecting the rights and dignity of their order.*" In reply to which, Cardinal Macchi speaking for the college, warned the Pope that they feared the licentious and impious audacity *of the press*, which would unless curbed, uproot their authority and that of the Church itself. Then, the law regulating this audacious press forbade the discus-

* I have not heard that any real reform in the Criminal Code has ever been effected.

sion, either *directly* or *indirectly*, of the pontifical government or its institutions, or the propounding reforms in either, or in the Church.

With such an edict the Roman public were deeply dissatisfied.

The Scientific Congress wished to meet at Bologna — *that* the Pope forbade. The reader, by reference to the proceedings at Genoa, may determine why. With respect to his appointments, if some were good, others were bad: of the latter was the nomination to a cardinal's hat of Monsignore Marini, governor of Rome, and head of the police under Pope Gregory. I well remember the effect which this appointment produced. There was a burst of indignation. A satirical suggestion was affixed to Pasquin's statue, that the next cardinal should be the public executioner. Another fact should be noted; the seizure and suppression of liberal foreign journals during the winter. This frequently happened. The governor of the post-office would scarcely have ventured upon such a proceeding, without higher authority than his own.

Reviewing dispassionately the foregoing facts, it seems to me difficult to conclude that the Pope had formed any real plan of reform in the frame of the papal government, or that he intended or wished, or thought it possible, to secure to his people constitutional freedom. On the contrary, his true political character appears to have been that of a benevolent sovereign, who wished to govern honestly, but *absolutely;* to execute useful administrative reforms, but to retain all legislative authority in his single person; to soothe the laymen, but to confine the honours and emoluments of the state to his own order—the priesthood; to permit a liberty of discussion, saving from its influence all obnoxious institutions and the absolute character of the government; to preserve without alteration all the privileges of the sacred college, and the unlimited power of the Popedom.

Such do I believe to have been the true character of Pope Pius in things political. He was shouted into popularity, without meaning to be the assertor of liberty. The bitter opposition he met with from some cardinals—his critical position—the circumstances of the times—the loud demands of his people, forced him onward in a track, glorious I

admit, but which I do not believe he meant originally to pursue.

With respect to the ecclesiastical character of Pius IX., he proved himself to be every inch a Pope. To all the prerogatives of the infallible head of the Church he laid claim; to all the doctrines of the Church he rigidly subscribed; its ceremonies he scrupulously performed; one edition of the Scriptures, with notes, he put into the *Index Expurgatorius;* all editions published without his Church's explanations were anathematized by his Encyclical Letter, which pronounced judgment of condemnation on the large portion of the Christian world dissenting from the Church of Rome.

The ideas favoured by the infallible Church may be collected from the following sentences taken from a Latin sermon, preached before Pope Pius and his cardinals on the 15th February, 1847, and afterwards printed by authority. It is thus entitled:—

"De Cathedra Romana Sancti Petri, Principis Apostolorum—oratio habita in Basilica Vaticaneo—15 February, 1847. Per Laurentio Randi."

The preacher reviews the history of the heresies which had afflicted the true Church. Then a complimentary history is given of Henry VIII. "*Britannia descivit—heu miseram infelicemque nationem.*" It is added, that Henry VIII. grieved for his apostasy, and meant to fly to the rock of Peter, which death alone prevented. This amusing passage follows:—

"Video regno potiri Elisabetham impurissimam feminam, et Catholico nomini ac Pontificiæ auctoritati inferissimam. Quæ quidem licet maximo in Pontificem odio exardesceret, tamen et Catholico ritu consecrari, et per legatum a Romano Pontifice confirmari poposcit."

In referring to the attestations afforded by Tractarian writers to the excellence of the Roman Catholic Church, and the expediency of forming an union with it, the preacher, in a justifiable tone of triumph exclaims,—

"Omitto veros Protestantes, auctoritate gravissimos, in dicendo disertissimos, in omni litterarum genere excellentes, qui in media Germania excitari videntur, ut hujus Cathedræ lucem propalantes

animos ad concordiam et ad commune vinculum reducant. Omitfo eloquentissima præclarorum hominum scripta, quæ cunctam fere Britanniam pervagantur, quibus ritus, disciplinæ, mores Romanæ sedis ab impiorum calumniis strenue ac invictæ defenduntur."

Notwithstanding these anticipations, I should say England is not unlikely to continue what the preacher would describe as an unhappy, miserable, Protestant kingdom.

## CHAP. XLIV.

Pius IX. visits the Palazzo Massimo.—Astounding Miracle of St. Filippo Neri.—The Discipline of Flogging.—Magnificent Ceremonies of Easter.—Office of Tenebre described.—The Pope and Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel.—Michael Angelo's Fresco of the Last Judgment.—Impression produced by the Miserere.—Easter Sunday in St. Peter's.—The Papal Benediction.—Service same day in Protestant Church.—A Comparison.—How did the Primitive Christians worship?—Concluding Spectacles of Easter.—Illumination of St. Peter's.—The Girandola.—Colosseum by Moonlight.—An Opinion of Mr. Laing's disputed.

THERE is in Rome a noble family named the Massimi; they claim descent from Fabius Maximus and have upheld their rank in later ages by occasionally accepting the dignity of cardinal, and the office of superintendent of the post. The Palazzo Massimo, for its elegance of structure deserves a visit, and still better for the famous Discobolus an undoubtedly Greek statue which it contains; a copy of the masterpiece of Myron. On the 16th day of March there was an unusual bustle in the streets of the papal city. The pontiff was in progress in royal state to visit the Massimo family; and to the palace the obedient believers of the Church were hastening in crowds. On what sacred duty, is the priestly sovereign bent?

The narrative informing us is taken verbatim from the Roman Journal of the 27th March, 1847.

"On the 16th day of March was celebrated, in the chapel of the Palazzo delle Colonne, with the accustomed pomp, the anniversary of the miracle there worked in the year 1583, by Saint Philip Neri—*that of raising from the dead the young Paolo de Massimi son of Fabrizio, lord of Arsoli*, which miracle was examined into and proved with the accustomed formalities, and received as one of the principal evidences in the process for the canonisation of that saint. The narration of this miracle is given round the image of St. Philip, which is distributed every year

amongst the Roman people by the representatives of this noble family. On the afternoon of this day, his holiness, *(as many of his predecessors have done,)* gave an example of piety in repairing to honour the palace of the Massimi with his presence, and to join in the devotions of the chapel, to which an immense multitude was flocking. The portico was decorated *with a richly-adorned picture representing the miracle*, suspended between the columns, whence the palace is named, hung with tapestries adorned with the armorial bearings of the family. His holiness was here received by Cardinal Massimo, in his decorations and uniform as general superintendent of the post. At the entrance of the first floor the Princess Massimo, dressed in black velvet, with a white lace veil and diamonds, accompanied by the sisters of the Prince, received the holy father kneeling; to them he imparted his benediction. The chamber where the miracle took place has been converted into a church, ornamented with precious marbles, containing three altars and a large number of relics richly enshrined. Here his holiness passed some time in prayer, whilst the anthem *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was sung by many voices to the organ. His holiness afterwards passed into the throne-room, and taking his seat on the richly-ornamented chair of state, admitted the whole family and their domestics to do homage by kissing his feet. A Latin composition in verse was recited by the P. Giaccoletti, of the *Scuole Pie;* and a representation of the miracle on embroidered silk was presented to his holiness by the Prince, together with a volume published for the occasion, containing engravings of the palace, its description and history from its origin until the present time, bound in velvet and gold. His holiness then took leave in terms the most affectionately gracious, and drove from the palace amidst the fervent acclamations of the assembled multitude."

Having read this narrative, what can be said respecting the transaction to which it refers? We can smile as we read how the image of the Madonna conversed with Pope Gregory, reason stands aghast at this prodigy.

Throughout the Sacred Volume there is not to be found a more touching or awful narrative than that of the raising of Lazarus from the dead by the voice of Omnipotence. Believing that fact, and the resurrection, an inquirer after truth, supposing him not before convinced, *must* become a Christian. But if common mortals can do the things which Christ did while on earth, the sublimity of His character is lessened — His miracles cease to be the wonderful works of the Incarnate God. At His command the grave yielded back

its victim: has death been equally obedient to the authority of Filippo Neri?*

Another painful exhibition occurred in Rome during my residence. Lord Broughton, formerly Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in his historical illustrations on "Childe Harold," thus describes it: —

"The ceremony of pious whippings, one of the penances of the convents, still takes place at the time of vespers in the oratory of the Padre Caravita, and in another church in Rome. It is preceded by a short exhortation, during which a bell rings, and whips, that is, strings of knotted whipcord, are distributed quietly amongst such of the audience as are on their knees in the nave. On a second bell, the candles are extinguished—a loud voice issues from the altar, which pours forth an exhortation to think of unconfessed, or unrepented, or unforgiven crimes. This continues a sufficient time to allow the kneelers to strip off their upper garments; the tone of the preacher is raised more loudly at each word, and he vehemently exhorts his hearers to recollect that Christ and the Martyrs suffered much more than whipping. 'Show, then, your penitence—show your sense of Christ's sacrifice—show it with the whip.' The flagellation begins. The darkness, the tumultuous sound of blows in every direction—'Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us!' bursting out at intervals—the persuasion that you are surrounded by atrocious culprits and maniacs, who know of an absolution for every crime—so far from exciting a smile, fixes you to the spot in a trance of restless horror, prolonged beyond bearing. The scourging continues ten or fifteen minutes."

Curious to ascertain if the absurd practice just narrated still existed, a friend of mine visited at the appointed hour (nine at night) the church named, near that of the Jesuits. He called on me the next morning, declaring he had never endured such a night's suffering. Each man on entering the church was supplied with a scourge. After a short interval the doors were barred, the lights extinguished; and from praying, the congregation proceeded to groaning, crying, and finally, being worked up into a kind of ecstatic fury applied the scourge to their uncovered shoulders without mercy. The scourge he handed to me; it consisted of four pieces of whipcord knotted, and would, if well applied,

* We have been favoured with a new edition of the "Maxims and Sayings" of St. Philip Neri, arranged for every day in the year, from the Italian, by the Rev. J. D. Faber.

give a severe flogging. Can it be possible that Pius IX. means to permit such practices to exist as necessary to the discipline of his Church?

More agreeable it is to turn to the contemplation of the ceremonials of Easter, which travellers hasten from Naples and Florence to behold. Properly speaking, these sacred ceremonies continue from Thursday morning to Monday night, and they are of varied character and effect. It would be impossible and needless to describe each of these well known services here. But as I have spoken freely of what struck me as censurable in certain practices of the Church of Rome, in justice I ought to specify that which appeared to me to be highly affecting in her grand ceremonies in commemoration of Easter. What I refer to is the office of the *Tenebræ*.

This service denotes the solemn mourning of the Church over the Redeemer. Its name implies the darkness which miraculously signalised the dread consummation; and its repetition on three occasions, refers to a portion of the three days that the Saviour's body lay in the tomb. It is candidly admitted by the Roman Catholics, that the details of their ritual have accumulated gradually; and hence there is a difference in explaining some of their ancient usages, and especially the ceremony of the gradual extinction of lights in the office of the *Tenebræ*. Fifteen tapers are placed on a triangular frame standing near the altar, one of which is extinguished at the end of each Psalm, till that on the apex is left burning alone, and this is concealed behind the altar, to be reproduced at the end of the service. This has by some writers been explained as symbolizing the prophets who were persecuted and successively put to death before the coming of our Saviour the last and true Light, which, not extinguished was only briefly withdrawn by death; by others, as symbolizing the desertion of the Saviour in His last hours, when the apostles and disciples forsook Him and fled.

Whatever be the true explanation, let me transport the reader to the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, whose walls and roof are covered with the matchless frescoes of Buonarotti. The Pope is seated in solemn grandeur on his throne; the cardinals in dignified splendour are ranged on their appointed seats, and near the altar the fifteen mysterious

lights are burning. The choir, comprising the finest voices in Rome, are not visible, being placed in a low gallery near the screen which separates the laity from the priesthood. On the altar are only candlesticks. No images, or statues, or figures, spoil the simple grandeur of the place. The music, a masterpiece in composition to which the Lamentations are chaunted, is the most thrilling to which mortal ear can listen. The harmonious cadences are sometimes so mournful, as to make the hearers weep. So forcibly were my feelings affected that I forgot fatigue, and was enabled to stand for three hours, listening to sounds which at times resembled more the wailing of spirits than terrestrial music. At certain stages of the service, a priest with noiseless step moved towards the frame on which the lights were placed, and slowly extinguished one. It was strange that an act so simple should arrest the mind; yet as the service proceeded, I watched this process with anxiety; and when the last taper was put out, I comprehended the idea intended to be conveyed, that now the light of the world was extinguished.

There was a deep unbroken silence. I looked up, and beheld a fearful representation of the most awful spectacle the eye of man shall ever see: daring was his genius who painted the Son of God in His Divine Majesty, sentencing the quick, and summoning the dead! A dusky light cast its feeble gleam on the appalling figures, which seemed to rise from the grave before me. The trumpet has sounded —tombs are burst open—sepulchres yield up their dead. Some have already heard the joyful voice, crying, "Come! immortal happiness is yours." They are soaring upwards to regions of bliss. Others—fearful thought!—have received their final doom, and are plunging into outer darkness and misery unspeakable. The fabric of this world is about to dissolve into eternal ashes, and God henceforth to be all in all. Such thoughts rushed into my mind, as I stood this night before Michael Angelo's sublime composition of the Last Judgment.

The *Miserere*, properly speaking, now strikes upon the ear; the 51st psalm is sung in a manner calculated to excite the deepest, tenderest emotions in the soul.

Easter Sunday has arrived. The Italian sky shines forth

in cloudless splendour, and travellers from every country and clime are pouring under the vast dome of St. Peter's. Another, even grander procession than that described at Christmas I witnessed; and a more gorgeous ceremony, all that imagination can conceive of pomp, glittering show, and papal grandeur. I hurried out into the beautiful piazza. Countless thousands were there assembled, the fountains shot up their sparkling waters, the obelisk of Egypt told the triumph of the Cross, the troops with their shining arms glittered in the sun, and the stupendous dome above us seemed as if flung into the air. The Pope appears at the balcony above. Thousands kneel; his voice cannot be heard, but his action can be seen. With outstretched arms, amidst silence universal, he gives the benediction precious to believing hearts. In an instant the military music strikes up, the bells which had been dumb peal forth, the cannon thunders from St. Angelo. In the midst of which noise and display, I escape to the humble house wherein the worship of God according to the reformed faith is permitted. What a contrast! Eight hundred Protestants are assembled in a chamber unadorned by a single statue or picture. Grave in aspect, serious in spirit, a congregation of Christians here meet to worship God with the homage of the soul. This worship appeared to me on the instant, by comparison and contrast, to be infinitely more appropriate, because more humble, pure, and scriptural;—more acceptable to Him who judgeth not by outward splendour, but searcheth the heart.

It happened that on Easter-day, the Rev. Charles Girdlestone preached in Rome, on the suitable theme of how we are to bear witness to the resurrection of Christ. The great subject was handled in an eloquent and affecting style; nor were we suffered to forget that we trod on ground watered by the blood of martyrs.

I endeavoured, so far as it was possible for one brought up in the doctrines of the Reformation, to abstract my mind from all partiality for one system of religious worship above another, and to consider which of the two forms I had that day witnessed ought to be preferred. Did the primitive Christians worship as I beheld the multitude in St. Peter's? That would be impossible for any

man to believe. If they did not, why should we? In principle, why not make our practice as nearly as we can conformable to that of the early Christians? Forms of worship must no doubt be used,—the more scriptural the better; those employed by the Church of England are peculiarly so, and the preaching I heard this day by one of her pious ministers seemed such as St. Paul would have approved, because based on his own doctrine. The conclusion of my mind was, that the reformed faith and worship were most in conformity with Scripture, and that ours is, in fact, the primitive Church. As to the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church of Rome, Robert Hall exactly expresses what I think:—"The genius of the Gospel, let it once for all be remembered, is not ceremonial, but spiritual, consisting not in meats or drinks, or outward observances, but in the cultivation of such interior graces as compose the essence of virtue, perfect the character, and purify the heart. These form the soul of religion; all the rest are but her terrestrial attire, which she will lay aside when she passes the threshold of eternity."

On the evening of Easter Sunday we witnessed the illumination of St. Peter's. It is not possible to describe so extraordinary a spectacle—it must be seen to be understood. What a grand idea, to light up with an astonishing brilliancy the dome, cupola, cross, colonnade, and pillars, of this enormous temple! The massive architecture stands out in a blaze of light. There are two illuminations, the silver and the gold: the first begins at eight o'clock, and consists of 400 lanterns; the second begins at nine, and consists of 1500 lamps. Countless carriages filled the vast piazza. Crowds of pedestrians moved about, yet unbroken order was maintained. My astonishment at the first view of this singular spectacle was very great—the huge dome seemed as if covered with shining ladders, the rungs of which only were brilliantly visible. The pillars of the colonnade were dark, and we sat gazing before us in breathless expectation. The clock struck nine; the pillars beside us shone forth, and the grandeur of the dome was in a moment exhibited in perfect illumination.

The suddenness of this transformation from comparative darkness into wondrous light, produced an effect inde-

scribable. We sat and gazed in mute delight. Having beheld the spectacle under different aspects in the piazza, we ascended the Pincian hill, opposite St. Peter's, which commanded a perfect view of the cathedral. From this height we found the view far more striking, the effect more beautiful: a clear sky and soft air enabled us to remain nearly an hour on the same spot, our eyes feasting on the shining wonder. At such a distance the lamps lost their coarseness, their light was soft and lustrous as of the stars; and the ever-beautiful dome seemed to resemble nothing real, but rather some object which might be read of in the legends of romance—the fabric of enchantment, the illuminated castle of a magician suspended in the air.

On Easter Monday night, the grand exhibition of fireworks took place at the Castle of St. Angelo, anciently the tomb of Hadrian. We secured a balcony right opposite the castle, and close to the yellow Tiber which flowed at our feet. The entertainment was short, not lasting more than forty minutes, beginning at nightfall. First there was a prodigious explosion of rockets. Sheets of red fire blazed upwards, and fell like liquid streams upon the ground; then followed brilliant representations of castles and cascades of golden fire; rockets shot up into the air with thousands of fiery snakes and hissing dragons, darting forward as far as the eyes could reach. As I looked upon the waters of the Tiber, visible by the blaze of light, I thought of the race of heroes that once dwelt upon her banks, whose matchless energy subdued the world, and the memorials of whose eloquence, courage, and greatness have not passed away.

No traveller, if health permit, should quit Rome without a visit to the Colosseum by moonlight. Madame de Staël has given us a reason for so doing, poetical and true:—"There is in the sun of Italy a brightness which gives to everything the air of a festival, but the moon is the star of ruins." The visitor should be in the Colosseum before the moon has fully risen, and if possible as the soft light falls on the summit, or touches the highest point of the amphitheatre. Easter Monday night, when the papal festivities had ended, was propitious. The silver orb shone brightly in the heavens, and we resolved to visit the Colosseum about

the time likely, from its loneliness and silence to be most impressive, by contrast with the noise and confusion of the scene described. We traversed the Forum as if in daylight, passed under the graceful arch of Titus, paused opposite the larger arch of Constantine, and at last entered the area of the Colosseum. The huge amphitheatre appeared of infinitely vaster size than when seen in the broad glare of day; and its historic associations then recurred to the mind with uninterrupted force. The clamour of eighty thousand Romans conquerors of the world, once filled this space; it is now a solitary but majestic ruin. The circus occupied with wild beasts or gladiators, to delight a fierce and cruel audience by their carnage or their agonies, contains nothing now except a single cross, emblematic of the religion which has triumphed over paganism and its splendid fables. Having paused for a while near the entrance, we felt how peculiarly fortunate we were in the period of the night chosen for our visit. Half of the spacious circus in which we stood was lighted by the moon; the other half was enveloped in darkness, caused by the shadow of the huge wall projecting into the centre of the amphitheatre. We walked, and mused over the grand and solemn ruin. There was nobody to interrupt us; profound stillness reigned in the vast space, unbroken save by the measured step of the sentinel at either extremity of the circus. The view most striking was that which we enjoyed when resting in the shadow. The ruined mass, with its prodigious proportions standing out in the clear light of the moon, had an extraordinary, yet mournful effect. The sensation produced upon the mind, was that of awe mingled with wonder. It is indeed, "*a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!*" We remained in the amphitheatre till midnight.

Reviewing my second winter's doings, I find I have been running after the Pope and his cardinals, from festival to festival for months, yet have I read in Mr. Laing's book to my infinite surprise, that the Roman Catholic religion in Italy, practically interferes less with the time and industry of the people than the Presbyterian religion where it prevails. I doubt if this clever writer passed through the ordeal of attending *all* the festivals of the Church of Rome,

and the carnival. If he had performed such a task, he would scarcely have broached the novel idea just quoted. From the month of October to June the chief ceremonies of the Church occur in Rome, and these are the months which in this climate are peculiarly suited for industry. In summer, the people cannot labour. I agree in Addison's criticism, that "the papal government has been so busy in teaching the people how to die, that it has forgot to teach them how to live." To comprehend accurately what services, stations, festivals, and processions are ordained by the Church of Rome, we must refer to the *Diario Romano*, published by authority, which now lies before me, consisting of sixty-two pages closely printed, and from it we perceive that there is one or more of these services appointed *for every day in the year*. No doubt they vary in importance. Suppose however the people, exclusive of Sunday, attend one-third, what an enormous consumption of time is here shewn! Add to the religious festivals the popular processions and demonstrations in honour of Pope Pius, and the wonder is, not that there are so many idlers in Rome, but that any one is really busy amidst such perpetual exhibitions and excitements.

## CHAP. XLV.

Benevolent Institutions of Rome.—Pauperism.—Foundling Hospitals.—Madhouses and Prisons.

I HAVE been accustomed in Italy to connect the crime and poverty of the people in some measure with their benevolent institutions. Monichini, a Roman prelate distinguished for learning and candour, has compiled a work in two volumes, on the charitable institutions in Rome, which cannot be examined without surprise. No other city in Europe possesses establishments for relief of human misery so variously and so munificently endowed. Almost every pope has desired to have his name remembered by founding or enriching such institutions; and the noble Roman families have followed with liberality the example of their sovereigns.

The grand hospital of San Spirito established in 728, was from time to time enlarged and endowed, and has now an annual rental of 90,000 crowns, which (owing to gross mismanagement no doubt) is insufficient for its expenses; from the years 1831 to 1840, there were received 134,916 sick into this vast institution*; in the year 1843, 9553. Ordinarily, the number of beds is 300; but from July to October, the malaria season, the number amounts to 1200. The income of the benevolent institutions of Rome in 1809, when the French entered, amounted to the enormous sum of 1,182,422f. French exactions reduced this income to less than one-half. There are various other hospitals, of less size than San Spirito; one for cases of stabbing exclusively. Of the establishments of the second class, that is, for affording maintenance and education, that of St. Michael is the most important; an immense edifice on the banks of the Tiber, wherein the very young and the very old find refuge and support. One wing of

* The number of persons wounded, received in one year into the surgical department, amounted to 456.

this vast structure answers as a prison for females, and children detained to undergo paternal correction; the residue is appropriated to aged people, and youths who are taught various trades under skilful masters: thus the institution is a school of arts and trades as well as an hospital. There are here 140 aged persons, and 440 young people of both sexes. The institution enjoys a monopoly of printing catechisms, books of dreams, or oracles for the demoralizing lottery, and also of making cloth for the police and soldiery. This latter monopoly is in defiance of every rule of political economy, inasmuch as the cloth could be purchased elsewhere for much less than the government pays this institution to encourage its expensive productions. I could not prevail on a physician, an Italian, to conduct me over a madhouse in Rome; he evaded my request, and bade me wait till I got to Perugia where was a well-managed institution for the insane. There are other establishments in Rome, supporting 350 male children. The daughters of poor parents find in the public charities resources still more abundant; for besides 200 in St. Michael, 500 more are maintained in ten other houses known under the name of "Conservatoires." Girls withdrawn from evil courses, widows, wives abandoned by their husbands, here find repose and a comfortable existence. The employments of these females consist in making ribands, gloves, and lace. The total number in these establishments, including St. Michael is, 2140. Many foreign nations have hospitals in Rome, and there are institutons similar to most of those already described as existing in Tuscany.

Besides all these institutions, pecuniary succour to an immense extent is afforded to distressed families. Mittermaer writes, "This species of relief amounted in the year 1828 to 648,120 crowns, all independent of private charities, which are boundless." The authors I have referred to ascribe, and fairly, these exertions in the work of beneficence to the influence of religion; and there cannot be a doubt, that the Roman Catholic Church and its ministers inculcate zealously on the minds of their congregations the duty of practical benevolence and of almsgiving; and their teaching is responded to by all classes of the people. Ladies of the highest rank in Rome visit the poor in assigned districts, and relieve their wants, yet mendicancy abounds.

We have however, one good test as to a certain amount of vice, supplied by another class of the benevolent institutions —the foundling hospitals of Rome. In the 7th chapter of his fourth book, Napoleon's prefect explains with his accustomed candour, the working of the system which undertakes the charge of receiving all children deposited in appointed places. The great establishment for this purpose in Rome is the hospital of San Spirito: the account given of which is frightful. Nine hundred children are annually exposed in the wheel, but a terrible mortality speedily reduces that number, owing to mismanagement, unhealthy apartments, and insufficient nurses; insomuch that the calculation is, that hardly *one-tenth* part of the children exposed reaches manhood; and those who escaped death, writes Dr. Donovan, were so feeble, that when the French government wished to employ the young men in the navy, of all those brought up in the institution from the ages of ten to twenty years, only 362 were found possessed of a healthy constitution.

The mortality it will be perceived, is excessive; amounting to nearly 700, in the year in which 916 only had been placed in the wheel. And this, although from another part of the return it appears that not 200 are nursed in the city; the residue being put to nurse outside the walls of Rome. The management is very bad, and the institution seems but a contrivance, although well meant, for the waste of human life.* In connexion with this establishment, I must draw attention to another of a very singular character, which assists to supply the San Spirito with inmates. I allude to the hospital of St. Rock, of which I extract the following account from the third volume of a work on Rome by Dr. Donovan, late Professor at Maynooth.

"This lying-in hospital adjoins the church of Saint Rocco in the Ripetta. It contains seventy beds, furnished with curtains and screens, so as to separate them effectually. Females, who may have had the misfortune to become pregnant from illicit intercourse, are admitted even a considerable time before parturition, without giving their name, their country, or their condition of life; and such is the delicacy observed in their regard, that they are at liberty to wear a veil, so as to remain unknown even to their

* There are thirty-four foundling hospitals throughout the Papal dominions. The number of children annually exposed exceeds 3000.

attendants, in order to save the honour of their families, and prevent abortion, suicide, or infanticide. Even should death ensue, the deceased remains unknown. Those who wish better fare than that afforded by the hospital, may be accommodated by paying accordingly. The children are conveyed to San Spirito; and the mother who wishes to reclaim her offspring affixes a distinctive mark, by which it may be recognised and recovered. To remove all disquietude from the minds of those who may enter, the establishment is exempt from *all civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction;* and its threshold is never crossed except by persons of the establishment—that is, the physician, surgeon, two midwives, the prioress, the prior who is a priest, and two female servants—in all eight persons. Of nearly 2000 pregnant women admitted during ten years, only eight died in childbirth."*

These are institutions of which one cannot approve—they are fatal to morality.

As to madhouses, I got access to the one which is connected with San Spirito, and then comprehended fully why the Italian physician dissuaded me from the visit. To those accustomed to the order, neatness, and regularity of lunatic asylums throughout the British islands, this Roman madhouse would exhibit a painful spectacle. While waiting to be admitted, my ear was saluted with yells and cries, from a number of unhappy maniacs enclosed in one common apartment; and when two attendants were procured to conduct me over the institution, what I saw was quite as distressing as what I had heard. Passing through some corridors, we reached a square flagged yard, crowded with insane men talking or rather shouting at each other, pointing with their fingers, and evincing a frenzied demeanour. A burning sun beamed upon them; there was not sufficient space for wholesome exercise; no kind of occupation was afforded to these inmates, although they were said to be the least disturbed in their understandings. Their appearance also was melancholy, for they were dressed in their own clothes, which were rent and worn; some were without shoes or hats. I was conducted through the entire establishment, which is on a great scale, but not particularly clean. That San Spirito re-

* We are informed by De Tournon that it is on the model of this hospital "que fut fondé le bel établissement de Vienne," that is the Institution already referred to for the reception of masked women.

quires a thorough reformation, there cannot be a doubt. The salaries of its superior officers are extravagant.

Inquiring from the Italian gentleman who accompanied me, whence the income of San Spirito was chiefly derived, he answered perhaps with some exaggeration, "From various bequests and donations; nearly the whole country between Civita Vecchia and Rome (fifty miles) belonging to this single hospital." The condition of that district, in point of cultivation, affords a signal example of the mischief of permitting tracts of land to become vested in corporations of this nature. No improvement takes place, and nobody cares to make it; and while the present system lasts, the evil will increase.

The two prisons I visited were the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Carcere Nuovo, the latter of which was the scene of the murder from which the trial described originated. As to the first, the building is well adapted for a fortress, but not at all for a prison. It is exactly the shape of the Martello towers built round the Irish coast to puzzle posterity; there are no yards, no space for exercise, and the lower chambers are dismal. St. Angelo is still the prison for State offenders.

The Carcere Nuovo is a solid and extensive building, containing spacious halls, staircases, and lofty apartments, and is in every way worthy a great city. The arrangements throughout this prison were much superior to what I had expected, although the classification of criminals was bad. I was ultimately conducted to the cooking department, and here I was astonished at the food preparing for immediate distribution amongst the criminals—excellent beef, bread and wine; not, as I was informed, at the cost of the State, but supplied by a charitable association, whose fancy it is to feed the guilty in preference to the innocent.

## CHAP. XLVI.

Free-Trade in Rome.—Character of the Aristocracy.—Triumph of the Press.—Conspiracies begin.—Reforms demanded.—The Edict of April.—Political Dinner.—D'Azeglio's Speech.—A Political Sketch of Pope Pius and his Family.—Expulsion of the Austrians, and re-settlement of Italy by a Confederation of States projected.—Designs of Charles Albert of Sardinia.

THE visit of Mr. Cobden originated the extraordinary event of a public dinner—a decided proof that Rome was progressing towards political freedom. The question of free-trade, of course was neither comprehended nor discussed by the mass of the people. The movement in favour of it amongst a few titled men in Rome, induced me to inquire from an Italian devoted to literature, the character of the Roman aristocracy. He said, Potenziani, Canino, Corsini, and Dragonetti with a few others have exhibited zeal for reforms and political progress, together with a taste for science, antiquities, and literature; but that the great majority of the nobility, some having vast inalienable possessions, were indolent and unintellectual.

The Pope, in his first conflict with the press failed, yielding with an excellent grace what could not be refused. The belief gains ground that the personal feelings of the Pope are rather in favour of concessions; and the strongest proof afforded to the people of their sovereign's desires, is the hatred evinced towards him by their enemies. Conspiracies have begun. People express not the least surprise at these events; they say openly, that the number of persons who prospered under the old system of the papacy was so great, that they will never yield without a struggle.

There can be little doubt that the discovery or suspicion of conspiracies formed against him, had a quickening effect upon the mind of the pontiff. If he lost the support of the people he lost all; therefore, again was he driven by the

necessities of his position to advance, and advance he did more boldly than ever. A remonstrance had been presented to the Pope, demanding a municipal system based on popular representation, the admission of laymen to *all* offices in the State; and the formation of a general council in Rome to be composed of members chosen by the local councils throughout the provinces. The answer to this petition consisted in the memorable edict of the 19th of April, whereby the Pope proposed to call to Rome a person from each province, who, from position, fortune, and education, would unite the qualities of a loyal subject with the confidence of the people. The governor of each province was commanded to send in three names of persons eligible, from which the selection would be made by the Pope. The duties or the functions of these deputies were not defined, and it mattered little, for it was clear that the people would soon dispute with his Holiness the right of choosing their representatives. The effect of this step was immense; it imported a radical change in the papal system, and its consequences must have reached to every quarter of the peninsula. I doubt greatly, however, whether Pope Pius had ever conceived the thought of parting with any portion of his supreme power. Two days after the promulgation of the edict, a grand festival was held in the site of the Baths of Titus; nearly one thousand persons were present: the excuse was to celebrate *the foundation of Rome;* the reality, to talk politics. Dragonetti and D'Azeglio were there; and the latter in a dexterous speech, permitted the darling idea with Italians to escape, namely, the expulsion of the *Huns,* i. e. *the Austrians, from Italy;* an idea heartily responded to by the enthusiastic audience. The newspapers which published the speeches were suppressed.

In reference to the political movements in the peninsula, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be informed what the projects of the liberal party in Italy were, shortly after the decease of Gregory XVI. Austria took the alarm speedily, asserting that the subversion of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was aimed at; and in this Austria was perfectly right. Happening to meet a gentleman in Rome connected with a foreign embassy, he was so kind as to lend me a political manuscript, drawn up in French, and which pro-

fessed to give an accurate account of the position of the Pope, and the objects then aimed at by the popular leaders in Italy. I do not believe this political paper emanated from the French embassy. My informant, himself a diplomatic agent, assured me there was no doubt of its general accuracy. A few extracts will not be unserviceable, as casting light on the history of an eventful period, and enabling the reader the better to comprehend subsequent transactions:—

"The views of Fabrizi," it is stated, "of establishing a great Italian monarchy under one king, were more generally acceptable than those of Mazzini in favour of an Italian republic. All the governments were alike opposed to change or reformation. *On the death of Gregory XVI. a general revolt was expected in the States of the Church during the vacancy of the papal chair.* The speed with which the new pontiff was elected—the disunion of the revolutionary committees, in Bologna and Ancona—the indecision of Mazzini—and the distance from London whence orders were expected, saved the peace of Italy, and the new Pope was allowed quietly to ascend the throne."

"Pius IX. is one of a family who have always been attached to the liberals. His brothers conspired against the government of Gregory XVI., were condemned, and afterwards pardoned. The Pope had scarcely ever been in Rome; he did not know anything about the government except by the complaints he had daily heard from the inhabitants of the provinces, and was rather prejudiced against its abuses. Pius IX. seems to be of a very amiable character, sincerely beneficent, of a goodness of heart almost bordering on weakness, with the best will in the world, but no experience; and though a long time in deciding, his decisions are neither marked by talent or genius. The first days of his reign he thought it his duty to display some energy, and the unexpected results of this display have contributed more than anything else to place him in the path he intends to pursue. It is a fact that the Pope accepted with fear the first demonstrations of applause showered on him by the people, and at the same time showed some vanity in speaking of his popularity. He repeated often the words, '*Sono l' uomo del popolo.*'

"The popularity of the Pope proceeds from the almost general idea that he belongs to the liberal party. This idea is false; the Pope himself declares it is so. This false supposition once generally received, there was no more restraint among the Italians. The liberals were elated beyond measure; those who had wanted the courage to declare themselves such in the preceding reign, now did so, and the great majority of the middle classes were induced

to demand reforms, to show themselves liberals and to support the Pope.

"The exultation did not stop in the Romish states. All Italy was seized with it, and the praises of the liberal Pope resounded through the peninsula. A book by Gioberti, well known in Italy, sustained this idea, and plans were immediately *formed for reforming all Italy, and placing the Pope at the head of the nation.* These were dreams which some cardinals, the prelates, and many of the priests encouraged; hoping thus to revive all the ancient splendour of the papacy and the priesthood. At the same time the popular associations were not idle; they also desired to draw some advantage from the liberal Pope, and endeavoured to procure influence among the people who surrounded him. They have to a certain degree succeeded, and it is ascertained that they have at Rome associates, and managers, who direct by their manœuvres the applause which the populace presents to the Pope.

"Although the changes asked for were numerous, the majority demanded only the introduction of reform, *the expulsion of the Germans from Lombardy, and the reformation of Italy by means of liberal institutions.* This public opinion wanted a centre, a head. The new liberalism formed by the conduct of the Pope could not submit itself to the young Italy: and when its disciples saw the Pope had no intention of placing himself at its head, they began to look for a desirable one elsewhere.

"Last September several persons assembled at Rome to deliberate on this matter. They agreed to create a new liberal association, and decided to assemble themselves in December at Pootoni, each member bringing some authorization, in order to be able to act with a show of legality. These people did, in fact, assemble in December at Pootoni, a place chosen by them on account of its proximity to the court of Turin, where it appears they had associates and powerful assistants. The result of their labours was, a plan for the division and the government of Italy, the copy of which follows:—They gave to their assembly the pompous title of '*National Italian Congress*,' naming five general commissioners, to act with full power, and make the necessary arrangements for spreading their sentiments among the mass of the people, and gaining partizans. Their first care naturally was to obtain the support of the sovereigns of Italy. It appears, they were sure of the King of Sardinia, and wanted to get at the Pope by means of one of his brothers. The Pope appears to have given a decided refusal, for at the last sitting of the Congress of Pootoni, they agreed to make no further efforts to gain him, but to wait quietly until events forced him to agree with the arrangements of the Congress, and to work in the meantime on the minds of the people."

The following were the resolutions of this National Italian Congress —

" 1. The form of government to be adopted shall be a confederacy.

2. Political territorial division of Italy. Sardinian kingdom as at present constituted,—king, Charles Albert. Lombard-Venetian kingdom to consist of the Lombard-Venetian territory, and the country of the Tyrol, as far as the Swiss Alps. The king remains to be chosen.

3. Pontifical States as at present, without the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo; instead of which will be annexed the duchy of Mirandola extending to the banks of the Po. Sovereign, the Pope.

4. Grand duchy of Parma, consisting of the actual duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Gaustalla, with the addition of the province constituting the actual duchy of Modena (excepting the city of Modena and its territory), and the duchy of Mirandola as far as the Po. Sovereign, Charles Louis of Lucca.

5. Grand duchy of Tuscany, as at present constituted, with the addition of the duchy of Lucca. Grand Duke, Leopold.

6. Modena, with its territory, free and federal city.

Principality of Monaco, and republic of St. Marino, as at present actually constituted and governed.

They will be represented at the Diet; the first under the protection of the Sardinian kingdom, and the second, of the holy Roman empire.

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as at present constituted, with the addition of the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo.

Each Italian government shall be essentially representative. The French treaty of 1830 shall form the basis. The pontifical states remaining elective shall have a national representative.

FEDERAL AGREEMENT.

1. The Italian states above-mentioned shall form a national Italian confederacy.

2. The Italian confederacy guarantees to each state that belongs to it, independence.

To each kingdom, the liberal exercise of its royal prerogatives.

To each people, the constitution granted by its sovereign and recognised by the Diet.

To itself, a progressive development of political and civil prosperity.

3. (*a*) To this effect are to be disposed a land army and a federative fleet.

(*b*) The confederation, in its relation with the external powers, will have a collective representation.

(c) A scientific institution of industry and literature in Rome will overlook with assiduity the interests of material and intellectual prosperity.

A Federal Diet will be established in the free city of Modena, the states participating in the Diet in the following proportions :—

| | Votes. |
|---|---|
| Lombard-Venetian kingdom . . . | 5 |
| Sardinian kingdom . . . . . | 4 |
| Pontifical States . . . . . | 3 |
| Kingdom of the Two Sicilies . . . | 5 |
| Grand Duchy of Parma . . . . | 1 |
| Grand Duchy of Tuscany . . . . | 1 |
| Total . . . | 19 |

The plurality of the votes shall determine the deliberations of the Diet. The Pope and his successors are by right perpetual presidents of the Diet."

The reader will perceive that this programme contemplates the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy, and asserts that Charles Albert was, from the first, privy to the design formed for that purpose. Outwardly, Charles Albert continued on terms of amity with Austria, maintaining his ancient character for duplicity. That he was suspected by the liberals of Italy cannot be doubted. Possibly they may, if they succeed in driving out Austria, prefer the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Probably the course of events may induce them to accept Charles Albert as king, with limited authority; or else a Federal Republic may be established—a form of government which some amongst the liberal party would not be disinclined to adopt.

## CHAP. XLVII.

Italian Crime. — Love and Murder. — A Criminal Process in the Roman Law. — A Trial and Capital Conviction in Rome. — The Judges, the Law, and the Lawyers. — Amount of Crime in the Papal States. — A Curiosity in the form of a Political Process.

Pope Pius gained my esteem, by a declaration said to have been made by him, "That justice ought to be administered publicly, in order to ensure the respect and confidence of the people." It seems to have been deemed prudent to postpone publicity of trial till the promulgation of the promised criminal code, which may be a distant event. Meanwhile, by special permission, a few individuals were allowed to be present at important criminal trials.

The crimes of Italy are peculiar; prompted by sudden passion, slighted love, jealousy, revenge for fancied insult; they are often in their circumstances terrible. Murders are usually perpetrated with a weapon, partaking of the knife and dagger; stabbing is common. I shuddered at the narrative given me in Rome of a horrid tragedy which took place in the Comarca, springing from disappointed love. An Italian youth passionately loved a girl, who rejected his suit and preferred another. Jealousy succeeded affection. Having waylaid, he assassinated the girl he had adored, then plucked out her heart and wrapped it in a cloth. Soon after he visited the girl's mother, and requested her to dress for him a calf's heart, which he produced — the innocent woman did so, and partook of the same when cooked. Then the villain told the unhappy mother she had eaten her child's heart, and fiendlike exulted in his revenge. The monster was guillotined.

Soon after the above narrative had been given to me, I purchased at the *Stamperia* a judgment of a criminal court, printed on four broad sheets, and which, in the usual fashion, had been placarded on the walls about Rome. This was a

case of atrocious murder, perpetrated by Luigi Reconari near Tivoli in the Comarca, on the person of a girl named Rosa Jacione. The accused being an orphan, had been generously treated by the family of Rosa, to whom he became attached. Rosa vowed she would rather fling herself into the Tiber than wed Luigi, and plighted her faith to Francesco Meddi, her first lover Lombardozzi having been condemned to the galleys, and having released Rosa from her promise in consequence. The marriage of Rosa with her second lover was now arranged; Luigi became furious, sold his little property, purchased a sharp dagger, and watched his opportunity to murder Rosa. On the 14th April, the young girl went a little distance from her dwelling to wash linen in the river; Luigi suddenly sprang upon his victim, twisted one hand in her hair, with the other stabbed her in the throat, and when she fell, inflicted eighteen wounds on her body; and then, having satiated his vengeance, fled into Rome. There, in consequence of threatening to assassinate Rosa's brother, Luigi was arrested, and transmitted to Tivoli for trial. The dates of the proceedings show the tardiness of the Italian criminal law, and the value of an appeal. The crime was committed 24th April, 1844, the prisoner was arrested on 5th May same year, and tried at Tivoli, 15th July, 1845. The appeal to the Sacra Consulta was heard before *Il Secondo Turno del Supremo Tribunale,* on 2nd September, 1845, and it was reheard before *Il Primo Turno del Supremo Tribunale,* on 3rd April, 1846, and the prisoner was not guillotined for some months after. The defence relied on was, that the crime was not deliberate, because committed under insane excitement produced by love and jealousy. The court reprehended this mode of exhibiting love, and rejected the defence.

The ultimate appeal is only for the purpose of having decided the right application of the law to the facts before established. The sentence generally placarded before the execution, narrates not only the history of the accused and of the proceedings, but of every witness and person connected with the case.

During this winter my attention was excited by an extraordinary event which occurred in the principal prison of Rome. Several prisoners under sentence having procured

knives, rushed suddenly upon the gaoler and many others, stabbing it was reported, fourteen individuals. Before the trial of these offenders, I applied through an advocate of my acquaintance for permission to attend it, which was courteously granted; and in order to enable me to understand thoroughly the proceedings, my legal friend procured for me beforehand the process, that I might analyze the same.

A criminal process in the Roman law is a curious document. It is not a technical indictment, but a narrative of facts, a statement of evidence, with a copious argument on its effect. The paper was headed, "*Risultanze del Processo, Tribunale del Governo di Roma.*" It was printed on coarse paper, half the page left vacant for marginal observations, and it contained forty-one pages. The accused were V. Cardinale, carpenter; R. Formilli, tailor; G. Francioni, shoemaker; L. Adami, weaver. The process thus began, "In a cause of qualified theft February 1847, *L. Sorrentini* a prisoner, received a pardon on certain conditions, and with reservation of a year's detention. By his disclosures several of his associates in custody were inculpated, and amongst them the four persons named. The case of theft was heard 25th November, 1846, and the four prisoners were condemned chiefly on the evidence of Sorrentini, against whom they became enraged." The situation of the rooms, halls, corridors, and windows of the prison are then accurately described. The process proceeds, "On Sunday morning 29th November, the turnkey coming to distribute the usual allowance of bread, negligently left a specified door open behind him. The four prisoners armed with knives, rushed in, overpowered the turnkey, and stabbed every person they met, but especially Sorrentini. Having fully gratified their vengeance, they submitted to the guard, and were distributed in separate cells." The above is the substance of the case, but it extends to a great length. Of eighteen persons in the hall, ten were wounded, one died; Sorrentini survived, having suffered severely. There is next given a partial confession made by the three prisoners, which was to the effect, that Sorrentini had promised to retract his statement, yet perfidiously repeated his accusation; and that the knives were found accidentally, wrapped in a cloth in a corner of the corridor and used without premeditation.

The process next falsifies the matter of these several confessions, "*in linea generica*," *i.e.* in a general way; then "*in linea specifica*," *i.e.* specifically. Under this latter title the whole case is gone into in sections, and by proofs and probabilities, concert, malice, and deliberation are established. As to the procuring of the knives, one A. Rea, a prisoner having been examined proved, that by the aid of a small looking-glass, peeping through the bars of his window for a purpose of his own, he saw a boy tying to a cord (let down from another window of the prison into a back street) a bundle containing two loaves of bread, and heard the boy announce to the prisoners that the loaves were heavy. Rea *suspected* these loaves contained the knives, and on inquiry it appeared that the prisoners were accustomed in this way to introduce every forbidden object. The contradictions in the statements of the accused are next pointed out with great particularity. We have now arrived at page 34 of the process. The precise case against each prisoner is now separately stated, and the evidence in sections regularly numbered, pointed, and applied to each of the accused, and thus the criminal process closes. This document was clear, methodical, and full.

The cause is now ready for public debate, and it is time, as we have reached the 6th of March, and the crime was committed in November in the principal prison of Rome. A copy of the process was furnished to the advocate for the accused. The trial took place 13th March at nine o'clock, in an apartment of the court-house, which was clean and quiet. On a raised platform sat four judges, three with black caps, the fourth in a dark purple gown. The procurator fiscal dressed in a black silk gown, sat at the corner of the table, near enough to whisper to the judges; *he* was a gentlemanlike person. At a small table below the platform, on one side of the bench, sat arrayed in coarse black gowns, the advocates for the prisoners; near the oval table before the judges was a chair for witnesses, and close to it was a glazed picture of the cross lying flat on the table. Right opposite the judges was a bench, and on it, close to my seat, were placed the four prisoners. One leg of each was firmly bound by a rope to a holdfast behind the bench, the other leg being free. Guards with fixed bayonets stood behind the accused, who were all

young men. There were besides the officials, about eight persons present at this serious trial; no relative or agent of the prisoners was there to take a suggestion from them, or to befriend them. The chief judge, a coarse blustering man, commenced the business by reading briefly parts of the process. He then severely interrogated each prisoner, first as to birth, occupation, &c.; then on the merits of the case in question, telling the accused what had been proved against them, and demanding what they had to say to that. Then began a scene of abuse and recrimination between the accused and the speaking judge, who was certainly "no well-tuned cymbal." The prisoners spoke with insolence. Whatever they alleged, the chief justice invariably answered, it was a lie. Each of the accused in turn indulged in an angry declamation, explanatory of his conduct, and made his case thus:—"I was unjustly condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment; the evidence of Sorrentini was false; the sentence cruel. When I saw Sorrentini in prison, he scoffed at me, and told me jeeringly I should be happy in the galleys. Incensed by his jibes, on the morning the door was left open in the jail, I ran in, and finding by accident some weapon, I struck at Sorrentini, not intending harm against any other person. As to what passed in the corridor, being inflamed by passion, I cannot say."

The Chief Justice replied, that their original condemnation was just, and their behaviour wicked. After this scolding match, in which it appeared clearly enough that the mind of the judge was made up on the business, the Chief Justice cooled down, called the first witness, and examined him entirely himself. Rarely was a question suggested to the court by the advocates for the accused. Each witness was sworn by the judge, and the form consisted in laying the hand on the cross described, after the judge declared the oath. Sometimes the judge scolded the witness for not giving such evidence as was expected; frequently he recounted to the witness what a previous witness had proved, or what was stated in the process, and asked him what he could say to that. Of the five or six witnesses who were produced, most of whom had been prisoners, all, with one exception, had either been in custody for wounding another, or had themselves been wounded. The Chief Justice asked

each witness who was his father, and whether he was dead or alive. When the turnkey appeared, the judge fell upon him with fury, abused him for leaving the door open, for neglect of duty, and for having created the whole trouble of the trial by allowing the prisoners an opportunity of rushing at Sorrentini. The attack over, questions were put to the terrified turnkey, and if he hesitated an instant, the judge assailed him unmercifully. When a witness was examined, the Chief Justice, addressing each prisoner, asked what he had to say to that. The prisoner shaking his unfettered leg, generally answered, it was a lie. This inflamed the mild temper of the judge, who angrily asked the accused how he dared say that? how could he expect the judges to disbelieve so many witnesses and his own partial confession? There seems to be no law of evidence whatever, as we understand it, in the Italian procedure. The judge desires the witness to tell all he saw, heard, thought, or believed about the matter, and the witness does as he is bid, counsel never interrupting or remonstrating; every statement is received in evidence — a system fatal to innocence. No doctor was examined, nor was the important evidence of the introduction of the knives given; the statement in the process was relied on I suppose, as sufficient for these matters. The Chief Justice having the process before him, called as many witnesses as he pleased. Sorrentini, a wretched looking man, was produced; he survived eighteen stabs, while another prisoner died from a single wound.

When the Chief Justice stopped, the procurator fiscal began, and spoke sitting in the position described. His style was gentlemanlike and easy. His exordium consisted of an eulogium on the Roman law; he talked of *filosofia e divina sapienza;* then he referred to the code, and cited a few articles to prove the crime to be premeditated murder; and with these generalities, submitted the case to the profound wisdom of the court. The burly Chief Justice whispered to the sleepy old man beside him, then mended his pen, and looked pleased on the procurator fiscal. This gentleman spoke an hour. Then commenced one of the advocates for the accused, who likewise spoke sitting; he ranted with theatrical gestures and in the wildest manner, about philosophy, wisdom, the Roman heart, and the over-ruling Provi-

dence. Not an allusion did he make to law or fact, and concluded in a storm. Signor Raggi, the official defender of accused men who were too poor to employ advocates, then spoke like a man of sense; he argued that the act was unpremeditated, dwelt on the excitement of the prisoners, owing to the insults of Sorrentini, and observed fairly, that no evidence had been given to show that the knives had been surreptitiously introduced to the prisoners, or to contradict their statement of having found them accidentally, and therefere contended that the crime of premeditated murder had not been committed. We were now turned out of the chamber where the judges remained, and in half an hour their minds were made up—they sentenced the four young men to be guillotined, and until executed, to be loaded with irons, and confined in separate cells. Not a little affected by what I had witnessed of Italian justice, I hastened away.*

One of the advantages of the partial freedom of discussion now permitted in Rome has appeared in the publication of a journal of jurisprudence and criminal law, compiled by Signor Raggi, already named. The learned author prints important judgments in criminal cases, (a novelty) and essays on particular subjects of jurisprudence. "No such journal ever appeared before in Rome; nor, so far as he is aware, in any other part of Italy." Several criminal cases are pithily reported, the necessity of improvements pointed out, the benefits of education in repressing crime, and similar topics, are considered.

It is very difficult to ascertain with exactness the state of crime in the papal states. There are no official returns. The present Pope it is said has commanded tables of crime to be kept regularly in future. I applied however to a well-informed advocate for information on the subject, in reference to the single class of crime of stabbing, and of murder in consequence. His written reply stated, that the number of assassinations in Rome and the Comarca† in one year amounted to about 90; and that cases of stabbing were *innumerable.*

* Several months afterwards I learned the fate of the four individuals I had seen condemned. One of them died in prison; the punishment of the remaining three persons was commuted into hard labour in the galleys for twenty years.

† Province of Rome, containing about 280,000 inhabitants.

The returns of Dr. Bowring, in 1832, give but an imperfect idea of crime in the papal states; for example, political offenders have increased enormously since. It appears, that in the delegations of Macerata and Ferrara, criminal statistics were attended to. Macerata contained 212,061 inhabitants; in the year 1835 there were 18 homicides, 229 cases of stabbing, 950 of less serious bodily injuries, with a variety of other classes of crime, amounting to 2145 cases. In Ferrara, the population was 210,883; and in 1843 there were 41 homicides, 450 stabbings, 1150 cases of theft, 37 of horse-stealing, 26 setting fire to dwellings, with other offences, amounting in the whole to 2626. A sad picture of the depravity of the modern Romans! Little wonder is it that Pius IX. exclaimed, "*Educate these people.*" No doubt, hatred and distrust of the tribunals and their censurable systems of procedure, have had much to do in extending crime amongst the people. The Romans are not worse than other nations naturally; and the Count de Tournon, in his valuable work (chap. vi. book iv.) has shown conclusively how, (by publicity, impartiality, and justice in the tribunals, combined with promptness and certainty in the punishment), Rome was comparatively free from crime during the French occupation. Under the opposite system, crime has enormously increased.

I had long been anxious to procure a *political process* in the Roman law, but found it difficult to do so. Through a friend of the gentleman affected by it, I at last obtained a process, which had been compiled in 1847, consequent on the amnesty of Pius IX. It was drawn up by reason of a petition from Pietro Leoni, who had been discharged under the amnesty, *after ten years' imprisonment*, to be restored to his former office. Pietro had acted as official attorney to the poor, and had been in 1831 arrested on a charge of being connected with a political society. He was acquitted, yet the governor of Rome added to the judgment of acquittal, sentence of deprivation of office, "induced by certain prudential considerations." Against this arbitrary act Leoni remonstrated warmly, but ineffectually. To sustain an aged father, wife, and children, Leoni now laboured incessantly. In November, 1836, he was again arrested suddenly, and torn from the embraces of his family. Thrust into the Castle of

St. Angelo, he was subjected to a rigorous examination, from which nothing could be elicited. The procurator-fiscal said he had reason to believe that the accused was a propagator of principles emanating from a secret society, for which he had incurred the penalties of the law. Leoni demanded justice against his accuser. Not long after, one S. a vine-dresser, came forward to accuse Leoni, and made this absurd allegation—That Leoni, although before wholly unknown to him, called at his house, and in the presence of his sons conversed with him, S. then called him aside, and consigned to him a manuscript concerning *La Riforma Settaria*, to which Leoni had belonged for some years, that he S. received the paper, and buried it with some arms at the root of a tree in his garden. Leoni denied the accusation. The wife and sons of S. were called, and contradicted S. The garden was then searched, but nothing was discovered under the tree, nor did the ground appear to have been disturbed.

Leoni now demanded his discharge. Ultimately, on the 18th August, 1837, his process was fully heard, when he was condemned, not for the crime alleged of being the propagator of liberal opinions, but of conspiracy against the sovereign, and sentenced to the galleys for life. This incredible sentence depended on the information stated by S., and on the information of three unnamed witnesses who deposed that they *understood* Leoni belonged to some secret society, although they had no knowledge of him whatever. On this proof of hearsay on hearsay (*non di fatto, ma dictum de dicto*) Leoni was pronounced a *conspirator*. In the year 1846, he presented after a cruel imprisonment of *ten years*, a memorial to Gregory printed in this process, which is one of the most affecting documents I ever read. It begins:—

"Most holy father, divest yourself of the splendours of royalty, and dressed in the garb of a private citizen, cause yourself to be conducted into these subterranean prisons, where there is buried not a violator of the laws, but an innocent citizen whom a secret enemy has calumniated, and who has had the courage to sustain his innocence in presence of a judge prejudiced or corrupted . . . . Command this living tomb to be opened, and ask an unhappy man the cause of his misfortunes."

The memorial concludes thus:—

"But, holy father, neither the prolonged imprisonment of ten

years, nor separation from my family, nor the total ruin of my earthly prospects, should ever reduce me to the baseness of admitting a crime which I did not commit. And I call God to witness that I am innocent of the accusation brought against me; and that the true cause of my unjust condemnation was, and is, a private pique and personal enmity. . . . . Listen, therefore, to justice—to the humble entreaties of an aged father—a desolate wife—unhappy children, who exist in misery, and who with tears of anguish implore your mercy."

A Roman advocate assured me that this political process accurately exemplified the Papal system under Gregory XVI.

I ought not to omit recording my opinion of the abilities and learning of the Roman civilians. Were I to judge by the printed arguments of Signor Vanutelli, several of which he was kind enough to present to me, they are of a high order. The argument on a serious question is drawn up carefully—I might say, elaborately—in Italian, and occasionally in Latin. The subject is dealt with in a scholar-like fashion, and principles are reasoned or derived from the famous writers on the civil law, and learnedly applied. The discussion is not so practical as with us, nor are cases quoted in a tradesman-like style. The authors generally prefix to their essays a Latin quotation, and constantly refer to the classics throughout, and felicitously apply the same. The Latin of some of their arguments might safely be termed classical. In their manners the Roman advocates are friendly and courteous. I believe them to be patriotic; and if an opinion could be formed from unreserved conversations on political subjects with two or three advocates, they are opposed to misgovernment and oppression, qualified to enjoy the rights of freemen, and entitled to share power and authority in the State.

## CHAP. XLVIII.

### THE GEMS OF ROME.

DURING a morning's walk on the Pincian Hill, I fell in with an eminent sculptor of my acquaintance. The treasures of the Vatican became the subject of our conversation; he said he had been for many years convinced that the arrangement of the galleries was radically erroneous, particularly in the department of sculpture; the good, the bad, the indifferent objects of art were all crowded together, so that the visitor was embarrassed by the profusion, and distracted by the multitude of objects spread around him. It would have been more judicious, he observed, to have separated the excellent things from the mass, and so have made a little museum of the gems in the Vatican, which would have afforded a great facility of inspection to the stranger, even to the artist. The truth of these remarks I was more fully convinced of each time I visited these prodigious collections, and laboured through my thick catalogue. It would be a work of years to examine the whole contents of the Vatican accurately, and it would be labour misapplied. It occurred to me it might be of use to have a selection made of the works of the great masters in sculpture, for the assistance of the visitor, and even for the entertainment of the general reader. Distrusting my own judgment upon such a subject, I applied to a distinguished living sculptor in Rome, who dictated to me the list (not a long one) of those masterpieces of sculpture which he said constituted the glory of the art. I give that list as I received it, adding a few descriptive words:—

1. The *Minerva Medica*, in the Nuovo Braccio of the Vatican, is the study of sculptors for its gracefulness, dignity, and majestic beauty. It is of Parian marble, and said to be the finest *draped statue* in existence, and of Greek sculpture. Exactly opposite the Minerva stands another draped figure of *Minerva Pudicitia*, so called, which although not named by my scientific friend, may surely be mentioned in the briefest catalogue of the gems of Rome.

2. The *Statue of the Nile*, a wonderful piece of sculpture. The group is allegorical; a grand colossal figure in a recumbent posture is surrounded by sixteen children, exquisitely formed, and sporting around their gigantic parent in every conceivable attitude; the forms of these children are graceful and true to nature. On the base are symbolical representations of the river, boats, alligators, the hippopotamus, &c. This colossal statue was discovered in the Pontificate of Leo X., on the site of the Temple of Isis.

3. *Demosthenes.* This seemed to me more to resemble a cold philosopher than a vehement orator; the figure is standing as it were listening surely not to the denunciations of Eschines. The marble of this statue is old and worn; the figure is grave and severe, a countenance full of impressive dignity, tinctured with pride: the severe taste of the Greek exhibited throughout. This celebrated statue my informant pronounced one of the best to examine in the whole collection.

The Museo Pio-Clementino, where rests the classic sepulchre of Scipio, contains:—

4. The *Torso Belvedere*, called *Michael Angelo's Torso*, as he declared that his power of delineating the human form was acquired from the study of this fragment so prized by sculptors. This headless, footless relic, which Winckelman pronounced as approaching almost to the sublime, and which is so famous, is said to be the fragment of a statue of *Hercules in Repose.* The greatest modern sculptors, following the example of Michael Angelo, make it their study; certainly it exhibits bone and muscle, and masterly execution.

5. The *Apollo Belvedere*, in one of the cabinets of the Cortile Belvedere, found at Antium in the reign of Julius II.

6. The *Laocoon.* This celebrated group was also found in the Pontificate of Julius II. It is an amazing piece of sculpture, "the wonder of art," as Michael Angelo, who was in Rome at the time of its discovery, pronounced it. The group consists of a father and two sons, writhing in anguish in the folds of a serpent's mortal grasp.

7. The *Mercury of the Vatican*, commonly called the *Belvedere Antinous.* This is one of the most graceful and highly finished statues I have ever seen. The symmetry of the figure is impaired by the loss of the right arm, but the faultless form and elegant repose of this statue fix it in the memory not less firmly than do the life, action, and manly beauty which characterise "the lord of the unerring bow," the Belvedere Apollo.

GALLERY OF STATUES.

8. The *Ariadne*, (called improperly *Cleopatra*,) a colossal draped figure, recumbent, in the attitude of profound sleep. The form, drapery, and posture of this statue are considered most graceful.

9. A fragment of *Cupid*, called, I believe, the *Genius of the Vatican*, of Parian marble, and supposed to have been the work of *Praxiteles*.

10. An *Amazon*—a statue greatly prized.

11. Two *Greek Philosophers*, sitting.

In a small apartment of this Gallery, called the *Cabinet of Masks*:—

12. A crouching *Venus*.

13. A *Faun*, in Rosso Antico.

14. *Adonis*.

15. A little *Paris*.

HALL OF THE VASE.

16. Colossal head of *Jupiter*.

17. *Hercules* with a child.

18. The finest colossal bust of *Hadrian* in existence.

19. The *Antinous*.

20. *Jupiter Serapis*—colossal bust, admirable piece of sculpture.

21. Colossal statue of *Juno*.

HALL OF THE BIGA.

22. The *Discobolus*, by Myron. This statue is in a stooping posture, and considered the gem of this apartment.

23. A *Discobolus*, standing; a remarkable statue.

24. The Indian *Bacchus*; also very fine.

25. A *Bacchus*. The statue, curious as mingling the form of man and woman.

26. The beautiful bust of *Augustus*, as a boy, copied by almost all the modern artists.

All else, said the English sculptor, are inferior in the Vatican. These are the finest things now existing in the world; you never can waste time in studying them. He added, the *Venus* and the *Apollino* in Florence might be classed with them.

The gems of the Capitol are:—

27. The *Dying Gladiator*.—A statue true to nature. The dying Gladiator seems to have just sunk down before my eyes in the

arena ;. his resolute spirit in the moment of mortal agony breathes in the marble. Wonderful triumph of genius which can thus by the chisel tell a history !

28. The celebrated statue of *Antinous.* — The distinguished anatomist, John Bell, is eloquent in his commendation of Antinous —his criticism is professional; the charm of the composition is, that it conforms to the rules of anatomy. It is a statue of surpassing beauty.

29. A head, called that of *Ariadne.*

30. To these may be added, the gem of the Villa Albani; the *Antinous*, crowned with lotus flowers, as fresh as if it had just left the studio of the sculptor.

I shall next select the paintings most prized in Rome from the vast number of pictures with which the galleries are crowded, the Corsini alone reckoning *six hundred.* The enumeration is given alphabetically, according to the names of the artists which are particularised. The pictures are scattered in the various palaces, museums, and churches through the city.

### Albani *(Francesco).*

There are but few of Albani's paintings in Rome; the subjects he selected not being generally religious, but those in which a playful fancy could expatiate, such as smiling landscapes and mythological groups.

*Palazzo Coloma.*—The Rape of Europa.
*Capitol.*—Madonna and the Saviour.
*Palazzo Spada.*—Time unveiling Truth.

### Buonarotti *(Michael Angelo).*

The genius of this great man was universal. He was at once, sculptor, architect, painter, poet, musician, and scholar. He was also a profound anatomist. His celebrated work in the Sistine Chapel we have already described.

### Carraci *(Annibale).*

Annibale Caracci was by far the most distinguished of his family. In the gallery of the Farnese Palace, a series of frescoes of mythological designs are conceived and executed by him in masterly style. The subject is the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, drawn in golden cars by tigers, and surrounded by satyrs, fauns, and bacchantes, led on by old Silenus, &c.

*In the Capitol.*—A Madonna and Child, with St. Cecilia and a Carmelite Saint.

*Borghese Palace.*—A Pieta; Head of St. Francis; finely coloured.
*Doria Palace.*—A Magdalen. The Flight into Egypt. The Assumption of the Virgin. The Entombment of Christ. The Nativity.—St. Francis, with Angels; and the Adoration of the Magi.

### CARAVAGGIO.

The works of this powerful painter are characteristic of his mind and mode of life; he is said to have been a man of wild passions, and to have passed through a tempestuous career. He is most successful in scenes of sorcery and murder, or painfully minute representations of martyrdom. One of his greatest efforts is the *Entombment of Christ*, in the Vatican. The lights and shades of this striking picture are executed with almost unmatched power. It is copied in Mosaic in St. Peter's.

*Sciarra Palace.*—The Cheating Gamesters; one of his best paintings.
*Capitol.*—Gipsy Fortune-Telling. Meleager.
*Corsini.*—St. Peter.
*St. Maria del Popolo.*—Crucifixion of St. Peter, and Conversion of St. Paul.
*Doria Palace.*—Hagar and Ishmael.
*Spada Palace.*—A Female Musician. St. Anne and the Virgin.
*Borghese Palace.*—A Holy Family.

### COREGGIO.

A great master. Kugler truly says, "Coreggio knew how to anatomize light and shade in endless gradation, to give the greatest brilliancy without dazzling, the deepest shade without offending the eye by dull blackness."

*Borghese Palace.*—The Danae. She lies half raised on a couch; Love, a beautiful youth sits beside her, catching the golden rain-drops in her drapery. In front of her couch, two Cupids are employed sharpening an arrow, with graceful *naïveté*. The form of Diana is exquisitely modelled.

This is the great picture of Coreggio in Rome, and should be frequently seen.

*S. Luigi in Francesi.*—A Virgin in the Sacristy.
*Capitol.*—Marriage of St. Catherine.
*Corsini.*—A small picture of Christ.

It may be doubted if these three last-named are by Coreggio.

### DOMENICHINO.

The Vatican contains the celebrated picture of this great painter, "*The Communion of St. Jerome*," considered second only to the Transfiguration by Raffaelle. It is copied in Mosaic in St. Peter's.

The Borghese Palace contains another of his best works; an oil painting, representing Diana and her nymphs, some of whom are

shooting arrows, and some bathing. This is full of life and animation.

*Borghese Palace.*—The famous Cumæan Sybil.

*S. Andrea della Valle* contains some of his great frescoes. In the vault of the *Tribune*—The Flagellation and Glorification of St. Andrew: and in four angles are frescoes of the four Evangelists.

*S. Gregorio Church.*—Another great fresco of the Flagellation of St. Andrew.

*S. Luigi de' Francesi.*—Some brilliant frescoes.

*St. Maria in Trastevere.*—The Assumption. A fine fresco.

*S. Silvestro di Monte Cavallo.*—Four paintings on the cupola of the second chapel, representing David dancing before the Ark. The Queen of Sheba sitting with Solomon on the throne. Esther and Ahasuerus; and Judith displaying the head of Holofernes.

For composition and the style of the drapery, Lanzi considers these amongst his finest frescoes.

*St. Maria degli Angeli.*—The great fresco of St. Sebastian. Copied in St Peter's in Mosaic.

## GUERCINO.

This painter is of the school of Caracci. His works display great power and depth of feeling, as we see in that most touching picture, the Dismissal of Hagar, in the gallery at Milan. There is also much sweetness, and a delicate combination of colour, in his paintings.

*Vatican.*—The Incredulity of Thomas. A distinguished work.

*Villa Ludovise.*—His well known Aurora, in the garden pavillion.

*S. Pietro in Vincoli.*—The beautiful picture of St. Margaret.

*Capitol.*—The celebrated Persian Sybil; and Sta. Petronilla, the finest picture in the gallery of the Capitol; it was formerly in St. Peter's where it has been replaced by a copy in Mosaic.

*Corsini Palace.*—The Ecce Homo.

*Doria Palace.*—The Magdalen.

*Sciarra.*—St. Jerome—St. Mark.—St. John—St. James.

*Spada Palace.*—David with the head of Goliath. Dido; one of the finest pictures in this collection. The countenance of Dido is expressive of great beauty, the figure and posture of peculiar grace, and the drapery gorgeous.

## GUIDO *(Reni)*.

This refined and gifted artist, whose genius we have before extolled, needs but a passing allusion: his reputation is fully established. His greatest productions are I believe, in Bologna; but Rome possesses many of his exquisite works.

*Rospigliosi Palace.*—The matchless fresco of Aurora.

*Gregorian Convent.*—St. Andrew adoring the cross; a fresco.

*Cappuccini Church.*—The Archangel Michael.

*Vatican.*—Europa; very fine. St. Sebastian; a celebrated picture. In the secret cabinet is—The Fortune of Guido, called by Lanzi, "one of the prodigies of Guido's art."

*Sciarra Palace.*—Maddalena delle radici; one of the most interesting of pictures.

*S. Lorenzo in Lucina.*—At the high altar, the sublime picture of the Crucifixion.

This great work must be frequently visited.

*Barberini Palace.*—Beatrice Cenci.

The most celebrated portrait in Rome.

### Poussin *(Nicholas).*

*Doria Palace.*—Nozze Aldobrandini (already described).

### Rosa *(Salvator).*

*Capitol.*—Two Landscapes.

*Doria Palace.*—Death of Abel. The well-known landscape called the Belisario.

*Spada Palace.*—Head of Seneca.

### Romano *(Giulio).*

*Borghese Palace.*—Copy of Raffaelle's St. John, in the Tribune at Florence.

*Corsini Palace.*—The Judgment of Paris.

*Capitol.*—Judith; very fine: and a Holy Family, in the Hall of Audience.

### Spagnoletto.

A Spaniard. His pictures exhibit great power; but like Caravaggio, he selected painful subjects, such as executions, tortures, and martyrdoms.

*Barberini Palace.*—St. Jerome.

*Borghese Palace.*—St. Peter.

*Pontificio.*—St. Jerome.

### Titian.

This great painter, who flourished in the fifteenth century, received a learned education, and lived in habits of intimacy with the philosophers and poets of his time. Princes and emperors honoured him as the first of portrait painters. He was twice received at Augsburg by Charles V., and he was invited to Rome by Paul III. He died of the plague, in his ninety-ninth year. His pictures in Rome are:—

*Sciarra Palace.*—A Madonna and Child: very beautiful.

*Vatican.*—Madonna and Child surrounded with Angels. St. Sebastian; a fine figure, pierced with arrows. St. Francis, with the cross. St.

Anthony of Padua, with the Lily. St. Nicholas, St. Ambrose, and St. Catherine.

*Capitol.*—Woman taken in Adultery.

*Barberini.*—Two Portraits.

*Borghese Palace.*—Sacred and Profane Love, an allegorical subject; the colouring of this picture is peculiarly brilliant, and the delineation of the human form masterly.

*Corsini.*—Children of Charles V. Two Portraits.

*Doria Palace.*—Portrait of an Old Man. The Holy Family, and St. Catherine.

*Spada Palace.*—Portrait of Paul III.

VOLTERRA *(Daniele da).* A scholar of Michael Angelo.

In the *Trinità dei Monte* is his great work—The Descent from the Cross. (Before described).

*Capitol.*—St. John the Baptist.

VINCI *(Leonardo da).*

This accomplished artist appears to have been not only a great painter, but a sculptor, poet, and musician, as well as master of the sciences bearing upon art; also an author of some works on physics. It is said of him, that he visited all the scenes where the active powers of man are most fully developed. He followed criminals to execution, to witness the pangs of their despair—invited peasants to his house and related laughable stories to them, that he might learn from their physiognomies the essence of comic expressions. His easel pictures are very scarce, and highly prized. One of the best authenticated is in Rome, in

*The Sciarra Palace.*—Modesty and Vanity, two female half figures. The picture is indeed a gem.

*Corsini Palace.*—A Female Portrait.

*S. Onofrio Church.*—A Madonna, in fresco; admitted to be genuine.

VERONESE *(Paul).*

The pictures of this artist are celebrated for brilliant colouring and their gorgeous display of drapery, costumes, and architectural accompaniments, &c. They are well described as "like full concerts of enchanting music."

*Capitol.*—The Rape of Europa. A repetition of the master-piece in the Ducal Palace at Venice.

*Capitol.*—The Kneeling Magdalen.

*Borghese Palace.*—St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes. Venus and the Satyr.

*Braschi Palace.*—Lucretia.

RAFFAELLE.

The greatest artist of modern times. Like Michael Angelo, his genius was not limited to one branch of art, as we find he fills an

important place as an architect; he was also an antiquarian; and there are proofs of his genius as a sculptor. But all his other talents were eclipsed by that for painting. His "magic power is the spirit of beauty, which filled his whole being, and shines through all his creations." He executed some frescoes for churches —one in

*Sta. Maria della Pace,*—representing four Sybils, surrounded by Angels: one of his most perfect works.

*St. Agostino Church.*—The Prophet Isaiah and two Angels, holding a Tablet.

*The Sciarra Palace* contains a celebrated work, called The Violin Player.

*Barberini Palace.*—The Fornarina.

*Borghese Palace.*—The Entombment of Christ, painted for the Church of San Francesco, in Perugia. His first historical picture, executed in his 24th year. This is a solemn and affecting painting.

Another picture, executed about this time, and said to have been finished after his death, by Giulio Romano or F. Penni, is the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Vatican. I myself do not admire this picture.

But the great works of Raffaelle are contained in the Vatican. Three stanze or rooms, and a large saloon, all painted in fresco, are now called the "Stanze of Raffaelle." Each wall is covered with some large picture, and the entire ceiling is also painted. The proximity of Michael Angelo, then at work in the Sistine Chapel, perhaps inspired him.

We shall not describe the loggie, or open galleries, built round three sides of the court of the Vatican. However beautiful and curious this loggie is, we cannot but regret that the genius of Raffaelle should have been misapplied to labours in a place not worthy of them.

Another of his works was the execution of ten great cartoons, intended as designs for tapestries to adorn the Sistine Chapel. These tapestries are kept in one of the rooms of the Vatican; the subjects are taken from events in the lives of the Apostles. The cartoons, some of which have been preserved in the palace of Hampton Court, are bold and masterly in execution. But the wonderful genius of the great artist is best exhibited in the frescoes covering the "Stanze of Raffaelle." In the first, called—

1. *Camera della Segnatura,* the subjects which engaged his

great powers included Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. That called—

*Theology* is divided into two parts. The upper represents our Saviour throned in the clouds—the Virgin on his right, and St. John the Baptist on his left; a half-figure of the Almighty, with the Holy Spirit in form of a Dove, is seen above; Apostles and Saints surround this group. In the lower part of the picture is an altar with the Host, the symbol of Christ on earth. Near this are seated the great fathers of the Church, while on each side are groups of figures pressing forward to participate in the holy mystery. Some of these are remarkable as containing portraits—Raffaelle is himself seen and Perugino as bishops—Savonarola clad in black—and Dante whose head is encircled with a wreath of laurel.

*Philosophy*, known as "*The School of Athens.*" We have here represented a stately building or hall, in the centre of which on a flight of steps stand Plato and Aristotle disputing on their doctrines, and on either side are groups of attentive hearers. Socrates is seen explaining his principles to obedient listeners. In the foreground the sciences of Arithmetic and Geometry are presented in separate groups; on the left, Pythagoras, as the head of Arithmetic; on the right, Archimedes draws a Geometrical figure on a tablet placed on the ground, Zoroaster and Ptolemy are representatives of Astronomy and Geometry. Apart from all reclines on the steps Diogenes with his tub—a youth turns from the Cynic to the instructors in a higher philosophy. Near the group which surround Archimedes, Raffaelle appears with his master Perugino.—This is a grand composition.

*Jurisprudence* is represented by three sitting female figures, personifying *Prudence*, *Temperance*, and *Fortitude*. Under the latter figure is the Emperor Justinian, delivering the pandects to Tribonian, in allusion to the civil law. I prefer the conception of that named—

*Poetry*. Apollo and the Muses are grouped under laurel trees on Mount Parnassus. Immortal poets are placed in proper order below. Homer is exhibited as if in the act of dictating or reciting verses. Near to him are ranged Virgil and Dante—Pindar and Horace—Petrarch and Sappho, somewhat lower down than Homer. The conception of this composition is poetical—a delightful harmony pervades all the parts, and the spectator enjoys in beholding it a refined pleasure.

2. "*Stanze of the Heliodorus;*" so called from its principal picture—*The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple.* Lanzi says of this work, "Here you may almost fancy you hear the thundering approach of the heavenly warrior, and the neighing of

his steed, while in the different groups who are plundering the treasures of the Temple, and in those gazing intently on the sudden consternation of Heliodorus without being able to divine its cause, we see the expression of terror, amazement, joy, humility, and every passion to which human nature is exposed."

*The Mass of Bolsena*, over and on each side of the window. This represents the miracle wrought before a priest who, doubting the doctrine of Transubstantiation, was convinced by seeing blood flow from the wafer he was in the act of consecrating.

*Attila.* This fresco represents Attila at the head of his army, about to enter the gates of Rome, when his purpose is stayed by the warnings of Leo I., and the apparition in the heavens of St. Peter and St. Paul at which he gazes in terror, while his army in wild confusion begins to retreat.

*The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison.* This picture occupies the wall around a window and is particularly celebrated from presenting four different lights; over the window the angel is seen through the gratings of the prison awakening Peter, who sleeps between his guards; he is then led by the angel through the guards sleeping on the steps. The figures here are all illuminated by the beams of light emanating from the angel; on the other side of the window are seen the guards aroused and in sudden alarm searching for their prisoner—one holds a torch; the moon shining in the distance lights up this group.

3. *Stanze del Incendio* contains four great frescoes—The *Incendio del Borgo;* the *Justification of Leo III. before Charlemagne;* the *Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III.;* and the *Victory of Leo IV. over the Saracens at Ostia.* Much of this was the work of the scholars of Raffaelle.

4. *Sala of Costantino* painted under the direction of Giulio Romano. The principal piece is the battle of Constantine and Maxentius at the Ponte Molle near Rome.

We now come to speak of the last effort of this unrivalled artist —*The Transfiguration!* Bold was the genius of the artist which could attempt to delineate with the pencil the Transfiguration, and succeed to perfection. It is truly a sublime composition. Some small critics have objected that here are in fact, two separate pictures, and not one united whole. Raffaelle has, in the lower compartment, portrayed the events described in the passage of the 9th chapter of Mark which immediately succeeds the account of the Transfiguration. Here are nine of the disciples actively engaged and variously depicted, their countenances agitated by contending emotions, their costume singularly appropriate; each face is a distinct and admirable portrait, and all are as graphically drawn as those in the Last Supper by Da Vinci. But what has

excited the disciples? A demoniac boy, possessed, is presented to them, which their frail powers cannot heal. The youth struggles fearfully with his tormentors, his eyes are turned upwards and distorted, his arm outstretched, every nerve is strained; his parent stands near, imploring aid from the disciples with the eyes of faith, and a finely-drawn female figure, suffering from affliction, gives additional interest to the scene. The great artist has cast into the countenance of the disciples a look of deep compassion, combined with a consciousness of helplessness. The grouping of the various figures in this lower part of the grand picture is masterly. But it is the upper part of this picture (which is formed by an elevation to represent Mount Tabor), that transcends all praise. The three disciples are in different attitudes, nearly prostrate on the earth, awed by the marvellous glory and radiant light which surround their beatified Saviour. Whether we regard the figure, divine countenance, or seraphic beauty of Christ floating in the air, "in serene beatitude," we are equally amazed at the courage of the artist in attempting to portray a scene so awful, and at his success in the execution of his stupendous design. The two prophets, Moses and Elias, accompany their Saviour God, and are delineated with the like felicity. The very drapery of these figures, in colour and form, as it waves by the motion in the air, exhibits the genius of the great painter. In the Transfiguration, writes Lanzi, "Raffaelle has developed all his combined ideas of majesty and beauty; it may be considered his masterpiece, and seems to us the most sublime height to which the genius of the artist, *or even the art itself*, was capable of aspiring."

## CHAP. XLIX.

### EXCURSION TO VEII.

The Flaminian and Cassian Way.—Situation of Veii.—Walk across the Campagna.—Italian Cultivation.—The Etruscan Tomb of Veii.—Formation and Contents thereof.

*20th March.*

THE morning was as genial and warm as our finest June weather. In an open carriage a joyful party started to examine the antiquities of Veii, the Etruscan city, famous in Roman history for the ten years' siege under Camillus. We issued from the Porta del Popolo, and journeyed along the Flaminian Way, across the Milvian bridge and the old Tiber, which flowed pretty much we may suppose, as it did two thousand years ago. It seems the gardens of Ovid were near the spot where the Flaminian and Cassian Ways diverge.

> "Nec quos piniferis positos in collibus hortos,
> Spectat Flaminiæ Claudia juncta viæ."

We now diverged to the Cassian Way, which, notwithstanding its fine name, was not much better than other roads in this country. Five miles further on, we reached the ruin on the road side called the tomb of Nero—a ridiculous misnomer. This huge sarcophagus of marble proves that the custom prevailed of erecting tombs along many of the great roads leading from Rome, as well as on the Appian Way. We reach La Storta, eight miles from Rome, and keeping to the right for about five miles, we arrive at our destination.

As to defining the limits of Veii, that appears to me pure speculation. I shall omit all irrelevant matter, and come to the tomb discovered by the Cavaliere Campana. It is a good

walk of three miles across the country from the wretched village of Veii. The Etruscans did not bury their dead within the walls, consequently we must pass beyond the precincts of the city. Skirting occasionally the river, our attention was directed to what the guides state to be part of the old walls, but which looked very like the tufa rock of the country; then, struggling down the steep bank to the margin, we looked at a grand arch cut in the rocks, over which stood a bridge, once a gate leading into the city.

What a strangely affecting scene does the Campagna around Rome ever present to the eye of the most indifferent observer; a prodigious plain interspersed with ruins, with scarcely a tree to interrupt the view, till blocked up by the distant mountains! No agriculture, a few bare dwellings like stone towers, or a wretched hamlet, and a wretched people; a solemn region in which to trace the remains of past grandeur. The vast tracts we behold are for grazing sheep and cattle till June, when they are deserted by all their winter inhabitants except the victims of the malaria. Our guide informed us that the estate we traversed (some 400 rubbios) belonged to the Queen of Sardinia, and she let it to the minister (I suppose clerk) of Torlonia; he lets it for grazing, but is not willing to lease patches for agriculture; the inclosures would impede the cattle. When so let for tillage a higher rent is asked, but the farmers have no capital for improvements so there lies the prodigious waste, and the population withers.

There did not appear to be any want of water in this part of the immense Campagna, it clearly therefore might be cultivated; but the great proprietors are averse to agriculture, finding it less troublesome and more profitable, to graze the land in large tracts.

The day was delicious but very warm and we were fatigued with our walk across the Campagna; at last we reached the approach to the curious Etruscan tomb, the object of our visit. What an excellent idea it was of the antiquary who discovered it, instead of stripping this Etruscan tomb, to preserve its contents just as it stood, in order to exhibit the mode of burial of the ancient people of Etruria! The reader will be interested in a brief account of the contents of this sepulchre, the fruit of several seasons of excavation. It

was one amongst a hundred found in these precincts, but was the only one wonderfully spared by the destructive hand of time and of man. Two lions of ancient style were met with at the entrance of a path cut through the tufa rock to the tomb; and guarding the sepulchre were two others, all made of the stone of the country. The door was gone. The tomb is divided into two chambers; the inner wall at the arched entrance is built of irregular masses of solid tufa, without cement. On each side of the first room are vases containing the ashes of the dead; and on stone benches are two skeletons, one in bronze armour. The rust and damp have spared only some remnants of the cuirass; and a helmet, which is perforated, as though by a lance, which probably caused the death of this unknown Etruscan warrior. An entire candelabrum, several looking-glasses, a vase, and a chafing dish, found in the middle of the room, are left as specimens of the bronzes. Frescoes in wonderful preservation adorn the walls of this chamber. The infancy of art is shown in the hardness of outline of the animals and men depicted, and in the excessive length of arms and bodies, similar to those seen on vases of the greatest antiquity.* Amongst the curiosities of this tomb were vases of every shape, some covered with designs in black varnish, some with ornaments in relief, or black on a yellow ground, little figures in terra cotta, and animals sculptured in amber. The second chamber is smaller, the walls are less ornamented. It contains three small cinerary urns and various utensils. This Etruscan tomb, besides being the nearest to Rome, is doubly precious as being the only entire one of ancient Veii.

Let me add, the excursion to Veii is omitted by many travellers, yet it is one of the most interesting to the antiquary and scholar of all around Rome. Nor should they be deterred even by the story related by Mrs.

* I was much struck in visiting a private museum of Etruscan antiquities in Rome by the representation of the Adventures of Ulysses on bas-reliefs (not of marble but of a hard stucco) taken from Etruscan monuments; here he appears bound to the mast, and the wicked Syrens in vain singing to his deaf companions; on another he is represented as meeting Penelope, &c. It seemed to me this plainly proved the superior antiquity of the Greeks, as *their* Homer afforded subjects for Etruscan art to work upon.

Hamilton Gray, in her excellent book, published so late as 1841.

"Near the Isola Farnese is a most romantic rising ground, with cliffs and streams around it, presenting to view a quiet-looking hamlet with an inn. The inhabitants are all shepherds and vine-dressers, and to us were very civil. About three weeks after our visit, forty of them were taken up as leagued banditti, and brought to Rome. The master of the inn was one of their leaders, and was said *at times to have given his guests human flesh to eat;* he had been detected by a young surgeon, who found a *finger* in his plate; and the landlord who came out to us at Fosse was captain of the band."

This *fact* is a match for that related by Forsythe, in his account of the hostess in the Apennines.

## CHAP. L.

### EXCURSIONS AROUND ROME.

The Appian Way.—Sepulchre of Scipio.—Circus of Romulus.—Tomb of Cecilia Metella.—Tomb of the Servilii.—Ancient Grandeur of the Appian and the great Roads from Rome.—Fountain of Egeria.—Temple of Bacchus.—Temple of the God Rediculus.—A Parting Word on the Baker's Tomb.

By the site of the Porta Capena, and through what was the Porta Appiana, but is now the Porta Sebastiana, we pass to the celebrated Appian Way. The ancient monuments still existing there from their unquestionable authenticity, are most interesting to the classical traveller of any around Rome. At the distance of half a mile we stop before a narrow gate: this conducts us through a garden into the sepulchre where the ashes of a race of heroes once reposed in peace. The *custode* lights candles, and preceded by the guide, you walk straight into the sepulchre of Scipio. There is no descent whatever—it is as if you entered a tunnel. The chambers are dry; false inscriptions are now written upon the wall; for the true inscriptions with the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, after reposing here for twenty-two centuries, were removed to grace the museums of the Vatican.

This is confessedly the oldest Roman tomb with which we are acquainted: and although in some particulars dissimilar, yet, excavated as it is in the tufa rock, it approaches in character the sepulchres of Etruria. The sarcophagus in the Vatican is made of coarse peperino, and notwithstanding the rough material, is one of the most precious of the treasures in that storehouse of curiosities. There is a Roman simplicity in the form, ornaments, and inscriptions of this sarcophagus, and we might guess the character of a republican people from the tombs of their great men. We enter this sepulchre

from the back; its front faced it is supposed the Via Latina, and inspired the youth of Rome.

We proceed on our solemn excursion, reminded at every step of the vicissitudes of all human things. At the base of a sharp ascent, three miles from the city gate, we reach the entrance to the circus of Romulus, the son of Maxentius. Owing to excavations made within twenty years, the whole form, shape, and arrangements of the Roman circus are here exposed to view, and very pleasing it is to trace them. The figure is oblong, the length nigh 1,600 feet, by 250 in breadth.

We next ascend the roughly-paved hill, leading to the tomb of Cecilia Metella—a memorial of conjugal affection and of republican antiquity; for the Roman lady with whose name Byron has made us familiar, flourished before the Christian era, and was the spouse of Crassus, who being resolved that his wife should never be forgotten, built her a tomb which has defied for 1,900 years the ravages of time and war. The form is circular; its diameter is seventy feet; the blocks of travertine which composed the mass of the monument were fitted without cement, and this part of the fabric which may be called the outworks, remains, as also a portion of the beautiful frieze. The sarcophagus was torn from the chamber where it had lain, in the reign of Paul III., and may now be seen in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace. It is not possible to behold this "stern round tower of other days," standing in solitary grandeur amidst wide-spread ruin, without ruminating on the past and catching somewhat of the feeling which inspired Byron's verse.

I remember visiting the studio of an artist in Rome, distinguished for painting animals; he was occupied in drawing for an English gentleman of classical taste, his fox-hounds throwing off *under the tomb of Cecilia Metella in the Campagna*. Beyond this monument the Appian becomes more broken and difficult; huge stones lie in the middle of the road; but it grows in interest from its solitariness and from the views of ruined aqueducts and tombs. At a distance of two miles, we approach the tomb of the Servilii. It is not to be compared with that of Cecilia Metella in size or grandeur, still the fragments were skilfully put together by

Canova, and the short inscription judiciously restored instead of being carried off to the Vatican, to add to the overburdened museum: and therefore, this monument of a Roman family interests the spectator deeply.

We may vary the route homeward by turning off towards the fountain of Egeria. Passing by the Temple of Bacchus, we reach the classic grotto. There is little to attract the eye, as it is a mere recess hollowed out of the bank with niches: all that remains is one mutilated recumbent figure, not of the Nymph, but in all probability of a water god. The sides of the grotto are covered with creeping plants; once they were clothed with rich marble. The little glen is abandoned to a solitude as profound as when Numa here held counsel with his Nymph in the sacred grove.

At a distance of half a mile from the grotto, and across the undulating greensward of this part of the Campagna, stands the well-preserved ruins of a small temple, dedicated in modern times to the god Rediculus. The position of this temple in a sequestered place, tended to preserve it; the outward form is still complete; the pilasters remain, and a frieze with portions of pillars and other ornaments. What surprises the beholder is the brightness of the work as yet standing. I believe we may safely ascribe this shining little temple to the latter period of the Roman empire. But before invasions had wasted the Campagna, and when it was crowded with villas, adorned with stately tombs, refreshed by copious streams from the aqueducts, and studded with glittering temples, it must have presented a splendid appearance to the eye of the traveller, as he journeyed across its plains to Ancient Rome.

We return from this excursion by the gate of St. Maria Maggiore; and, although not unwearied, yet must we pause again to examine the large and curious tomb of the Baker Eurysaces, and to admire the representation of his busy men kneading the dough, and stamping the loaves with all the diligence and energy becoming those engaged in the worthy task of feeding the heroes of the commonwealth with wholesome bread.

## CHAP. LI.

### EXCURSIONS AROUND ROME.

The Protestant Burial-ground. — Pyramid of Caius Cestius. — Porta San Paolo. — The Tiber. — Basilica of St. Paul. — Return by Porta San Giovanni. — Concluding Reflections.

The Protestant burial-ground is close to the gate of St. Paul's, at the opposite extremity of the city from that by which we enter Rome from Florence within the walls, and near the deserted Aventine. This cemetery possesses for us a peculiar and solemn interest, being laid out with a suitable regard to its object and the character of the people for whom it is destined. There are walks through the ground, and many of the monuments are excellently placed. The melancholy cypress rears its tall form in this receptacle of the dead. The pyramid of Caius Cestius is visible, and in perfect keeping with the scene. The pyramidal shape of this Roman monument seems peculiarly fitted for memorials of the dead, its form is enduring. A bright sun shines over the graves of many of our countrymen who visited Rome full of hope and joy.

On reading the inscriptions in the Protestant cemetery, it surprises one to perceive that the Christian's hope is never referred to, nor the anticipation of celestial happiness through faith in Christ expressed. The epitaphs consist of a record of the virtues of the deceased, or a narrative of the sudden and untimely fate which has sometimes overtaken youth and beauty while engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. Amongst other inscriptions, we read those over the remains of the gifted John Bell, over Keats, and over the heart of Shelley; both the latter are affected.

I had an opportunity of discovering why it was that the epitaphs in the Protestant burying-ground were drawn up in

this unusual fashion. The lady of a dignitary of the Church of England died during my residence in Rome: her husband wrote an inscription intended for her tomb, in which he introduced words referring to the hope of the deceased in the resurrection through Christ. The proposed epitaph was necessarily submitted to the ecclesiastical censor for his approval: that official struck out the words alluded to, and returned the inscription thus altered. There was a discussion subsequently before the censor, and he decided that the objectionable matter must be omitted, on the ground that it contradicted the fundamental doctrine of the Church, in asserting that an adult out of the pale of that Church could be saved.

The intended epitaph was originally forbidden in the reign of Pope Gregory. Some months after the accession of Pius IX., a memorial couched in respectful language was presented to his holiness, craving leave to inscribe the lines objected to on the tombstone of the deceased lady. But the obnoxious epitaph was as rigidly condemned by, or under the authority of, Pope Pius as under the rule of Gregory. Politics may vary—the law of the Church is unchangeable.

We are now before the ancient monument of Caius Cestius, in the form of an Egyptian pyramid. It has stood uninjured 2,000 years, and may stand as many more. At a little distance from the little pyramid we note an excavation: this is of the ancient *Via Ostiensis*.

We now pass through the Porta San Paolo, not however without observing the gateway itself, which is considered to be one of the most picturesque in Rome. The pyramid described is here built into the wall, and presents a very odd appearance; although, so far as it extends, a solid front to the enemies of Rome.

We cannot behold the Tiber flowing towards Ostia without remembering the opposite accounts given of its greatness by ancient writers. Pliny says, that the Tiber was navigable for the largest ships; and asserts that the prodigious vessel which carried the obelisk of the Vatican from Alexandria to Rome, sailed up the Tiber as easily as it had sailed down the Nile. Strabo on the other hand assures us, that the vast heaps of mud which were washed down by the current and

deposited at the mouth of the river, rendered it necessary for large ships to unload a part of their cargo before they could arrive at the city. Gibbon endeavours to reconcile these opposite accounts. Unquestionably the obelisk of the Vatican could not now be got up the Tiber.

We drive towards the Basilica of St. Paul. The road is the ugliest out of Rome, the country flat, scourged by the pestilential malaria, and in summer wholly deserted of inhabitants. We meet Rome's greatest novelty—the *omnibus*, which daily conveys the curious citizens to the Basilica, to behold the marvellous waste of money there exhibited. Most readers are aware that the old Basilica of St. Paul was nearly consumed by fire thirty years ago. There can be no doubt that it was one of the most ancient Christian churches in the world; and according to the description given of it, presented a strange aspect with its 120 antique pillars, mosaic saints of the middle ages, costly bronze gates, and various curiosities heaped together. The thick columns of the side aisle, a wide space, escaped the conflagration. Pope Gregory began the reconstruction of this Basilica on a very expensive plan, collecting subscriptions from the Roman Catholic countries and princes of the Christian world.

The whole interior of the new church is coated with marbles, gildings, mosaics, pictures; while expensive side chapels, loaded with ornaments, are opened. All this profusion of expense is incurred in one of the poorest kingdoms in Europe, and while reproductive employment was so much to be desired. But what fills the beholder with surprise, is the conviction of its inutility: here is a vast Basilica, reconstructed in a place where there are no inhabitants, and never can be; where the horrid malaria for several months of the year afflicts the whole district, and puts even sturdy monks to flight.

The tradition of the church is, that St. Paul was buried under the great altar of the old Basilica, as it also is the tradition that the mighty apostle was beheaded on the spot now marked by the site of the Church of San Paolo alle tre Fontane. To this church, two miles from the Basilica, let us now proceed if we can. The first time I attempted this undertaking, I was compelled to return; the road was so broken up as to be impassable for a carriage. In the suc-

ceeding spring, I reached the scene of the alleged martyrdom of St. Paul. There are here no less than three churches close together, for no purpose consistent with reason. We enter first the principal edifice; the sacristan pointed out with perfect gravity the three fountains, whence the church has its name, which severally sprung into existence at the respective moments when the head of the apostle thrice rebounded from the earth after it had been severed from his body. In the church of San Vicenzo ed Anastasio we have the twelve apostles ranged in order, in frescoes, in the nave; while the third church, Santa Maria Scala Cœli, is built over the graves of the ten thousand Christian martyrs, who were all says tradition, beheaded by the wicked Emperor Diocletian in a single day, after they had been employed in the servile labour of erecting the immense baths still called by the persecutor's name. We may vary our returning route by driving under the walls of old Rome to the Porta San Giovanni—an excursion ever awakening recollections of the past and its unfading glories. Let us cast a parting glance at the remains of the *Anfiteatro Castrense*, built into the walls in a similar way to the pyramid of Cestius, and as we enter the city by the Porta San Giovanni, let us pause before the Lateran, guarded by gigantic statues of the apostles: we may regret that our delightful labours have finished, and as we slowly walk homewards, reflect on the brevity of human life compared with the age of the old things we have been contemplating. Rome must possess an eternal interest; here possibly Peter preached, Paul certainly reasoned and taught; here, probably, both were victims in the massacre of Nero; and here, undoubtedly, a precious deposit of Christian truth was made.

## CHAP. LII.

### EXCURSIONS IN SPRING.

The Campagna of Rome.—Frascati, and its Villas.—Tusculum.—Classic Recollections.—Lake Regillus.—Marino.—Alba Longa.—Castel Gandolfo.—Lake of Nemi.—Genzano.—Aricia.—Alban Lake, by Sunset.—Italian Fair at Grotto Ferrata.—Description of a Capanna in the Campagna.—Wages and Mode of Existence of the Herdsmen.—A Roman Farm on a grand Scale, described by De Tournon.

THE Campagna of Rome possesses a peculiar interest, both physically, and in virtue of its varied associations. Roads branch out from the capital in every direction, inviting the tourist and scholar to explore scenes either of natural beauty or classic association. There is a map of the Campagna, and a topographical and geological account of its antiquities and present condition drawn up in French by *Monsieur Tickler*. Thus provided, the traveller may comprehend in some measure, what the Campagna of Rome once was. The melancholy contrast between its ancient glory and present desolation, impresses every reflecting mind with awe. We cannot however stop to moralize this bright morning; the sun has risen with unusual splendour, and we must hasten on our joyous excursion of three days, with pleasant friends and in cheerful spirits. Although the Campagna is depressing, some twelve miles distant fresh gardens, shady groves and green woods, invite us to breathe pure air and to be reminded of happy England. Nature, ever bountiful, if she has surrounded Rome with a parched and in summer a sterile plain, has placed at its outskirts wooded heights and mountains, to cool and invigorate the citizen. We have passed out of the Porta San Giovanni, and soon catch a view of the long line of arches of the Claudian and Marcian

aqueducts stretching over the Campagna, passing at a distance of three miles from Rome on our left the huge mound, perversely called the Monte del Grano. It was raised as the sepulchre of some celebrated person, although not the Emperor Alexander Severus, as asserted. I have been in the deep excavation made in the centre, whence was extracted that beautiful white marble sarcophagus, which stands in the "Hall of the Sarcophagus" in the capitol, adorned with *bas reliefs*, representing the history of Achilles; and the Londoner may be surprised to hear that in this sarcophagus was found the Portland Vase, now so highly prized in the British Museum.

We have reached the eminences clad with olives leading to Frascati and behold its shining villas embosomed amongst cypresses, the ilex, and an occasional pine; further up the hill chestnut trees abound. To enjoy Frascati we must see it frequently. On the first visit, the stranger is coerced to *do the villas;* that is, to go the rounds in succession under charge of a cicerone who plagues by his particularity. One villa is so like another, that the examination of the interior of the Villa Borghese, called Aldobrandini, would suffice for all the rest. The grounds and terraces and waterworks belonging to this princely seat deserve our notice; its position also is commanding.

Escaping from the villas, we prepare to ascend the heights, to see the convent of the Camaldolines, and the ancient Tusculum. Our path lies partly through shady woods, and the ascent is not severe. We must remember in approaching the site of the ancient Tusculum, that it was the birthplace of Cato and the scene of the Tusculum Questions of Cicero considered amongst the best of his speculative writings. An hour's ride brings us to the ruins. We can still see parts of the ancient massive walls, citadel, and gates; a small theatre of which the seats are nearly perfect, and the remains of an amphitheatre; also a portion of the old Roman pavement which has been uncovered. The view from this spot was magnificent, while the air we inhaled was perfumed with the sweet fragrance shed by numberless wild plants and flowers. My thoughts ran on Cicero. He retired to this delightful spot when wearied by factions and despairing of freedom, to enjoy the society of his in-

tellectual friends, to philosophize, and to establish his immortal renown. There is a pleasure indescribable in visiting places dwelt in by the great and good of the earth. Everything in and around Frascati vanishes into insignificance when compared with the interest belonging to the abode of Tully.

The ride to the convent of the Camaldolines is most agreeable; the priestly residence is as usual in a delightful situation; here, sleepy old monks in white move slowly about, show their convent to men only, and their church to women. To vary the route, we may return to the Villa Ruffinella, now deserted, but once inhabited by Lucien Buonaparte. Here, some thirty-five years ago, the brigands paid a visit to the family of the Emperor, as they were sitting down to dinner, and ran away with the secretary instead of the Prince, keeping their captive in the mountains till a round sum was paid for his liberation. No stirring adventures of this description now enliven the tranquillity of Frascati.

Connected with the country we are traversing, it is interesting to know that the enlightened Cardinal Gonsalvi died in the convent of St. Basilio, or rather in the fine palace attached to it, and it is said *suddenly*. In Frascati died, gently, the last pretender of the house of Stuart. We next pass near Marino, a glen where antiquaries say the Latin tribes met; and they did wisely to assemble on national affairs in a cool romantic glen, without seats for the deputies—an arrangement which would expedite business in our own parliament vastly. Nor would it be just to omit a tribute of respect to our countryman, Sir William Gell, for searching out the true site of Alba Longa; the traveller will consult his useful book to elucidate the Campagna and its topography. In this delightful district we have thick woods to give us shade, with rich meadows and laughing women to cheer us; and we thus approach Castel Gandolfo, perched on a cliff where popes take refuge from an autumnal sun, and from the horrors of the malaria. A charming road, shaded by ilexes, conducts to Albano, where we now are; but the day is not so far spent that we cannot accomplish something further: so refreshing ourselves with more substantial fare than Horace's thrushes, we drive

to the lake of Nemi. This lovely lake, like that of Albano, occupies the crater of a long-extinct volcano.

The village of Nemi, picturesquely placed on the margin of the lake, is exactly opposite Genzano. There is here a fine old feudal castle with a round tower, which, with the town and a large tract of the surrounding country, belongs to Prince Rospigliosi, having formerly been possessed by the noble families of Colonna and the Cenci. The view from these heights is varied and interesting beyond description, and the surrounding country has been made known to us by Virgil's verse. We now return by the pretty little village of Genzano, and resume our drive towards Aricia. A more beautiful scene than this town presents, when under the influence of an Italian sunset, cannot be conceived; the wooded hill upon which it stands presenting every imaginable variety of tone and shade, and the cathedral and towers standing out in brilliant relief against a sky glowing with golden hues. But we must hasten homeward, that we may linger on the borders of Lake Albano, ere

"The god of gladness sheds his parting smile."

Few spots are more lovely than the Alban Lake and its vicinity. Its circular basin lies buried among steep crags covered with verdure; these, with mountains and forests, the olive, and here and there the solemn cypress, combine to form a fascinating scene. The sun had but just sunk

"In one unclouded blaze of living light"

It was one of those delicious evenings in the clime of Italy, such as language or even painting can but feebly picture; and we lingered in the open air until the soft mist, floating like a silver veil over the landscape, warned us that night was fast approaching.

Having exhausted the neighbourhood of Albano in this a fourth visit, we were tempted to return to Rome by Grotto Ferrata, in order to see an Italian fair which was to be holden there. It was represented to me that the costume of the peasants on such an occasion would be picturesque, and the amusements characteristic of the national manners. The dress of the peasant in this district is peculiar; the scarlet cloth boddice, trimmed with rich gold lace, suits well the pale complexion of the dark-eyed women; the costume of

the men is not less becoming to their manly form and fine aquiline features. A group of these, seated at a long table under a tent, their eyes rivetted on one who sang some evidently favourite national air, struck me as a scene in which Teniers would have revelled. I must confess however, I was disappointed with this fair; perhaps it may have been from my inability to enjoy it: for the crowd, dust, and parching heat without shade became so disagreeable, that I was glad to take refuge in the convent church, where an old monk stood guard over the frescoes, and received toll from the curious before he admitted them to behold his treasures.

The direct road from Grotto Ferrata to Rome is rough and bad. When within a few miles of the capital, our notice was attracted by one of those erections which resemble in the distance a haycock, and form the habitation of the herdsmen, who during the winter months tend the cattle in the Campagna. I had never been inside one of these curious looking conical dwellings, with which at intervals the vast plain is studded. Having walked half a mile across the country towards the acqueduct which supplies the Acqua Felice, we reached the *Capanna*, which is the name of these huts. It was very large, the doors were gone, so there was no difficulty in gaining admission. We found the occupants had removed, with the exception of one herdsman, a tall handsome Italian with dark expressive eyes, who received us with the courtesy of a gentleman.

This habitation was run up to a conical top with strong ribs of timber firmly fixed in the ground, the whole admirably thatched with thick Indian corn straw, impervious to wind or rain. There were two entrances opposite each other; no window or chimney; in the centre stood a brazier, where the wood or charcoal fire might be kindled. The sleeping places resembled berths in a ship, and ran round the interior in tiers; these were likewise composed of the Indian corn straw. Thus simply, were five-and-twenty of the herdsmen, whom we see driving the cattle over the Campagna, accommodated in this cheerless, winter abode. It is pulled down before the hot months set in, when animated nature deserts the pestilential wilderness. The man whom we met informed us of their mode of life in this

wigwam near the walls of Rome; the herdsmen relieve each other in their severe duties, and *he* received one paul (five pence) per day as wages; his food was bread and herbs; and when asked what was his drink, he pointed to the aqueduct, and said with a graceful inclination, *Aqua felice.*

I suppose this to be the lowest rate of wages paid to labourers near any of the great capitals in Europe; less than a half of what is set down as the rate in the books on the statistics of the Papal States.

But the reader must not conclude that there is no skilful or extensive farming throughout the Papal States. If we turn to the masterly work (so often quoted) by Napoleon the First's prefect, we find a graphic description given of a Roman farm conducted on a grand scale. The Count introduces us to the interior of the colossal farm of Campo-Morto.

The farm consists of 4,309* rubbj, 1,000 of which is arable land, 1,100 permanent pasture or meadows, and 2,200 forest. The arable land is divided into four lots, which are subject each to a different rotation of crops and fallows, according to the nature of the soil. One wheat crop is succeeded by two or three years' fallow; or the wheat crop is followed by oats and beans; or lastly, after the oat harvest in the second year the ground is sown with Indian corn or beans, after which it is left fallow for one year, and then sown with wheat again. The wheat crop returns in general nine for one, the other grains and beans about fifteen. The cultivation of the farm requires 65 ploughs and 320 oxen; 250 bullocks are kept fattening for the market, besides about 800 cows and calves, and about 100 buffaloes. One hundred horses are required for the cattle-drivers and servants of the farm, who are always mounted, as well as for the carts, &c.; and 250 mares and colts, to keep up that number. Two thousand sheep graze on the farm. The agents and servants permanently employed amount to 180. About 400 labourers are engaged from October to June, and about 800 in harvest time. The former are paid from one franc and a half to two francs a day; the latter in general about two francs. They come chiefly from the mountains of the Abruzzi and Sabina. The rent paid to the chapter of St. Peter's, who are the pro-

* 17,000 acres.

prietors, is 120,000 francs; the whole produce of the farm is valued at 355,000 francs. But the expenses attending this great establishment swallow up so much of this sum, that the real profits of the farmer consist in his commercial and banking speculations, which he carries on by means of the produce of his farm.

Notwithstanding the admiration of the Count de Tournon for the management of this establishment, it may be questioned if farms of sixteen thousand acres can be beneficial to the country. A rare example of skilful arrangement and cultivation may be met with, but it cannot be for the permanent good of the community to vest such large tracts in one man, or in corporations, or convents.

## CHAP. LIII.

Excursion by Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli, and thence to the Sabine Farm of Horace.—Objects of most interest on this route described.—The Etruscan Tombs of Tarquinii.—Conclusion.

THE Porta San Lorenzo, anciently Porta Tiburtina, through which we issue this day into the Campagna, is remote from the inhabited quarters of the city, and shows the wide, and now vacant, space enclosed within the walls of Rome. The venerable basilica of San Lorenzo, some three miles from the capital, founded in the fifth century, invites a visit. The portico is adorned with six Ionic columns, four of which are twisted, and it contains some curious old paintings. The interior presents a nave, separated from the side aisles by twenty-two Ionic columns of Egyptian granite. The tribune is elevated above the nave, and distinguished by ten splendid fluted columns of Pavonazetta marble, buried nearly to the top of their shafts below the pavement of the church. The capitals, which are, with two exceptions, of the Corinthian order, are beautifully carved. These support another range of smaller columns, two of which are of green porphyry, surmounted by a gallery. Two very ancient marble pulpits adorn this basilica. Crossing the Anio, we arrive at the singular lake called Lago di Tartari, so named from the tartareous deposits with which it has the property of covering vegetable matter which becomes petrified. This process of petrifaction produces travertine, the common stone of the country. The sulphureous canal named Flumen Albulæ next detained us, but not long, for the smell of sulphur here was stifling. Geologists have written largely on the natural phenomena of this district. We must again

cross the Anio by the old bridge of Lucano, and stop before the well-preserved monument of the Plautii, which resembles in shape and size the tomb of Cecilia Metella. We here turned off to Hadrian's Villa; some cypress trees mark the site.

Our view of Tivoli healthfully situated on the mountain, was now very attractive. Having driven into the prodigious enclosure of this extraordinary villa which, covering an extent of three miles, rather resembled a ruined city, including as it did in one spot imitations of all that the restless emperor had seen most striking in his travels, we gaze around in wonder on these imposing ruins;—theatres, baths, temples, barracks, porticoes &c. were spread over the vast space, the statues and rare works of art found amongst the remains of which, have furnished museums. In our walk we encountered a long and ugly snake: our guide immediately killed it with stones, telling us its bite was deadly.

The ascent to Tivoli is very steep, but shaded with the olive and the ilex. We perceive in approaching the town, a marked difference between the Tibur of the ancients and Frascati of the moderns. The numerous white villas which adorn the modern Frascati are wanting at Tivoli which however possesses higher claims, from its natural beauty of scenery and situation, and its classical associations. Perhaps one reason why the Romans do not now resort to Tivoli for a summer residence may be, that its climate is considered capricious, even unwholesome. We have here ruined villas, ancient temples, and newly-made waterfalls. If, on gaining the summit, we turn round towards Rome at a sudden opening, what an expansive, magnificent view is before our eyes—the vast plain of Latium, with Rome for its centre, and the sea for its horizon! The numerous cascades formed by the Anio, constitute however the charm of this celebrated district.

The unclassic visitor will exult in the superior accommodation of La Regina; but whosoever is inspired with a passion for antiquity will establish himself in La Sibylla, an hotel which possesses in its narrow yard such a circular temple as is scarcely equalled for gracefulness and beauty in the peninsula. Moreover, it is an undoubted memorial of the Augustan age: surely therefore the Sibyl must attract

us by her spell. We are now in the Tibur of the ancients, and the natural advantages of its position, inaccessible from three sides, explain how from remote periods this had been the seat of a famous city. After its incorporation with Rome, Tibur became the favourite retreat of the patricians, who were charmed by the freshness of its waters and the beauty of its prospects. Brutus, Cassius, Augustus, Mecænas, there built their villas, while Horace preferred it to the rest of the world.

We step out at once to the temple, sometimes called Vesta; again, that of the Tiburtine Sibyl. Its shape resembles Vesta's shrine in Rome, being circular. It is surrounded by a portico, formerly consisting of eighteen Corinthian columns of stuccoed travertine, ten only of which are now standing: the foliage of the capitals is of the olive, and the entablature is sculptured with festoons of flowers and heads of oxen. We have seated ourselves under the colonnade of this ancient temple, which, perched upon an airy cliff overhanging as it were a vast abyss, commands a view of the whole valley of the Anio and of the profound gulf below. I question if in our rambles round the hill, we can gain a more varied or romantic prospect. Curiously enough, were we to read the books describing the cascades of Tivoli written thirty-five years since, we should be entirely misled; the fact being, that a prodigious wall built by Sixtus V. over which the great volume of water fell into the gulf called the Grotto of Neptune forming one of the grandest scenes in Europe, was carried away by the inundation of 1826; and the flood having also undermined the base of the rock on which the temple of Vesta stands, in order amongst other good reasons to preserve this precious relic, it was found necessary to divert the course of the river; and the new Falls were then formed by cutting a tunnel through Monte Catello, exactly opposite the temple. The river here rushes down into the valley to the depth of nearly eighty feet, in one mighty cataract.

We must now quit our lofty and classical position, and make the circuit of the hill; this will occupy four hours, and a delightful excursion it is. Mounted on horseback, we set forward, and crossing the bridge over the Anio, our path lay along its banks, and by the base of a steep hill crowned with

olives. At every step a new and beautiful picture presented itself to our view. Massive rocks and headlong torrents—wooded mountains and verdant valleys—the rushing river,

> "And the green steeps, whence Anio leaps,
> In floods of snow-white foam."

But it is not the natural beauties only which render this charming excursion so attractive. The site of the villa of the luxurious Mecænas is pointed out. What a noble prospect did this villa command! On one side, overlooking the wide plains of the Campagna (no desert then,) Rome in the distance, with its horizon of purple mountains. Here, we may suppose, the accomplished minister of Augustus spent many an Attic evening with Horace, Varro, Virgil, or with the other learned and witty men of that famous age.

Unlike the hasty tourists who fly back to Rome, we compose ourselves for the night under the shade of the Sibyl's protection. Seated at sunset under the portico of the graceful temple, my fellow-traveller*, imbued with the spirit of the classics, quoted felicitously from the poet whose verses are imperishably associated with the scenes before us. The founders of a mighty empire here reposed; the conquerors of the world here sought refuge from the torments of ambition; the patriots and poets of a famous people here strengthened their virtues and fed their genius. We can feel with Horace when he wrote:

> "May Tibur to my latest hours
> Afford a kind and calm retreat;
> Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
> The Grecians fixed their blissful seat;
> There may my labours end, my wandering cease,
> There all my toils of warfare rest in peace."

Having arranged the night previously, that our guide and the ponies should leave Tivoli at five o'clock in the morning, (a precaution necessary as there are neither to be had at the cross-road or rather bridle-path leading to the Sabine Farm,) we left at a more seasonable hour by the carriage-road to Subiaco. Every inch we travelled convinced me of the good

* Rev. C. Girdlestone, joint Editor with the Rev. W. Osborne of a late edition of Horace.

sense of Horace. Were I condemned to spend a summer in the vicinity of Rome, the Sabine hills would be my resort.

The drive along the banks of the Anio, up the country, was perfectly delightful; fresh wholesome air to breathe, green hills, cultivated valleys, mountains, and a dashing river to admire. The noble ruins of a portion of the Claudian Aqueduct were in our sight stretching over the country, and showing us from their position, what vast tunnels the old Romans must have made. Our turning point from the road was nearly opposite a convent, as usual in the choicest situation, on a lofty eminence over the river. A few cypresses at the edge of the precipice gave a mournful aspect to the building, where some twenty-five monks vegetate through their monotonous existence. This is called the convent of St. Cosimato, and is a little beyond the elevated village of Vicovaro. Here we turned to the left by a bridle-path, difficult and broken like the stony channel of a river. One of our party overcome by the heat, soon fell back to sketch; we pushed on under a burning sun, through the valley of Astrica, formerly Astica, along which flows the Digentia, called now La Licenza. There was a profound silence around; we scarcely met a living being. If Horace really travelled this road, what must not his bobtailed mule have suffered! We passed a spot where had been erected a temple of Vacuna; and at last, having toiled on three miles, got a view of Licenza; then we turned up a narrow path and came to a field, where stood they say, the villa of the poet; a fragment of mosaic pavement, a few broken pillars, and the name of the valley and mountain behind called Lucretilis, with Horace's account, furnish proof of the locality. Referring to the description of his Sabine farm by the poet, as we stood on the ground, it seemed very applicable. There can be no doubt there is here a sequestered vale, cool and healthy compared with Rome.

> "Hic in reducta valle, Caniculæ
> Vitabis æstus."

The proprietor now calls the mountain behind the poet's dwelling, Lucretilis.

A more agreeable retreat in the malaria season there could not be found; nor should I omit the fountain of Bandusia,

a name to be forgotten only with the poetry of Horace. At no great distance up the mountain, this fountain is pointed out. Hobhouse has observed, that the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises, and aptly applies the words of the ode:

"Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago."

On inquiring who was the proprietor of the estate, we were informed Prince Borghese, whose classical spirit it seems, has never induced him to visit the spot consecrated as the abode of genius. Certainly the Prince, by preserving the road in its broken condition, tests severely the enthusiasm of the stranger who desires to explore the retreat of the most delightful, witty, and instructive of our Latin poets.

The zealous traveller must not quit Italy without a visit to the modern Corneto (Queen of the Maremma) in order to examine what may be reckoned amongst the most ancient things on earth—the tombs of Etruscan Tarquinii. Fifty miles will not be traversed by the mere pleasure-seeking tourist, and indeed the drawings in Rome of these curious monuments would satisfy the ephemeral inquisitiveness of such a person. Time and expense may be economized by reserving this visit to the site of Tarquinii till returning home by Civita Vecchia: resting in the latter place, the excursion may thence be made with ease and advantage. Corneto is about twelve miles distant from Civita Vecchia. The road lies along the coast, and thanks to the convicts, is a very good one; on one side there is an expansive view of the Mediterranean; on the other, of the country, which is much better cultivated and more pleasingly diversified than most parts of the Campagna. The hills in our prospect are filled with wild boar, the flesh of which is much relished by the epicure. We found Corneto perched upon a high hill, as is always the case with Etruscan towns. Hastening to satisfy our curiosity, we were obliged to be content with the son of the real cicerone, as the chief guide was in attendance upon a cardinal. So, with his keys, and a tin case of lights, our young cicerone mounted the coach-box, and we proceeded to discover, at three miles' distance, the tombs of as extraordinary a people as ever appeared in the world. It seems

a difficult business to find out the entrance to these strange receptacles of the dead. A vast space of ground, hilly, stony, and now covered with a low coarse brushwood, and separated by a deep and wide valley from the ancient city of Tarquinii (of which only some foundation-walls and the position of six gates exist), was used as their Necropolis by the Etruscans. Here they scooped out of the rock these tombs, which have endured 3,000 years with slight injury. Excavations have been made from time to time, and in recent years 2,000 tombs have been opened; but the computation is, there could not have been less than two million, as the Necropolis extended over sixteen square miles. The principal tombs are shown to travellers. You descend by a steep short path into what looks like a pit; at the end of this abrupt descent is a door, which being unlocked at once introduces you into the sepulchre—a chamber carved in the rock, dry, clean, and enduring. Above on the roof, around on the walls, you see figures of men, animals, &c. The games, funeral processions, banquets, amusements and customs of the Etruscans are here disclosed. The first we entered was called *Grotto della Querciola* the largest of these tombs, but the colours are faded. The paintings represent horsemen, boar-hunts, games, groups of dancers, &c. The second tomb I saw was the *Grotto del Triclinio*, a fine chamber with a vaulted roof, the paintings representing figures reclining at a funeral banquet; one of the ladies is in the act of breaking an egg, and one of the gentlemen is receiving a cup of wine; a tame leopard, a partridge, and a cock are picking up the crumbs. On another side is represented a dance, where the castanets are played. The third tomb opened for us was the *Camera del Morto*. This is small, but highly interesting. One painting exhibits two youthful figures laying out the dead body of an old man; it might be supposed to denote two children performing the last sad duties to a loved parent; a very simple, but touching representation. Another represents the funeral dances and ceremonies. We then inspected the *Grotto del Barone*, chiefly remarkable for some very spirited sketches of horses in various attitudes. Then we came to the *Grotto delle Inscrizione*, of great size and most interesting. Over the door are two tigers; on one side two figures are standing with a fish, which they hold over a gridiron; on the other,

two persons seated at a table are playing with dice. The walls are covered with the greatest variety of groups; wrestlers, boxers, dancers, horsemen, lions, stags, dogs, &c. and various human figures, each having *an inscription*, which although legible, cannot be understood or deciphered. This tomb faces the desolate site of the ancient city—the seat of art and power, the once splendid home of those whose features we had but just seen delineated, and whose names we in vain attempted to decipher. The grotto is very spacious, its roof supported by a square pillar, on which is painted the Angel of Death. Several sarcophagi are here placed on ledges, three of which are on the sides of the wall. There is one very curious painting, though much faded, of a procession of souls, attended by genii to their final abode of happiness or misery. The band is preceded by a good genius, the expression of whose countenance is most pleasing; around his head is twined a serpent, and in his hand he bears a lighted torch. A handsome youth then appears, followed by a monstrous fiend, the hideous embodiment of the evil genius of Etruria: in one hand he carries an instrument resembling a large hammer; the other, terminating in a claw, clutches the shoulders of the youth. A female figure of extreme beauty follows, attended likewise by an evil genius with a serpent round his head. Another highly interesting tomb the *Grotto del Cardinale*, contains a painting, though fast fading, of a similar character. Two winged genii are dragging in a car to judgment the soul of one deceased: they are each, the one good, the other evil, contending for the exclusive possession of the soul, which the Etruscans seemed to have thought, preserved after death the likeness of the body it had quitted, though in a shadowy form.

We have described the Necropolis, where two millions of bodies are supposed to have been interred, of those who were inhabitants of a city older than Rome, and whose race and language have been long extinct.

These people buried their arms and precious ornaments with the dead, to whom they had belonged in life. Their tombs have been ransacked and laid bare by the raging curiosity of our day, and the ornaments and arms, while they fill the museum of the antiquary, teach us something of the customs and civilisation of their owners. Their draw-

ings on the stony walls of their everlasting tombs inform us the Etruscans believed in a future state of good and evil; that their warriors and their women, however brave, however beautiful, must, by their belief and actions, be condemned or saved.

When Mrs. Hamilton Gray visited Tarquinii, there were nine tombs preserved. She observes: "An Etruscan necropolis must have had a striking effect, crowded with monumental mounds, crowned with sphynxes, and based upon foundations of solid masonry, with doors all round, and having copestones adorned with lions, sphynxes, and griffins." Thus we perceive how great is the error of those who assert, that Etruscan tombs were when constructed, buried in the earth.

The brief description I have given may suffice to induce the traveller to visit these curious receptacles of the dead. The lover of home and its delights may be content with a a perusal of Mrs. Hamilton Gray's admirable work.

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## CONCLUSION.

HERE we finish, not unsuitably, our travels and our labours. We have traced the remains of ancient Rome, walked over the modern city and its celebrated environs, noting whatever was worthy of observation. We may in our progress have revived pleasing or classic recollections, — perhaps have stimulated useful studies. The silent Neapolis changed into the noisiest of cities, we have portrayed; its unequalled suburbs we have endeavoured to describe. We have been conducted up the fiery Vesuvius, and have traversed with awe the ruined cities overwhelmed by its fury, and with no less awe the smiling towns at its base, which seem this day to invite destruction. We have explored a country endeared to us by the memory of its past liberty and greatness. Florence and its mediæval marvels we have admired; the beautiful picture of Genoa we have enjoyed. The actual condition and future prospects of the present inhabitants of these kingdoms we have, by an investigation into their laws,

institutions, and politics, endeavoured to ascertain and understand. Lastly, we have visited with wonder the imperishable tombs in which the people of brave Etruria were reverently laid.

We now bid farewell to Italy, with feelings solemnized by our visit to the necropolis of Tarquinii. We have been taught thereby that the same end awaits individuals and nations. We have learned, even from the drawings in those ancient tombs, that from the beginning the human family believed that the earth was not to be their resting-place; that the spirit of man, beatified, would be transferred to a state of felicity, if deserved by faith and conduct in this life.

We now, with heartfelt gratitude to the Author of all good for the revelation to us vouchsafed, bend our steps homewards to a country where a pure faith prevails, where a free people dwells, where morality, justice, and truth, guard the liberty that ennobles a nation.

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THE END.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

32

00032959

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 March, 2016